

June 1932

102

The Farmers See Red

The Fee Feed-Bag

The American **Mercury**

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

The Good Shepherd's Black Sheep

Elela Strong-Wolfe

How We Look to the English

Frederic Nelson

The Social Register

Gerald Holland

Pages from the Book of Beer

Bob Brown

Charlie

Albert Truman Boyd

Journal of a Tour in America

Moe Bragin

Surnames in the United States

Howard F. Barker

The Steckley Girls

Dorothy Thomas

Indomitable

Robert Jeans

The Genesis of the Negro Spiritual

George Pullen Jackson

Hill Speech

Frances Frost

Reviews of the New Books and Music

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

50c for one copy—By the year \$5.00

BOOKS BY TWO FAMOUS WOMEN WRITERS

SIGRID UNDSET

author of *Kristin Lavransdatter*, is one of the greatest and most widely read of all living novelists. Her fiftieth birthday was celebrated widely on May 20th. On the same day was published a new four-volume-in-two edition of her tetralogy

THE MASTER OF HESTVIKEN

Mme. Undset considers this saga of mediaeval days to be her best work, even finer than *Kristin Lavransdatter*. *The New York Times* says: "In the story of Olav Audunsson we have a human drama which has little to do with either Norway or the thirteenth century, a universal study of an intelligent and practical, yet completely mediaeval man. . ." Two volumes, boxed, cloth, 5¼ x 7¾ inches, 1247 pages. \$5.00

(Coming in August: *The Burning Bush*, a sequel to Mme. Undset's last success, *The Wild Orchid*.)



SIGRID UNDSET

was born at Kallundborg, Denmark, in 1882, but was brought up in Oslo, Norway, where her father, an eminent archaeologist, taught at the University. After graduating from a commercial college she worked for ten years in Oslo business offices until the success of *Jenny* (1911) permitted her to devote all her time to writing. Madame Undset now lives with her children in the small Norwegian town of Lillehammer.



ELINOR WYLIE

was born at Rosemont, Pennsylvania, in 1887 and died in New York in 1928. She achieved distinction as a poet with her first small book, *Nets to Catch the Wind*.

COLLECTED POEMS OF ELINOR WYLIE

Edited with a Foreword by William Rose Bénét

This volume includes, besides her four volumes heretofore published separately, forty-seven poems that have not appeared in book form, twenty of which have not before been printed at all.

Louis Untermeyer says: "Seldom has the upward curve of a poet's work been so marked, rarely has it been so climactic. . . If this volume contained nothing but *One Person*, that amazing sequence of nineteen sonnets, and *O Virtuous Light*, *Hymn to Earth* and *This Corruptible*, those three magnificent and noble lyrics, it would have to be ranked among the rarest offerings of our time." cloth, 5¾ x 8¼ inches, 288 pages. \$3.50

Designed by W. A. Kittredge, printed by The Lakeside Press and illustrated with portraits of Elinor Wylie and a facsimile of the MS. of a poem. . . Also in a limited large paper edition of 210 copies of which 200 are for sale; each copy numbered and signed by the editor. Price \$12.50

Elinor Wylie's Novels: \$2.50 Each

JENNIFER LORN
THE ORPHAN ANGEL

THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW
MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD

WHEREVER



BOOKS ARE SOLD

ALFRED A KNOFF

730 FIFTH AVE N.Y.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



for publishers . . .

electrotyping

nickel

lead

wax



one phase of a
complete service



The Haddon Craftsmen

INCORPORATED

NEW YORK, 393 SEVENTH AVE., PHONE: PE 6-9792

PLANT, 19TH & FEDERAL STS., CAMDEN, N.J., PHONE: CAMDEN 6800

In the July Issue of The American Mercury

The POETRY REVIVAL of 1914 by Edgar Lee Masters



(from a painting by Gordon Stevenson)

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

—an essay that Mr. Masters is eminently qualified to write, for not only was he one of the dominant personalities of that glamorous and exciting revival, but his "Spoon River Anthology" was one of its finest and most significant works. The poets he deals with—Edwin Arlington Robinson, Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, Edwin Markham, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, Robinson Jeffers and Edna St. Vincent Millay—are his contemporaries, and he has been a close student of their lives and of their work. His comments are as unequivocal and pertinent as one would expect from Mr. Masters.

The Louisiana Kingfish

by LOUIS COCHRAN

A full length portrait of the Hon. Huey P. Long, the flaming Metternich of the Creole State.

The Escape from Babylon

by LOUISE OWEN

A thirty-one year old mother of five children tells about the joys and hopes of her domestic life.

Mr. Hoover's Stalking-Horse

by GEORGE MILBURN

The high and mighty deeds of that fine patriot and noble statesman, the Hon. Patrick J. Hurley, Secretary of War.

Helen, I Love You!

by JAMES T. FARRELL

A superb short story by one of the most able of the younger writers.

The American Mercury for July will be out June 25th

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXVI

June 1932

NUMBER 102

TABLE OF CONTENTS

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD	129
THE FEE FEED-BAG Mitchell Dawson	140
THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S BLACK SHEEP Elcla Strong-Wolfe	150
HOW WE LOOK TO THE ENGLISH Frederic Nelson	158
AMERICANA	166
CHARLIE Albert Truman Boyd	170
THE SOCIAL REGISTER Gerald Holland	179
PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF BEER Bob Brown	185
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:	
Extradition Treaties Carl L. W. Meyer	192
The Psychology of Color Laurence Schmeckebier	196
JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN AMERICA Moe Bragin	199
INDOMITABLE Robert Jeans	209
THE FARMERS SEE RED Walter W. Liggett	212
SURNAMES IN THE UNITED STATES Howard F. Barker	223
THE STECKLEY GIRLS Dorothy Thomas	231
HILL SPEECH Frances Frost	242
THE MUSIC ROOM:	
The Genesis of the Negro Spiritual . George Pullen Jackson	243
THE LIBRARY H. L. Mencken	250
THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS	256
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS	iv
EDITORIAL NOTES	xviii

Unsolicited manuscripts, if not accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes, will not be returned and the Editor will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editor, and not to individuals. All accepted contributions are paid for on acceptance, without reference to the date of publication. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$5.00 in U. S. and Possessions, Mexico, Cuba, Spain and Colonies, and the Republics of Central and South America, Canada, \$5.50; other foreign subscriptions, \$6.00; all rag edition, \$10.00 by the year. The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publi-

cation office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1932, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding the date. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. The American Mercury is indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

RELIGION

MYSTICISM EAST & WEST.

By *Rudolf Otto.* *The Macmillan Company*
\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 262 pp. *New York*

Dr. Otto, who is professor of theology at Marburg, here undertakes an elaborate analysis of the ideas of two celebrated mystics—Meister Eckhart of medieval Germany and Acharya Sankara of Ninth Century India. "With a little skill," he says, "it would be possible to so weigh up and present their fundamental teachings that the words of the one would read like a translation into Latin or German from the Sanskrit of the other, and *vice versa.*" Neither, in the strict sense, offers a metaphysical system; both are primarily theologians, not philosophers. It is in what may be called their practical teachings that they diverge. Eckhart, for all his flight from earthly reality, yet embraces the visible world, and believes that happiness is to be found in it; Sankara rejects it utterly. Dr. Otto has produced a very learned and useful book. It offers a better account of mysticism than any other that comes to mind. There are appendices dealing with the mystical ideas of Fichte, Schleiermacher, Kant, Fries and other moderns. The serious difficulties of the translation from the German have been well met by Bertha L. Bracey and Richenda C. Payne. The book is fairly well documented, but there is no bibliography, and an index is sorely lacking.

APOCALYPSE.

By *D. H. Lawrence.* *The Viking Press*
\$3 8½ x 5½; 200 pp. *New York*

Using various verses of Revelation as his texts Lawrence here has written a dozen sermons on his favorite topics: the glory of paganism, the vileness of most forms of Christianity, the splendor of love, and the ugliness of hatred. As in all his other argumentative books, he affirms rather than reasons, which is to say, he is a poet rather than a logician. Christianity, he says, denies "our physical and inner unity" with the sun, the moon, and the rest of the cosmos. Paganism affirmed it, and paganism was right. "We and the cosmos are one. The cosmos is a vast living body, of which we are still parts. The sun is a great heart whose tremors run through our smallest veins. The moon is a great gleaming nerve-centre from which we quiver forever." Our immediate need is "to reëstablish the living organic connections with the cosmos, the sun and earth, with

mankind and nation and family. Start with the sun, and the rest will slowly, slowly happen." Altogether, a slight book. Lawrence has said all of this far better in his novels, especially in "The Man Who Died." There is a long introduction by Richard Aldington, which constitutes one of the most brilliant and sympathetic studies of Lawrence in print.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF POPE GREGORY VII.

Translated by Ephraim Emerton.
The Columbia University Press
\$3.50 9¼ x 6½; 212 pp. *New York*

Pope Gregory VII, known as Hildebrand before he occupied the papal chair, probably did more to realize the theory of papal absolutism than any other pope, before or since. He ruled only twelve years, from 1073 to 1085, but in that time he dealt crippling blows to "the heresy of simony" and to the practice of lay investiture, and in order to dramatize his victory over the state he humiliated Henry IV at Canossa. His collected writings, unfortunately, still remain to be edited, but enough of them have been authenticated for scholars to get a general idea of his thinking and literary style. In the present volume Professor Emerton of Harvard, one of the leading ecclesiastical historians of the world, has translated into English, for the first time, 125 of the pope's letters. He also supplies an excellent introduction dealing with the major problems of Gregory VII's reign. There is a bibliography, and also an index. The volume belongs to the Records of Civilization Series, edited under the auspices of the department of history at Columbia.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF SWEDISH IMMIGRATION.

By *George M. Stephenson.*
The University of Minnesota Press
\$4.50 9½ x 5½; 542 pp. *Minneapolis*

The scope of Dr. Stephenson's book is not bound by its title. He begins with a detailed and very interesting discussion of the history of Christianity in Sweden since the Reformation, and ends with chapters on education among the Swedish-Americans, on their communal life in the towns and villages of the Upper Mississippi valley, and on their cultural relations to the motherland. The Swedes in America tend to be religious, and many of them, de-

Continued on page vi

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

— *Quite possibly the book of the year*

TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS IN SING SING

By WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

The book of which HEYWOOD BROUN *says:*

"Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing—twenty-five hundred men, doing their twenty thousand years of time—that was the amazing image which started Warden Lewis E. Lawes on his patient probe into his job, himself, you and me and the needs and uses of all those years. It resulted in a book of which it would be hard to think too highly. In fact, it combines two virtues which almost never keep each other company: it is so wise that it should be read, and so interesting that it inevitably will be.

"Nobody will be able to read it without becoming substantially more civilized than he was before, and nobody will be able to put it down till he has finished it."

Book-of-the-Month Club May Choice . \$3.00

20 BEST SHORT STORIES IN RAY LONG'S 20 YEARS AS AN EDITOR

Why were they selected—or, as in the case of two, rejected; with an introduction explaining the workings of an editorial mind and a preface to each story telling about the author and his methods.

Stories by Terhune, Maugham, Hemingway, Gibbs, Hughes, Cobb, Stallings, Hurst, Lardner, Stringer, Curwood, Butler, Tarkington, Kyne, Ferber, Gale, Boyle, Brown, Parker and Adams. \$3.00

ISLES OF EDEN

By LORING ANDREWS

"There ain't no ten commandments" on the island of Moorea, but there is happiness and food and drink and laughter and singing. The story of how Mr. Andrews and his wife and two children lived there beautifully on \$10.00 a month will transport you figuratively—and make you dream of the day when you can go literally. \$3.00

HOLY PRAYERS IN A HORSE'S EAR

By KATHLEEN TAMAGAWA

The autobiography of an Eurasian who is a Japanese in America and an American in Japan. As the Boston Transcript says: "The whole book is fresh, frank, different. We entirely agree with her publishers' estimate—'the sort one runs across once in a blue moon.'" \$3.00

Times were never Better for **MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR LIFE**

By MORGAN AND WEBB

In this book, actual incidents—scores of them—tell how successful men, the Rockefellers, Morgans and Astors of big business, overcame their handicaps and made of their lives winning, thrilling games. They teach a great lesson, particularly today. \$2.50

*By the authors of
"Strategy in Handling People"*

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

parting from the Swedish state church, which is Lutheran, have become Methodists, Baptists, Mormons and even Episcopalians. Their pastors, in the main, lean toward Fundamentalism, though they shrink from the excesses of the American Fundamentalists. Their schools and colleges are very conservative, and have been but little affected by the current revolt of American youth. Dr. Stephenson, who is associate professor of history at the University of Minnesota, has done an excellent piece of research. His book is pleasantly written, there is an elaborate bibliography, and at the end is a good index.

INDEX OF PROHIBITED BOOKS.

Revised by Order of Pope Pius XI.

The Vatican Polyglot Press

L.10 7½ x 4¾; 563 pp.; paper *Rome*

The stupidity of censorship was never more brilliantly proved than by this classical list of prohibited books, now appearing in a new edition, with a preface in English. In its present form it goes back to 1546, and during the 376 years that have since elapsed it has been enriched by the contributions of thousands of watchful ecclesiastical dignitaries. Yet as it stands it omits some of the very books that have done most damage to the Catholic Church. The harmless Kant is on the list, but not the terrific Nietzsche; Erasmus Darwin is there, but not his grandson Charles; Gibbon, but not Andrew D. White; Renan, but not Harnack; Zola, but not Rabalais; John Stuart Mill, but not Schopenhauer; Bergson, but not Huxley; Richard Whately, but not Herbert Spencer; the Book of Common Prayer, but not the King James Bible, at least not specifically. Nineteenth of the works prohibited are obscure academic dissertations, long ago forgotten. Of all the great heretics of the past century, not one is mentioned. Even Karl Marx is overlooked. The volume is immensely interesting, but only as a massive proof of the imbecility of theologians.

TRAVEL

ARABIA FELIX.

By Bertram Thomas. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$5 9¾ x 6½; 397 pp. *New York*

For four years, from 1927 to 1931, Mr. Thomas, who was formerly *wazir* to the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, traveled the length and breadth of Arabia Felix, a section of South Arabia which had never before been fully explored by a white man. The country is nearly half the size of Europe, and

is all desert. The mode of human life there, "the only life that short-lived pastures and inadequate or brackish water permit, is tribal and nomadic, a life economically precarious, politically unstable, but socially fixed and unalterable." The people are organized in small tribes, with almost no unified government. Their religion is a Calvinistic form of Mohammedanism. Circumcision is compulsory upon both males and females, and while polygamy is permissible it is almost never practiced, and "for a man and woman to live together out of wedlock is unknown." Man treats woman as a chattel, and frequently beats her, as he would his camel. The customary age for both sexes to marry is fifteen. Mr. Thomas discusses the customs, religion, politics, and business life of the land with great effectiveness. There is an appreciative foreword by Col. T. E. Lawrence, and an appendix of scientific material by Sir Arthur Keith. There are many excellent maps, charts, diagrams, and photographs, and an index.

BLACK FRONTIERS: *Pioneer Adventures with Cecil Rhodes in Africa.*

By Sam Kemp. Brewer, Warren & Putnam
\$3 8¾ x 5¾; 278 pp. *New York*

Mr. Kemp was a member of Cecil Rhodes' Mounted Police during their exploratory and military tour through the South African Republic, Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, Matabeleland, Bamangwatoland, and Portuguese East Africa in the years 1889-1892. His memoirs of the expedition are here arranged by Howard R. Marsh. They are very fragmentary and somewhat melodramatically told, but they make fascinating reading. Mr. Kemp is especially colorful in his tales about the Matabeles, "the fiercest of all African natives, [who] craved war with a natural appetite," and about the fabulously fat and almost incredibly cruel King Lobengula, whose main kraal was the hill city of Bulawayo. There are also interesting descriptions of the Bushmen's method of catching monkeys, of lion and rhino chasing, of the strange native kinds of gambling in Pretoria, and of the incantations of the witch doctors. Kermit Roosevelt contributes a foreword. On the inside flap of the slip cover appears an endorsement by Major Frederick R. Burnham. There are two identical maps on the inside covers. An index is missing.

IN THE WEST INDIES.

By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2 7 x 4¾; 211 pp. *New York*

In the intervals of his labors as professor of the history of art at Rutgers Dr. Van Dyke goes travel-

Continued on page viii

MEN WHO MAKE PRESIDENTS

TOUGH LUCK— HOOVER AGAIN!

BY JOHN L. HEATON

Former Associate Editor of THE WORLD

Why President Hoover, despite his unpopularity,
will be re-elected.

"A canny prediction and an appeal to liberals."—
LEWIS GANNETT in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.

\$1.25

Vanguard

WHITE HOUSE BLUES

BY FELIX RAY

(HOWARD BRUBAKER)

With 20 illustrations by Frueh

Observations on an uncertain Party residing on
Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

"Murderously funny."

\$1.50

Vanguard

Roosevelt, Hoover, or Al Smith? Which and Why?
Read

THE MIRRORS OF 1932

What is the inside picture of the Democratic line-up? What
are the chances of Ritchie, Robinson, Newton Baker and Al
Smith, against Franklin Roosevelt? Read *The Mirrors of 1932*
for its brilliant appraisal of the leading candidates in the
coming election. *The New York Times* says: "It is ably written
and in good taste—recalls the brilliant 'Mirrors of Downing
Street.'" Charles Hanson Towne: "A brilliant book—it will
set the American people agog."

Illustrated by Cesare \$2.50 all bookstores

BREWER, WARREN & PUTNAM, 6 E. 53rd Street, N. Y.

THIS DEMOCRATIC ROOSEVELT

The Life Story of "F. D."

By Leland M. Ross and Allen W. Grobin

This biography is authentic. It has been read and ap-
proved by "F.D." himself. It is a spirited and shrewd
account of his career to date and what he stands for.
Illustrated, \$2.50

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.

300 Fourth Avenue

New York

A FIRST EDITION BY THE PRESIDENT
revealing with good humor the scenes of
his early years. Foreword by Will Irwin.

A BOYHOOD IN IOWA

By Herbert Clark Hoover, \$5.

Special limited edition—A few copies still available

AVENTINE

122 E. 42nd St., N. Y.
ASHland 4-9757

"The Most Gorgeous Show On Earth"

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

tears the roof off the national capital.

Its reverberations have made political history.

22nd Edition, \$3.00

LIVERIGHT, Inc.

31 W. 47th St., N. Y.

Displays on these books will appear at many of leading bookstores and depart-
ment stores in Chicago during both the Republican and the Democratic Conven-
tions. There will also be several displays in New York City.

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

ling, and in the course of his seventy-six years he has covered a large part of the globe. The resultant books are not guide-books, but something much better, for Dr. Van Dyke is a man of many interests and much information, and his observations are thus worth hearing. In the present volume he deals with practically all of the West Indian islands, and also makes some excursions on the mainland. He finds that the blacks everywhere are in a low state, but believes that they are relatively better off in the American islands than elsewhere. He is even in favor of Marine rule in Haiti, which he believes to be much more salubrious than it has been painted. His little book is pleasantly written, and will be of value to anyone contemplating a West Indian tour.

ECONOMICS

HOW TO SPEND YOUR MONEY.

By Ernest McCullough.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith
\$2.50 7½ x 5½; 183 pp. New York

Colonel McCullough's advice is sound but not novel. He says that the prudent man will try to save 20% of his income regularly, and that all of it will go into a capital fund—insurance, low-interest bonds, etc. Whatever else is saved may be risked, but at least half the profits from that risk, if there are any, should pass to capital. The purchase of a dwelling-house is recommended, and the keeping of a budget. Many a man, says Col. McCullough, is benefited by losing his job: it teaches him (and his wife with him) that it is possible to be reasonably happy without trying to keep up with the Joneses. The little book contains good counsel, and is simply written. There are separate chapters on insurance, bonds and stocks.

RECOVERY: *The Second Effort.*

By Arthur Salter. The Century Company
\$3 8¾ x 5½; 353 pp. New York

Sir Arthur has at one time or another been associated, in an official capacity, with the Supreme Economic Council, the Reparations Commission, and the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations. In the present volume he deals with the sickness that has fallen upon the economic system of the world. Among the specific problems he discusses are money and gold, credit and finance, reparations and war debts, commercial policies and tariffs, government regulation, and world peace. He thinks that

the current depression is largely due to the reparations and war debts, which "have widened the gap in the balance of payments, which new lending is needed to bridge, and they have made new lending more precarious by destroying confidence." He thinks that the way out of the present muddle lies in these directions: First, the Hoover moratorium on German reparations should be extended to four or five years, and the final settlement should be agreed upon now, keeping in mind Germany's capacity to pay. Second, the whole tariff business should become a subject of international determination, instead of a purely national matter, as it is today. Third, there should be established "the basis of peace and of confidence in good international relations," which means "ensuring the success" of the League of Nations. There is an index.

PSYCHOLOGY

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS.

By Helga Eng. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.75 8¾ x 5½; 223 pp. New York

Dr. Eng, who is a member of the psychological faculty of the University of Oslo, begins with a detailed description of the development of the drawing of her niece from the first to her eighth year. She then takes up the psychology of children's drawings, correlating it with their general mental development, and at the end she attempts to find a relationship between child-art and primitive art. Her discussion throughout is very interesting and fully illustrated. "The first and favorite subject that children draw is human beings, but next to that . . . the house in which they live. . . . The free drawing of children before the school age is almost entirely from memory, and for the most part it remains the same during the early years at school. Children do not look at the things that they wish to represent, but draw them out of their heads from their mental pictures of them." Children's drawings have many features in common with primitive folk-art, but they are never quite so good. They are formal, stiff, and lacking in expression. Adult primitive art is sometimes of a high order. All that can be said about the two kinds of art is that they develop along the same general lines, though there is always a wide qualitative difference between them. There is a bibliography, and also an index. The translation is by H. Stafford Hatfield. The book belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy, and Scientific Method, of which C. K. Ogden is editor.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

THE MIND & ITS BODY. *The Foundations of Psychology.*

By Charles Fox. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.50 8 3/4 x 5 1/2; 316 pp. New York

Dr. Fox, who is director of the training of school-masters in the University of Cambridge, here attempts to approach the ancient problem of the mind-body relationship from the point of view of the latest researches in biology and psychology. His book presupposes a considerable knowledge of philosophical literature, and will be of most use to specialists. He holds that "the hypothesis of psychophysical parallelism is a pure guess, very wide of the mark, . . . [and] based on an outworn physiology. . . . There is no factual evidence whatever for it." His own theory is a kind of dualistic interactionism. Mind and body, he says, are separate entities. Voluntary mental acts may degenerate into semi-automatic acts, but "the supposition that out of the combination of reflex activities higher activities emerge has no factual evidence whatever." To this he adds: "The bodily mechanism, in so far as it is not vegetative or automatic, is entirely responsive to mental factors." There is a long bibliography, and also an index. The book belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method, of which C. K. Ogden is general editor.

BIOGRAPHY

THE STRANGE ATTACKS ON HERBERT HOOVER.

By Arthur Train. The John Day Company
\$1 7 1/2 x 5; 51 pp. New York

THE RISE OF HERBERT HOOVER.

By Walter W. Liggett. The H. K. Fly Company
\$3.50 9 1/4 x 6; 382 pp. New York

Mr. Train devotes himself mainly to refuting certain charges against Mr. Hoover made in "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags," by John Hamill. He does a good job within his limits, but he leaves many other charges unanswered. His discussion of the celebrated Chinese Engineering and Mining Company cases presents what is apparently Mr. Hoover's own defense, and is thus well worth reading. Unfortunately, it conflicts in more than one particular with the record set forth at length by Mr. Liggett in "The Rise of Herbert Hoover." Mr. Liggett's book is by far the most careful volume on the subject that has yet appeared. In it there is none of the rancor that marred the Hamill book; on the contrary, it is written with fairness, and in part is a defense of Mr. Hoover against extravagant and unwarranted allegations. In particular, it offers a sym-

Continued on page x

The Perfect Graduation Gift

A treasury of useful information ready for instant reference, needed every day in home and office.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE

NEW FOURTH EDITION

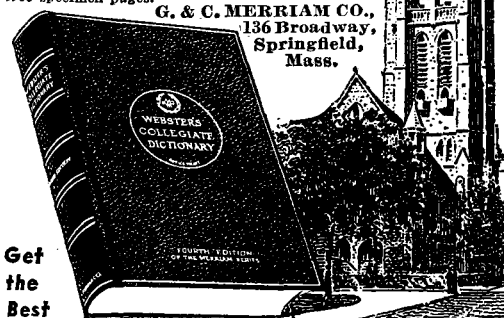
The best abridged dictionary because it is based upon the "Supreme Authority"—Webster's New International Dictionary.

106,000 entries, including hundreds of new words; a dictionary of Biography; a Gazetteer; 1930 population figures; rules of punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.; a dictionary of foreign phrases. 1,268 pages, 1,700 illustrations.

Thin-Paper Edition: Special Merriam Cloth, \$5.00; Fabrikoid, \$6.00; Leather, \$7.50.

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information and free specimen pages.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
136 Broadway,
Springfield,
Mass.



Get
the
Best

Travel through the SOVIET UNION

for \$4⁰⁰

A year's armchair voyage through the huge and many sided country that stretches from arctic seas to golden desert sands, with its varied panoramas of great new industrial cities, age-old sites, forests and steppes, towering mountains and sunny seashores.

The New Magazine SOVIET TRAVEL

printed in English, published in Moscow, will take you from bustling Moscow to fabulous ancient cities; and you will learn about 169 distinct nationalities and cultures all being welded into one national enterprise. Stories, sketches, articles, photographs—all by the finest talent in Soviet Russia.

1 year, \$4—6 months, \$2—3 months, \$1

Address: INTOURIST, Inc.

261 Fifth Ave., New York or "AMKNIGA" Corporation

For enclosed remittance of please send me
SOVIET TRAVEL for months. (6F)

Name

Address

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page ix

thetic account of his somewhat dismal boyhood. But the sections dealing with his career as a mine promoter are nevertheless full of facts and figures that must inevitably disquiet his more naïve admirers. Here Mr. Liggett indulges but little in generalization; instead he goes to the sources, and offers written records. Altogether, the book, despite some inadequacies, is a useful contribution to a discussion that seems likely to go on indefinitely, despite Mr. Train's gallant effort to put it down.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEGGY EATON.

Charles Scribner's Sons

\$2.50 8¼ x 5¾; 216 pp. *New York*

When Peggy Eaton was seventy-four years old—in 1873—she dictated this story of her life, "as her defense before posterity," entrusting the manuscript to her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, of New York, who first suggested writing it. He was to hold it until a suitable time for its publication, but both he and his son died without publishing it. Virginia Price Deems, his granddaughter, now presents it after more than half a century, together with an introductory note and the original preface. "The fact is," declares Mrs. Eaton with bitterness, that "John C. Calhoun and his friends were at the bottom of this whole business [the scandalous stories circulated in her lifetime about her]. Martin Van Buren, William T. Barry, and my husband were the only members of General Jackson's Cabinet whom John C. Calhoun could not control, and who did not sympathize at all with his political views. Of these three, my husband was supposed to be—and perhaps was—the most influential with the President. The point was to break him down. They were to bring as much disturbance into General Jackson's Cabinet as possible, and because they had heard some of these rumors, and knew that General Jackson did not believe them, and saw that they could put him on his mettle in defense of me,—it was perceived that it was a good card to play; and it was. I was to be the victim of these political machinations." The book, which is an absorbing human document, goes far toward dispelling the myth of Mrs. Eaton's charm; she writes, as she must have talked and lived, like a virago. There is an index.

STALIN. *The Career of a Fanatic.*

By Essad-Bey. The Viking Press

\$3.50 9½ x 6¾; 391 pp. *New York*

Essad-Bey, a Georgian himself, writes with a considerable intimacy about Stalin's early life in the

strange trans-Caucasian country. He begins with the Russian dictator's early career as a street boy and later as a student at the Georgian Theological Seminary, where he first heard of Marxism. Expelled from the seminary, the young Communist joined the company of Lenin, whose friendship he won immediately. Stalin's life thereafter is well-known. After the 1905 Revolution he became the chief of the shock troops of the Communists, and by robbing the Russian State Bank he added immensely to the party's coffers. He served his term in Siberia, where he loaded up still more on Marxian theory and revolutionary tactics. With 1917 his day came, and then followed his rapid rise to the dictatorship of the U.S.S.R. Essad-Bey writes with fervor, and occasionally offers new facts—or, perhaps, they should be called legends. He abhors Communism, which he calls "this terrible system," and the mere thought of Stalin makes him shudder. "This Asiatic let loose, this unfettered Bolshevik," he says, "cannot belie his coarse and primitive nature. He always has been and still is the product of the dark alleys . . . of Tiflis." Russia today "is on the verge of collapse," mainly due to the Five-Year Plan. There are many illustrations and an index. The translation from the German is by Huntley Paterson.

HAREM LIFE.

By Djavidan Hanum.

The Dial Press

\$3.50 8¼ x 5¾; 335 pp. *New York*

Mme. Hanum was born in Philadelphia, the daughter of a Hungarian count, and married, as his second wife, Abbas Hilmi II, the last Khedive of Egypt. She became a Moslem and lived the life of the harem, but enjoyed the love and confidence of her husband, whom she accompanied, disguised as his secretary, on many of his journeys. She is now separated from him. He is at the moment engaged in banking in Turkey, and she devotes most of her time to writing. Where she is living is not made clear. Her book is not a formal biography. It deals almost wholly with her observations and personal feelings as the Khedive's wife. She also includes an excellent discussion of the place of women in the Mohammedan religion, of the high respect accorded them by the Prophet, and of their degradation at the hands of the more recent Caliphs. She is plainly a highly intelligent, well-read, and sensitive woman, with a knowledge of many languages and a keen appreciation of the best Western music. She was genuinely in love with her husband for many years; why she

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

finally left him she does not reveal. Her book is well written, and full of fine bits of insight into feminine and masculine psychology. The Khedive comes out of it a fairly efficient ruler, but an ignorant and dull man. There is no index.

LUDENDORFF. *The Tragedy of a Military Mind.*
By Karl Tschuppik. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$5 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 282 pp. Boston

This book deals solely with Ludendorff's military career in the World War, from his brilliant generalship at the Masurian Lakes and Tannenberg to his catastrophic blunders on the Western Front. It takes in all the major battles, and discusses in detail the strategy involved. Dr. Tschuppik spends considerable space in his attempt to prove that the real hero of Tannenberg was not Hindenburg (something that everybody now knows), nor General von François, as Winston Churchill insists, but Ludendorff. He also has a good deal to say about the quartermaster-general's almost incredible stupidities as a political adviser to the chancellor in the last months of the war, and about his insane proclamations against the Jews, Catholics, and Freemasons since the founding of the Republic. To Ludendorff life is all strife, and "morals exist only in so far as they are defended by arms." He is the incarnation of all that is worst in the military mind. He cannot imagine a world where orders are not supreme. His tragedy is that "he was a sword which there was no intelligence fit to wield." There are two portraits, two maps, a bibliography, and an index. The translation is by W. H. Johnston.

FRIEDRICH LIST: *Der Tragische Deutsche.*
By K. A. Meissinger. Paul List
M.8.50 8 1/4 x 5; 334 pp. Leipzig

List, a Württemberger, came to the United States in 1825 and settled at Reading, Pa., where he became the editor of a German newspaper. Two years later he published his "Outlines of a New System of Political Economy," an ingenious and effective defense of the protectionist system. It had great influence both in the United States and in Germany, and undoubtedly helped to induce both countries to adopt protectionism. In 1830 List returned to Germany, and soon thereafter became interested in the development of railways. It is, indeed, chiefly as the Father of the German Railways that he is now remembered there. But he was also active in politics, and was an earnest advocate of the *Zollverein* which opened the way for the amalgamation of the Empire in 1871. He also favored a

Continued on page xii

Crowell's Handbook For READERS and WRITERS

A dictionary of famous characters and plots in legend, fiction, drama, opera and poetry, together with dates and principal works of important authors, literary and journalistic terms, and familiar allusions. \$3.50

From CROWELL'S

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO.
393 Fourth Avenue, New York



FIRST EDITIONS, RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS MANUSCRIPTS

[Catalogues Issued]

JAMES F. DRAKE, Inc.
14 W. 40 St., N. Y. C.

A T H E I S M

Book catalog FREE. Tracts, 10c.

Am. Assn. for Adv. of Atheism,

307 E. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Turn to page XV to find THE LITERARY BAZAAR

A market place for collectors

Distinguished Colophons



FARRAR & RINEHART

On Murray Hill, three years ago, John Farrar and the Rineharts (Stanley and Frederick) hung out their shingle. Since then, with the addition to their forces of Ogden Nash, this enterprising young firm has turned out a surprisingly large number of successful books—*Magnolia Street*, *Once a Grand Duke*, *Miss Pinkerton*, *Young Man of Manhattan* among them. On their title pages appears the simple but effective colophon designed by Clarence Hornung.

When a firm has the "best-seller" habit, it also has the habit of demanding overnight service from its manufacturer. P.S.—*They get it, from Wolff.*

H. WOLFF NEW YORK

508 W. 26th STREET

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xi

commercial alliance with England. Many of his ideas were in advance of his time. Despairing of seeing them carried out, and confronted by the loss of his property and his health, he shot himself in 1846. Dr. Meissinger has done a competent life of him, and it deserves to be translated into English.

MENTAL HEALERS.

By *Stefan Zweig*. *The Viking Press*
\$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 363 pp. *New York*

The three mental healers Herr Zweig writes about are Franz Anton Mesmer, Mary Baker Eddy, and Sigmund Freud. He portrays Mesmer as the pioneer of modern psychology, who, by his discovery of the power of suggestion in combating bodily ills, opened up a new world of investigation. Mrs. Eddy was "not particularly sincere, rather stupid, one whom it would be a compliment to describe as even half-educated," and her teaching was humbug, but "over and above all this, by her very exaggerations, she gave contemporary psychology a vigorous forward thrust." Freud is the greatest of them all. The method he introduced "has not only metamorphosed the outlooks of our individual lives; it has also given a new trend to all basic problems of our civilization and to their genealogy." Herr Zweig's brief biographies of all three contain nothing that the intelligent layman will consider new. Moreover, he is inclined to overdramatization, as for example, in his hoopla chapter on Mesmer. Altogether, a book of slight importance. The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul. There is no index.

AUS MEINEM LEBEN & DENKEN.

By *Albert Schweitzer*. *Felix Meiner*
M.6.50 8¾ x 5½; 211 pp. *Leipzig*

Dr. Schweitzer is so strange a man that he seems almost fabulous. The son of a village pastor in Alsace, he took his Ph.D. at Strassburg in 1899, and proceeded to fit himself to follow his father's calling. But meanwhile he had become greatly interested in music, especially in the music of Bach, and had developed such talent as an organist that he was invited to Paris by Widor. In 1908 he decided suddenly to study medicine and go out to French Equatorial Africa as a medical missionary. He got his degree in 1912 and went at once to Lambaréne, a lonely station on the river Ogowe, where he remained four years, returning later for two other terms of duty. He is now living at Günsbach in Alsace. He has written books on Bach and on Kant, on theology, and on his adventures in

Africa. The present work, a sort of philosophical autobiography, is now in its tenth thousand in Germany. It has many interesting illustrations from photographs by the author.

DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH. *Sculptor.*

By *Adeline Adams*. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$7.50 9¾ x 6¾; 90 pp. *Boston*

Mrs. Adams has here written, not so much a formal biography of the celebrated sculptor, as an appreciative essay on him. It is little more than 15,000 words long, but she manages to say something about every aspect of his rich and amazingly successful career. He was born in New Hampshire in 1850, and twenty-five years later won national fame with his statue of the Minute Man in Concord, Mass. He lived on to the age of eighty-one, dying in 1931, and he never slackened in his productivity. Among his more famous works are the bronze statue of John Harvard in the Harvard College Yard, the Alma Mater on the steps of the Columbia University Library, the marble statue of Abraham Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, the bronze doors of the Boston Public Library, and the bust of Edgar Allan Poe in the Hall of Fame, New York University. There are thirty-two excellent illustrations.

PAST YEARS: *An Autobiography.*

By *Oliver Lodge*. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
\$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 364 pp. *New York*

Like the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge seems likely to be remembered for his follies rather more vividly than for his solid achievements. When, in 1883, he was called in with a biologist, Dr. Herdman, to test the alleged psychic powers of two salegirls in a Liverpool dry-goods store, he had little interest in spiritualism, and was inclined to be skeptical. But he was soon greatly engrossed, and ever since then he has been the most distinguished champion in England, if not in the world, of the table-tappers and other such magicians. He devotes relatively little space to the business in his autobiography; it is mainly given over, and quite properly, to his long and eminent career as a physicist. But what he has to say about psychical matters will probably attract fifty readers to every one who wants to hear about his doings in the laboratory. His book is pleasantly written, and is full of brief but vivid sketches of his friends and colleagues. There are sixteen illustrations, and at the end there is an index.

Continued on page xiv

THE NEW NOVEL BY
**Radclyffe
Hall**

Her first novel
written since
**THE WELL OF
LONELINESS**

**The Master
of the House**

\$2.50

Jonathan Cape & Robert Ballou
139 East 46th Street, New York

**EVERYBODY'S
GARDEN**

by *Walter Prichard Eaton*

This practical book on garden design by an amateur gardener of long experience will prove extremely helpful to those who are limited in time or money or whose grounds are not large. It tells simply and concretely how the amateur can realize to the best advantage the natural opportunities of his land. With numerous descriptions of gardens he has known, as well as excellent photographs, Mr. Eaton discusses the relation of the garden to the house, shrubbery, pools and garden furniture. "His volume is one to be enjoyed for its sanity and sound teachings, its charm of writing and for the part it plays in the rounding out of a well balanced gardening outlook and philosophy."—*The New York Herald Tribune*. With 21 illustrations. cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ inches, 208 pages. \$2.50

At your bookshop

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER



*Forgotten Books That Will Be
Discovered Tomorrow*

Why not buy one of them today?



CONFESSIONS OF ZENO

by **ITALO SVEVO**

(Born at Trieste, Italy, 1861. Died at Trieste, 1928.)

Translated from the Italian by Beryl de Zoete

The great modern Italian novel. In Zeno, accomplished hypochondriac and delightful madman "we have a notable addition to the great characters of literature," says *The Nation*. cloth, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 406 pages. \$3.00



A TRUE STORY

by **STEPHEN HUDSON**

(Now living in England.)

This story of Richard Kurt and of the three women who shaped his life is by a man whom *The New York Times* calls "one of the most accomplished novelists of our time." Says *Frank Swinnerton*: "A True Story enriches one's experiences of human life." cloth, $5\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 566 pages. \$3.00



THE CASTLE

by **FRANZ KAFKA**

(Born at Prague, 1883. Died near Vienna, 1925.)

Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir

"It will endure not only because of the allegory, but because of the novelist's gifts as a superb story-teller and genius of construction and because of its style." —*The New York Times*. cloth, $5\frac{5}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 340 pages. \$2.50



**THOUGHTS
WITHOUT WORDS**

by **CLARENCE DAY**

(Born at New York, 1874, where he is now living.)

With 100 illustrations by the author



The Inspiring Wife

She told him of a Better Land
She tried to give his spirit wings.
But he could never understand
Her talk of Higher Things.

$6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 118 pages. \$3.50

At all bookshops

Alfred · A · Knopf · Publisher · N · Y ·



CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xii

MY ARNOLD BENNETT.

By Marguerite Bennett. E. P. Dutton & Company
\$2.75 8 x 5½; 165 pp. New York

Mrs. Bennett, who is a Frenchwoman, met Bennett in Paris in 1907, and they were married soon afterward. They separated in 1921. In 1925 she printed a small book in which she discussed her husband very frankly. In the present volume she deals with him even more frankly, and as a result she has been widely denounced. But she really deserves thanks rather than blame, for Bennett was an extraordinary man, and it is worth while to see him precisely as he looked to the one who, for years, was closest to him. Mrs. Bennett's estimate of his character is probably accurate enough. He was a man of genius, and very generous, but he was also inordinately vain. Money delighted him, he loved social adulation, and he was something of a climber. Mrs. Bennett writes competently, and sets forth her wifely sorrows without unduly sentimentalizing them. The ultimate biographer of her husband will have to make heavy use of her book.

HUXLEY.

By Clarence Ayres. W. W. Norton & Company
\$3 8½ x 5½; 254 pp. New York

Huxley remains anathema to the pious, but he was unquestionably one of the great figures of the Nineteenth Century, and in England his stature was exceeded only by that of Charles Darwin. Dr. Ayres does well to stress the debt that Darwin owed to him. He not only defended the author of "The Origin of Species" with great energy and effect; he also had a great deal to teach him. If it had not been for Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature," indeed, it is possible that Darwin might never have written "The Descent of Man." Dr. Ayres has a somewhat dry style, and he makes relatively little of the more melodramatic events of Huxley's life—for example, the historic debate with Gladstone, so fatal to revealed religion. But he has made a thorough examination of the available materials, he has planned his book very competently, and he has written it sufficiently well to make it readable. There is a brief bibliography, followed by an index.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: *Patron of Learning.*

By Leonard C. Helderman. The Century Company
\$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 187 pp. New York

Dr. Helderman, who is associate professor of history at Washington and Lee University, has here brought together the chief facts about Washington as

xiv

an educator and as a contributor to institutions of learning. While he makes no pretense to original research, he has achieved a useful compilation of material which has hitherto been scattered in various books. His conclusion is the obvious one. Washington was neither a scholar nor a philosopher, but he took a lively interest in the fostering of academies and colleges, and contributed liberally for their founding and upkeep. He helped greatly to found the United States Military Academy, Washington College in Maryland, and Alexandria Academy in Virginia. There are several illustrations and an index.

CLARENCE DARROW.

By Charles Yale Harrison.

Jonathan Cape & Harrison. Smith
\$4 8¾ x 6; 380 pp. New York

This, the first full-length biography of the celebrated criminal lawyer, is written *con amore*. Mr. Harrison has known his subject for years, and has made a careful study of his professional life and writings. There are some omissions in his book and two or three of his interpretations are open to question, but it cannot be denied that he has succeeded in capturing the drama and variety of Mr. Darrow's career. He is especially happy in his discussions of the Leopold-Loeb and Scopes monkey trials. There is considerable fresh material in the book, particularly in the sections dealing with Mr. Darrow's personal life and his views on philosophical and literary problems. There are many illustrations.

THE ARMS ABOVE THE DOOR.

By Carlton Bailey Hurst. Dodd, Mead & Company
\$3 8 x 5¼; 377 pp. New York

Dr. Hurst was in the American consular service for nearly forty years, and closed his career as consul-general at Budapest. His stations included Catania, Crefeld, La Guaira, Lyons, Plauen, Prague, Havana, Barcelona, Vienna and Berlin. He seems to have enjoyed the life immensely, and in the present book he tells many amusing anecdotes of it. He has much to say that is interesting about his official adventures in Venezuela in the days of Cipriano Castro, and in Spain during the World War. But his best chapters are on more homely subjects—for example, the one in which he describes with great gusto the gargantuan dinners that he used to eat in Crefeld.

*Continued in back advertising section,
page xx*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS :: AUTOGRAPHS :: STAMPS :: LITERARY SERVICES

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES: Any American or English periodical. Special, American Mercury, Volume I to XIV, complete, \$20. Magazine Excerpts. Old Prints. Quotations on request. List free. SALISBURY'S, 78 East Tenth Street, New York.

BOOKBINDING

BIND YOUR COPIES OF The American Mercury. Handsome binding of batik boards and buckram back and corners. Volumes begin January, May, and September. Binding Dept., THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BOOK FOR WRITERS

WRITERS

WRITER'S 1932 YEAR BOOK AND MARKET GUIDE is now on sale at all good newsstands for only 25c. It lists hundreds of reliable, first class magazine markets for free lance writers with the individual editorial requirements of each one.

Articles by Upton Sinclair, Rupert Hughes, Jim Tully, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Albert Payson Terhune, etc. Invaluable article on trade journal writing with complete market list. Also detailed article on women's magazines. The WRITER'S YEAR BOOK is the most valuable and inexpensive single book any writer can own. Edited by Aron M. Mathieu. Send 25c for copy to 14 E. 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FIRST EDITIONS

SPRING LIST OF RECENT ACQUISITIONS, Moderately Priced; And Current Catalogue Listing Fine Firsts of All Collected Modern Authors. Catalogue Free. Inquiries Invited. BENJAMIN HAUSER, 60 East 42nd Street, New York.

CATALOGUE OF MODERN AMERICAN and British First Editions, Modern Fine Press books and selected American High Spots is offered by PHILIP M. DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, OLD, RARE, UNUSUAL and Out-of-Print Books. Huge Stock, Lowest Prices. Catalogs Free. DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street, New York. Open until 10 P.M.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th St. (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices. Bargain Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

EARN A LITTLE MORE ON THE side W. pay liberal commissions on subscriptions to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Write to Circulation Manager, THE AMERICAN MERCURY 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

GENERAL

THAT BOOK YOU WANT! Foyles can supply it, any conceivable subject. Over 2,000,000 vols. new and secondhand in stock; immense number out-of-print. Rare, First Editions and Sets of Authors, Twenty-five Departmental Catalogues. Outline requirements and interests; suitable catalogues then sent free. Books sent on approval. FOYLES, Charing Cross Road, London, England.

THE MOST PROFITABLE, the least expensive and the most enjoyable way to pass your leisure hours is correspondence with intelligent people. Contacts, the only correspondence club for mentally isolated intellectuals connects you with versatile, cultured, unconventional free spirits. Rare books loaned free. Membership steadily increasing since 1927. Particulars for 2c stamp from CONTACTS, 211 East 11th St., New York City.

ADVANCE BOOK REVIEWS is a reprint of the Check List of New Books from THE AMERICAN MERCURY together with publishers' announcements. It will be sent to any address in the United States or possessions for 50c which merely covers the cost of postage and handling. Write to Miss Jean Jay, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NUDISM COMES TO AMERICA by Frances and Mason Merrill describes in detail the physical, moral and aesthetic aspects of this startling modern movement which is fast gaining the hold in this country that it has in Europe (French and German camps described in "Among the Nudists" by the same authors). "Nudism Comes to America" is a deliciously serious-minded account of a crusade for common-sense.—The New York Herald Tribune. With 24 illustrations, 296 pages, \$3.00. At all bookshops or order direct from ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE NEW BORZOI CATALOGUE for Summer 1932 describing important new books by Willa Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer, George Jean Nathan, Sigrid Undset, James Laver and other interesting writers is now ready. A copy will be sent you free of charge if you will write the publisher, ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

PRIVATE LIBRARY FOR SALE

OVER 4,000 VOLUMES, largely first editions and many autographed copies offered to private purchaser. Considerable Canadiana included. If interested, write to M755, THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

PRIVATE PRESSES

ONLY THE PICK of Private Presses are handled by us. Cheaply printed and unsatisfactory volumes of this type sold by others are NOT circularized on our mailing lists. Send for literature. THE BALZAC BIBLION, 15 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

AUTHOR'S EXCHANGE MEMBER-ship co-operatively assists talented unrecognized writers; playwrights; professionals. Teacher-critics constructively develop. Our Association-members pay only SIX per cent for "Marketing!" Criticism, editing, reading—FREE to members!

AUTHOR'S EXCHANGE, Suite "M," Flatiron Building, New York.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures. THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

RARE BOOKS

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS and Rare, Interesting and Unusual Second-hand Books at low prices. New Bargain Catalogue No. 47M will be sent free upon request. OWEN DAVIES, Bookseller, 1352 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

BOOK CATALOGUES FREE

Rare books and fine sets at reduced prices
SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE, Inc.
80 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE LARGEST PUBLISHERS OF privately printed literature in the United States, invite you to send for their free catalogue of unexpurgated editions on curiosa and esoterica. PANURGE PUBLISHERS, 98 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WE SPECIALIZE IN CURIOUS books; privately printed items in limited editions; unexpurgated translations; unusually illustrated volumes. Join our select clientele. Catalogue on request. THE FALSTAFF PRESS, Dept. M, 260 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSE-where may be read for a nominal fee. Members have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, and curious books; limited, privately printed editions, unexpurgated translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information. ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, Dept. M-4, 15 East 45th Street, New York.

STAMPS

3000 MIXED STAMPS FROM ALL over the World. Only \$1.00. LONGACRE SHOPPE, 106 West 42nd Street, N. Y. City.

AND NOW AT GREATLY REDUCED cost the Literary Bazaar places before you its large and wealthy collectors' market. Here you reach people interested in good books, and who are able, even today, to make purchases without particular thought of budgets. Announce your first editions, your rarities, your literary services, in this section which is the most complete of its kind in any general magazine. A seven-line advertisement now costs \$5, and only \$4 if you use every month for a year. For further information write Dept. L. B., THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City.

XV

The Pulitzer Prize

for 1931's best biography goes to a great book about a great American.

"The most comprehensive, illuminating, convincing, and reasonable portrait of Roosevelt. . . . Perhaps more than a portrait, a statue that almost comes to life."
—*William Allen White, Saturday Review.*
Special edition, printed from the plates of the \$5.00 edition. \$3.50

Henry F. Pringle's
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHIES

•

Matthew Josephson's
**JEAN-JACQUES
ROUSSEAU**
\$5.00

Lincoln Steffens'
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
\$3.75

F. M. Kircheisen's
NAPOLEON
\$5.00

H. W. Nevins's
**GOETHE: MAN AND
POET**
\$2.75

William Harlan Hale

- has made the direct, vigorous approach of youth to modern literature and life. Opposed to the despair of Messrs. Krutch and Russell, to the doom of Spenglerism, to the mid-winter madness of cubism and James Joyce, he draws from 1932 a vital manifesto that defeats post-war disillusion. This is a mature expression of an extremely gifted mind and marks the coming of age of a new generation.

CHALLENGE TO DEFEAT

By *WILLIAM HARLAN HALE*
\$2.50

Felix Rosenberg's **PASSING STRANGERS**

"A thrilling, gripping, splendid narrative. Deserves high place in the current year's fiction."—*Philadelphia Record.* \$2.00

The BIG American Novel


by
JOHN DOS PASSOS

"What his predecessors, from Howells to Lewis, failed to do, Dos Passos has done. . . . Here is not merely a keen observer, a master of narrative, a fine poet; here is a man who restores literature to its high standing as interpretation of life."
—*GRANVILLE HICKS, The Bookman.*

"Not only the best of all his novels; it is, I believe, a landmark in American fiction."
—*MALCOLM COWLEY, New Republic.* \$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY • • 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

The American MERCURY

VOLUME XXVI



NUMBER 102

JUNE

1932

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

A WEEK or so after these lines are flung to the world two thousand men and women will gather in Chicago to nominate a successor to Lord Hoover. Two or three weeks later another couple of thousand will gather in the same place to do the same thing. The former will constitute the delegates and alternates to the Republican National Convention; the latter will have the same character at the convention of the Democrats. It will take the Republican brothers and sisters no longer than a day to perform their work, for Lord Hoover himself will be the only serious candidate before them; nevertheless, they will stretch out the business to four days at least, and probably five, and all the while they will sit uncomfortably on hard kitchen chairs by day, and sweat and pant through packed hotel lobbies at night.

All of this will be done at their own expense. They will buy their own tickets to

Chicago and their own tickets home, and they will pay for their own board and lodging. For it is considered a high honor, by American standards, to be elected a delegate or alternate to a Republican national convention, and persons who have enjoyed it always mention it when they are asked (as, for example, by the editor of "Who's Who in America") what they have achieved in the world. Moreover, something tangible commonly goes with the glory of it, for when election day is over a large proportion of the delegates and alternates find themselves settled in very pleasant Federal jobs, ranging from that of Secretary of State to that of United States marshal for the northern district of Louisiana.

The majority of them, indeed, are already in lucrative office when they go to the convention. Thus their minds are suffused, as they squirm upon the hot, hard chairs or fall over the spittoons in the hotel

lobbies, by very agreeable reflections. They see themselves safe in their jobs for four years more, or perchance promoted to better ones.



The Democrats, impaled upon the same chairs, enjoy no such consolation. It is their common doom to go home from their convention in a low and even tortured frame of mind, with their pocket-books empty, their larynxes frayed, the seats of their pantaloons worn shiny, and a candidate on their hands whose chances of election are a good deal worse than bad. But they sit and suffer just as faithfully as the Republicans, and in fact even more faithfully, for it is rare for their convention to be finished in a week, and sometimes it lasts for three weeks. At New York, in 1924, many of them ran so short of money, what with the notorious seductions and extortions of the town, that they had to telegraph home for more, and in some of the Southern constituencies public subscriptions for their relief were taken up, and the Methodist and Baptist pastors prayed desperately that they might be sustained long enough to scotch the Roman Harlot. Yahweh granted that prayer, but added a characteristic jocosity, in His usual bad taste. That is, He bewitched them into nominating the Hon. John W. Davis, of Wall Street, W. Va., and at the ensuing plebiscite John got a beating that was astonishing, even for a Democrat.

This year there will be more hope, but probably not much. As I write only one aspirant, the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, LL.D., appears to be really formidable, and if Democrats were Republicans he would be nominated quickly and quietly, and the whole show would be over by Saturday morning of convention week. But the Democrats, for reasons that I was

exposing in this place in April, never do things in any such marshmallow way. They are not really a party, but two parties, and between the two there is a flaming and implacable antagonism. Thus one looks confidently for a ruction in the grand manner when they gather at Chicago, following the love-feast of the Republicans. The Southern dries and the Northern wets, both full of the same Capone booze, will fall upon one another with loud challenges and imprecations, and after a week or so of dog-and-cat fighting the proceedings will end with all hands worn out and full of despair. Of the platform only one thing may be predicted: that it will please nobody. And of the candidate only one thing also: that he will be suspected by all.



On August 26, 1920, when the Nineteenth Amendment was proclaimed, I offered the prediction that it would cause alcoholism to be displaced, as the chief weakness of American politicians, by adultery. But this prophecy was rather too romantic: my excuse for it is that I had yet to see any considerable number of lady politicians. They are, taking one with another, far more dissuasive than the Seventh Commandment, and so the old smell of booze continues to hang over every national convention. At the last Republican affair, at Kansas City, there was enough of the stuff to float the Atlantic Fleet, and some of the most distinguished statesmen in attendance were corned all the time. One of them, a passionate and eminent dry, wolfed a whole quart of Missouri Scotch every evening, and then had to be given another quart, wrapped up in the Kansas City *Star*, to get rid of him. The Law Enforcement plank in the platform was adopted to a veritable simoon of hiccups,

and not a few delegates and alternates had to be taken to spas when the Apostle of the Noble Experiment was finally nominated.

The Democrats at Houston had a dryer time of it, but only because the town's booticians failed them. One of the local philanthropists, eager to succor them, took a parlor in a hotel, fitted it up as a bar, put in twenty or thirty barrels of beer out of his private stock, and invited the visitors to come in and help themselves, but not many responded, for what Democrats crave is hard liquor, and the harder it is the better they like it. Beer is poison to a Southern dry, and so is wine. His system demands corn whiskey fresh from the still, and in Houston there was not enough of it to go round. So the convention broke up in even worse humor than usual, and most of the Southerners, in the November following, voted for Hoover. This year the National Committee had sense enough not to choose Houston again, or any other such place. Instead it selected Chicago, where the booze supply is endless, and even Southern dries can be accommodated.



The Republicans commonly carry their liquor better than the Democrats, just as they commonly wear their clothes better. One seldom sees one of them actively sick in the convention hall, or dead drunk in a hotel lobby. Even the colored brethren among them are considerably more refined than the white Democrats from the Bible Belt. These colored brethren, by the time they reach the convention hall, are nearly all bought and paid for, and so there is nothing for them to do save to vote as their purchasers order. They seldom make speeches, and never engage in fights. If one of them pulled a razor at a Republican national convention the in-

decorum would be sufficient to ruin him. But the white Democrats are often very bellicose, and it is nothing unusual for them to slug one another on the floor. At Houston (or was it New York?) there was a dreadful fight among the delegates from one of the great Christian States of the South. It came after the candidate was nominated, and while the State standards were being paraded about the floor. The standard of this State was seized by a delegate who was suspected of being an agnostic, and two of his Baptist colleagues protested against the sacrilege and undertook to maul him. It took a whole squad of police to restore order.

The delegates, as I have hinted, have to submit to a considerable physical discomfort. The chairs that they occupy are not only hard, but also very narrow, and they are so placed that there is little knee-room. Thus a delegate who draws a seat near the middle of a row is stuck there for hours. If he struggles out to send a telegram to his pastor, or for any other natural purpose, he is hustled and sworn at by those he incommodes, and on returning to the hall he is very apt to be held up by a cop, and maybe roughed before he is identified. Not a few delegates, getting tight, lose their badges on the evening of the first day, and remain in the uncomfortable position of alien enemies until the appropriate officials can be induced to do something about it. At the New York convention, in 1924, one of the lady delegates, a woman of commanding presence, found that the seat given to her was two or three feet too narrow, so she had a large armchair brought into the hall, and plumped it in the main aisle. She was thus comfortable enough, but when the parading began many a delegate fell over her façade and bawled her out in a hearty and chivalrous manner.



Not many women politicians are as fat as that one, but in general they run to a considerable heft and beam. My somewhat indelicate prediction of August 26, 1920, hitherto mentioned, was based on the theory that, with the vote in their hands, many cuties would horn into politics, and that as a result the more susceptible male politicians, engaged at a national convention with their wives far away, would forget themselves. But nothing of the sort seems to have happened: the lady delegates and alternates are commonly too mature in years and too robust in figure to inspire romance. Inasmuch as conventions are always held in hot weather, they perspire fearfully, and that fact also discourages amour. When a fair delegate of any actual pulchritude shows up she makes a sensation, and is so busy being photographed for the rotogravures and news-reels that she is seldom seen on the convention floor. The drys hoped that the presence of women would hold down the traditional boozing, but that hope has not been realized. The brethren still hasten to get themselves outside whatever they can find. The only difference is that the Republicans, having loaded up, sleep it off quietly, whereas the Democrats whoop and yell.

I have been going to national conventions, off and on, since 1900, and note some sad changes. One is the virtual disappearance of oratory. I recall very vividly the late William Jennings Bryan's farewell speech at St. Louis in 1904, after Alton G. Parker, a Wall Street werewolf, had been nominated. It was a truly superb effort, and veterans of 1806 agreed that it was clearly better than the Cross of Gold speech. Give me a *Lis'l of Helles*, to recall Tony Faust's, and I can hear its

peroration yet: "You may say that I have not run a good race, you may say that I have not fought a good fight, *but no man shall say that I have not kept the faith!*" The ensuing uproar almost put the kibosh upon poor Parker: it took some sharp work by the leaders to prevent the delegates stampeding to Bryan. He had practised the speech for days, and delivered it in a husky, sepulchral voice, on the theory that he was ill. Whether he was really ill or not I don't know, but if he was, then he had certainly recovered completely by the next morning.



Such gaudy harangues will never be heard again, for the loud-speaker now reduces all voices to one metallic roar. Even the lady politicians, when they are allowed to second a motion and show off their millinery, sound like auctioneers. The crowd in the gallery quickly tires of such noise, and is not above booing it. At the Coolidge convention in Cleveland, in 1924, a bald-headed orator from somewhere in the South got on his hind legs and proceeded to loose some old-time rhetoric. The gallery began to jeer him at once, and presently even the delegates joined in. The Southern brother kept at it manfully—a lot of scarlet stuff comparing Coolidge to the rising sun, the precession of the equinoxes, the aurora borealis, and so on—but in the end the platform catchpolls had to close in on him. For his sufferings on this painful occasion he was rewarded with a Federal judgeship, and is now one of the great ornaments of American jurisprudence, with a bishop's power to bind and loose. To mention his name might get me ten years at Leavenworth or the Dry Tortugas.

Inasmuch as every delegate has to pay his own expenses only patriots who are

relatively well heeled can aspire to the office. The costs of the convention itself are commonly met by blackmailing the hotel-keepers of the convention town, and they always try to get their money back by raising their rates, often to preposterous levels. I have myself paid as much as \$20 a night for a room that, in ordinary times, surely did not fetch more than \$4. In the old days the local hack-drivers also took large bites at the visitors, but of late, with standardized taxicabs everywhere, they are no longer rooked, even when in their cups. Most of the delegates make a holiday of their trip, and try to compensate themselves for the hard chairs they have to sit on all day by cutting up at night. Those from small towns swarm to the burlesque theatres, night clubs, bawdy-houses and other such free-and-easies of the convention city: they see and hear enough marvels in a week to talk about for the rest of their lives. The more sophisticated confine themselves to quiet lushing. The so-called leaders, if there is no caucus in progress, play poker in their headquarters, or expose themselves to the public veneration in the hotel lobbies. An eminent United States Senator, once a serious contender for the Presidency, used to have his secretary circulate in the crowd, to point him out and whisper his great deeds. Others have themselves paged. Now and then a wit hires a bellboy to page Abraham Lincoln or Pontius Pilate.



As I have said, the fund to pay for a convention—it costs about \$150,000—is usually raised by sweating the hotel-keepers of the convention city, with some assistance from the bootleggers and other purveyors of entertainment, but now and then the town boosters take charge, and there is a formal drive. This drive is pro-

moted on the theory that a convention brings a great deal of money to a city, and advertises it widely. But what really happens, nine times out of ten, is that the city gets a black eye. Either the hotels gouge the visitors too ferociously, or the booze supply is insufficient, or the weather is too hot, or there is something else to complain of. The delegates and alternates go home complaining loudly, and so do the newspaper reporters, who commonly outnumber them, and the result is that the city suffers damage from which it is years recovering.



Consider, for example, the case of Cleveland, which entertained the Coolidge convention in 1924. The delegates and alternates went there expecting the town to be wide open, for wasn't Coolidge already President, and weren't Prohibition agents men of enlightened self-interest? But Cal forgot or refused to give the word, and in consequence a huge swarm of agents descended upon the town, and it was as dry as the Sahara. So dry was it, in fact, that even the local newspaper men had nothing to drink: a revolting and almost incredible fact, but still a fact. I well remember saving the life of a distinguished Middle Western statesman, a conscientious dry. He was seized with a severe bellyache, caused by the Lake Erie water, and I found him on the street almost doubled up. I called a policeman, but the cop told me in tears, and I believe truthfully, that he simply didn't know where a drink was to be had. Fortunately, I recalled the fact that Ring Lardner was in a nearby hotel, writing a news report of next day's session, and to him I took the patient. Lardner had him well in twenty seconds.

This astounding dryness did more harm to Cleveland than an earthquake or a pes-

tilence. It sent 1000 delegates, 1000 alternates and 1000 newspaper reporters home with horrible stories of the rigors of life in the town. Those stories still circulate, and even gain in wonder as the years pass. Certainly they must keep thousands of visitors away, and implant dubieties in the hearts of many potential investors. In the same manner Baltimore still suffers from the fact that it entertained the Wilson convention in 1912. The weather at the time was excessively hot, and the hall was remote from the principal hotels. As a result, all the persons in attendance at the convention suffered cruelly and made loud lamentation, and to this day, whenever I meet one of them, he recalls his agonies and damns the town. The common belief that Baltimore is so hot in Summer that only ship's firemen and colored clergymen can stand it originated during that convention. It will take half a century to live it down.

The only American city that has ever got any ponderable profit out of entertaining a national convention is San Francisco. It has, in June, very mild and caressing weather, and its visionaries long ago erected a comfortable meeting hall. When, in 1920, the Democrats assembled in that hall to nominate a successor to the immortal Woodrow, they wallowed in unaccustomed luxury. Instead of the usual filthy hot-dog stands in the lobby there was a clean lunchroom, served by sweeties in lovely uniforms. Instead of ward heelers armed with clubs to police the aisles there were more sweeties, each with a demure white wand. Instead of decorations fit for a street carnival, there were draperies in various shades of green, with a single American flag. And instead of bad liquor at high prices there was an ample supply of sound Bourbon, absolutely free of charge.



Who supplied this Bourbon I don't know. There were allegations later on that it had been laid in by the city of San Francisco in person, and charged to the town small-pox hospital. Some of the town wowzers, in fact, made an uproar about it, and there were denunciations of the mayor, the Hon. James Rolph, Jr. The more enlightened people of the city answered by re-electing him almost unanimously, and he remained gloriously in office until a year or so ago, when he became Governor and Captain-General of California. As for the delegates and alternates to the convention, they drank the Bourbon with loud hosannahs, giving thanks to God. At the end of the first week, though their business was completed, they refused to go home, but adjourned over to Monday. Sunday morning saw hundreds of them start out in taxicabs to see the sights, each armed with a flagon of the Bourbon. Some of these taxicabs were recovered later on at points as far distant as San Diego and Seattle.

This was the most pleasant national convention ever held in America, and those who were in attendance have been boosters for San Francisco ever since. Every four years, when the Democratic National Committee meets to select the convention city, there are demands that San Francisco be chosen again. The Republican National Committee is also beset by such demands, for the Republican politicians have all heard about the grand time their Democratic colleagues had there in 1920, and sweat under the humiliating fact that they themselves, since the fatal January 16 of that year, have never had a really satisfying convention. But the master-minds of both great parties, though they always say nice things about San

Francisco, are actually somewhat suspicious of it, for they fear that the next convention held there may be reduced to actual chaos. It is very hard to hold the delegates and alternates to their jobs when such excellent Bourbon is on tap.



New York got only ill fame out of the Democratic convention of 1924, holden in Madison Square Garden, now no more. If it had been a Republican convention it might have passed off pleasantly enough, for the Republican delegates, in the main, are city-broke, but the Democrats from the cotton country were greatly upset by what they saw of life in the American Gomorrah. In particular, they were scared by the New York cops and by the swarms of Romish priests who appeared in the galleries and on the platform. All of them had been taught by their pastors that priests carried stilettos, and they believed it. Moreover, they believed that when the priests began to hack and slay, the local police, all of them customers of Rome, would join in the massacre with artillery.

This may sound absurd, but it is a sober fact. One day, while a furious wrangle was in progress on the floor, I went to a small room under the stand, reserved for the staff of the *Baltimore Sunpapers*, and proceeded to compose an account of it. In a few minutes the door opened and an eminent Southern statesman popped in. Closing and bolting the door, he whispered: "They are about to kill us!" "Who?" I asked. "The Tammany police!" "Nonsense!" "I tell you it is a fact! I saw one of them sneaking up on me on the floor! They are about to cut loose!" Inasmuch as this statesman was one of the few really dry dries that I have ever met or heard of, it was impossible for me to calm him in the usual manner,

so I had to find a couple of Tammany men to reassure him. They took him to a nearby hotel, gave him a Bible to read, and promised to stand guard at his door.

It was at this convention that the Al Smith men paved the way for Al's defeat four years later. They filled the galleries with Tammany hoodlums armed with fire-engine sirens, and howled down every anti-Smith man who ventured to speak. Worse, they packed the hall with the aforesaid priests, and so kept the Ku Kluxers from the Bible country in constant terror. I am, in general, partial to the rev. clergy, but I must confess that many of these New York brethren, with their sacerdotal corporations and beetling brows, looked like pretty tough guys. The police, if anything, were even worse. Thus the Southerners went home in great agitation of mind, and had bad dreams for months. And when the chance came four years later they flocked to the polls to vote for Lord Hoover. If the vote in the South had been counted honestly in 1928 he would have carried every Southern State, and some of them almost unanimously.



I set down these random recollections and observations in the hope that they will throw some light upon the manner in which Presidents of the Republic are chosen, and by whom. The common belief seems to be that they are heaved into the White House by a spontaneous popular demand, and that if anyone has any hand in shaping that demand it is not the professional politicians, but the hell-hounds of Wall Street. But this is a romantic and inaccurate view of what happens. The candidate who really gets the nomination is that candidate who has the most delegates, and the way he gets them is not by making speeches or by seeing J. Pierpont

Morgan, but by dealing confidentially with the politicians in the various States. In 1920 Lord Hoover was certainly a thousand times as notorious and popular as the Hon. Warren Gamaliel Harding, and yet Hoover, trying desperately for the nomination, lost it, and it went to Harding.

That sad experience taught him something: in fact, it converted him into a very realistic politician. During the eight years following he had his agents at work from end to end of the country, seeing the local politicians and bringing them in line. This business cost a great deal of money, but Hoover was rich and could afford it. When the Kansas City convention met in 1928 he had so many delegates in his corral that his nomination was a walk-over. All of the Southern blackamoors bore his brand, and so did most of the survivors of the Ohio Gang and other such amenable sodalities. His operating staff on the floor consisted of some of the most adept manipulators in America. In fact, he had almost a monopoly of the real technicians, and so he won hands down, to the inspiring strains of "America" *geb*. "God Save the King!"



It is to be noted that Wall Street was firmly against Hoover, and hoped until the last moment to beat him. Old Andy Mellon, its ambassador on the floor, held out gallantly until Bill Vare of Pennsylvania, who had been prudently seen and taken in advance, pulled his legs from under him, and made an obscene spectacle of him. Many a statesman of national fame, unaware or incredulous of the skill of Hoover's agents, kept on howling against him up to the moment of his nomination. One such was old Charlie Curtis, the Kansas comic character, who is half

Indian and half windmill. Charlie ran against Hoover with great energy, and let fly some very embarrassing truths about him. But when the Hoover managers, having collared the nomination for their employer, threw Charlie the Vice-Presidency as a solatium, he shut up instantly, and a few days later he was hymning his late bugaboo as the greatest statesman since Pericles.

It always amuses me to hear Hoover spoken of as a poor politician. He is actually one of the most skillful in all this broad Republic, and if he did not begin to pursue the art seriously until after 1920 then his extraordinary virtuosity today is only a proof of his great natural talent. Few men with an itch for office have ever learned the tricks so quickly, or so well. History has already amassed enough evidence to show that he was never an engineer of any genuine dignity, and I am convinced that even the school-books of the future will put him down as a sad flop as President. But as politician pure and simple he has been a great success. He got the nomination in 1928 by playing politics in the most orthodox and shameless manner, he was elected by stooping to devices that even most professional politicians would balk at, and he will be renominated in a few weeks with the aid of one of the most efficient and unconscionable political machines ever heard of.



His probable opponent, Dr. Roosevelt, is another adept. The manner in which he isolated, hamstrung and made a thumping fool of Al Smith must delight every connoisseur of political manipulation. At a time when Governor Ritchie, Dr. Baker, Alfalfa Bill Murray and the other Democratic candidates were filling the ether with learned discourses on the issues of the

hour, Roosevelt had his agents out in the highways and byways, rounding up delegates. He did not bother to say much himself, and in particular he avoided saying anything that could conceivably offend anyone. On Prohibition, for example, he was completely silent for a whole year. But he was busy all the while with the professional politicians, and when the time came to count votes it turned out that he had more of them than all the other candidates put together. When he spoke, it was always shrewdly and to good effect. His onslaught upon Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes was well timed and devastating. It not only reassured Tammany; it also delighted millions of Democrats in the Bible Belt, where religion is a perennial nuisance, and every sufferer from it likes to see the clergy walloped.

A national convention is so constituted that the candidate who avoids all dangerous talk and confines himself quietly to rounding up delegates has an enormous advantage. Nine-tenths of these delegates are professional politicians; hence they are but little interested in so-called issues; the one thing that fetches them is the promise of jobs. Some of them come from constituencies which have no votes—the Canal Zone, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and so on. The rest, though they represent enfranchised States, are apportioned in an irrational and even insane manner. Thus such incurably Democratic States as Mississippi and South Carolina have virtually as many votes in the Republican convention as they have in the Democratic convention, and the same is true in the other direction of such rock-ribbed Republican States as Vermont and Iowa. The result is that a convention is made up in large part of delegates who represent, not voters, but simply politicians. The wise can-

didate goes out after these politicians very early, and knows how to persuade them. This was done by Lord Hoover before 1928, and by Dr. Roosevelt beginning a year ago.



One may ask why, if this be true, old Charlie Curtis did not devote more of his time and steam to rounding up delegates before the 1928 convention. There are three answers. The first is that he actually tried to do so, got a few in the Middle West, and allowed certain humorous politicians to fool him into thinking that he would get more. The second is that he lacked Lord Hoover's bar'l, could not find an angel to finance him, and hence had to keep out of the Southern States, where only cash money counts. The third is that Charlie, like most other politicians who have been quartered in Washington for a long while, greatly overestimated the general demand for him. Flattered by newspaper reporters, who found him an easy source of news, he concluded that he was a popular hero, and that the politicians would have to come to him. But this was an error. They never do. If the Cid without money were running against Judas Iscariot with \$2,000,000, they would all be in favor of Judas.

If I had a son I should take him to both national conventions this year and let him see how his country is governed, and by what sort of men and women. All of the leading statesmen, save a few austere spirits at the top of the heap, appear in person. Practically every member of the United States Senate is in attendance at either one convention or the other, and most of the members of the House are delegates. It is instructive to observe these great men at the solemn business of selecting a First Chief for the greatest free Republic ever

seen on earth. One hears, in their speeches, such imbecilities as even a Methodist conference could not match. One sees them at close range, sweating, belching, munching peanuts, chasing fleas. They parade idiotically, carrying dingy flags and macerating one another's corns. They crowd the aisles, swapping gossip, most of it untrue. They devour hot dogs. They rush out to the saloons. They rush back to yell, fume and vote.



The average delegate never knows what is going on. The hall is in dreadful confusion, and the speeches from the platform are mainly irrelevant and unintelligible. The real business is done down under the stage, in dark and smelly rooms, or in hotel suites miles away. Presently a State boss fights his way out to his delegation on the floor, and tells his slaves what is to be voted on, and how they are to vote. Many of them, on account of the din, cannot hear him. They cup their hands to their ears and say "Hey?" When he departs they demand "What did he say?" Sometimes, worn out by the hard benches and the deafening uproar, a whole delegation goes on a steamboat excursion, gets drunk, or decides to sleep all day. Then there is a great pother until the missing are rounded up.

During the first day or two the so-called platform committee holds long hearings in a smaller hall, sometimes far distant. All sorts of world-savers appear before it and demand that their gospels be inserted into the platform in toto—reformers of the calendar, advocates of the League of Nations, Red baiters of a hundred different factions, bogus war veterans demanding ever larger and larger bonuses, critics of Marine rule in Haiti and Nicaragua, friends of the Porto Ricans and Filipinos,

free trade fanatics, and so on. The committee hears these brethren patiently, but without promising anything. The platform was written weeks before the convention assembled, and has been passed as harmless by all the great minds of the party. If there is a fight over it on the floor, these great minds always win. In the old days a gang of wild and shaggy Irish appeared at every convention to demand justice for Ireland, at the cost, if necessary, of immediate war with England, but of late they have been missed. I marvel that the Communists do not slip into the vacant place.

To cover this colossal clown show at least 1000 newspaper men and women come to the convention town. They occupy seats adjoining the platform, and have a good view of the proceedings. They are forbidden by traditional etiquette to applaud or hiss a speaker, but they do a great deal of quiet laughing, and altogether, despite the rush of their work, have a much better time of it than the delegates and alternates. At critical moments many delegates rush up to ask them what is going on; it is commonly impossible to make out from the floor. Mingled with these professional journalists are eminent men and women who have been employed by newspaper chains to write their impressions of the spectacle—for example, Will Rogers. At times when he was not a candidate the late William Jennings Bryan used to be among them. He always predicted that the Democratic party was about to be delivered from Wall Street, and that it would then sweep the country.



But I must shut down, for many able contributors to the present issue are waiting to be heard. This modest note upon a great democratic phenomenon, in fact,

has already run to an inordinate length, and I apologize to the nobility and gentry for being so garrulous. My excuse must be that the subject interests me very much. It is always instructive to examine into the way the work of the world is done, and especially that part of its work which is everybody's business. The selection of a President is obviously the concern of every American. Well, two things about it deserve to be noted. One is that it is done by professional politicians, and by professional politicians exclusively, and that at least nine-tenths of them can be bought, if not with downright money, then at all events with jobs. The other is that it is a purely extra-legal proceeding—that there is no mention of the process in the Constitution, and that even the laws take little notice of it.

This last fact is very curious. We live in the most law-ridden country on earth, and yet we manage to select our candidates for its highest office in a wholly informal manner, without the slightest aid from courts and policemen. A national conven-

tion is free to change its rules as it pleases. It may expel a delegate at will, and seat another. It may increase or diminish the representation of a State. It may seat delegates, if it chooses, from Turkestan or the moon. To be sure, certain States have passed laws regulating the election of delegates, but the number to be elected is still determined by agencies quite outside those States.

The system has been in operation for nearly a century, and on the whole it has worked pretty well. There have been no great scandals about it. There is nowhere any active desire to bring it under the protection of statutes. No one proposes seriously that it be abandoned. There is even no general talk about reforming it. What all this proves, it seems to me, is that government is far less necessary than many people think. When men are really in earnest they can get on very well without it. If national conventions were legalized, then the only effect would be to bring the politicians who now run them under the heel of even worse politicians. H. L. M.

THE FEE FEED-BAG

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

IN THE good old cattle-rustling days of Texas, the Hon. Roy Bean set up shop at Vinegarroon near the border and announced to the world: "The Law West of the Pecos—Justice of the Peace—Barrel Whiskey." Equipped with a volume of Revised Statutes and a supply of forty-rod rye, he did a thriving business, and his fellow-citizens submitted gracefully to his rule as long as he tempered justice with liberal libations of red-eye.

Judge Bean and his famous sign have long since passed into history, but we still have with us thousands of petty officials who dispense the law, without the whiskey, throughout this land of the fee. These gentlemen, known variously as justices of the peace and police magistrates, are distinguished chiefly by their ability to say "— and costs" with sufficient frequency to make a fair living at it; for they maintain themselves in most of the United States principally out of the fees they can collect in the cases tried before them.

The justice of the peace system originated in England during the reign of Edward III and was brought over to this country along with Magna Charta and the common law. As a method of administering local justice it appealed to our colonial forbears, who had no use for law and lawyers. They believed that almost any fair-minded blacksmith or storekeeper could do the job as well and certainly more cheaply than a law-trained man.

In England a justice of the peace had

always been one of the landed gentry and served without pay, being content with the power and authority the position conferred. But he held one of the few judicial offices which carried no perquisites. The fee system of paying for justice was otherwise well entrenched in England, especially in chancery. Everyone connected with the courts had his nose in the fee feed-bag, from the bailiffs and clerks all the way up to the Lord High Chancellor. According to an old political song,

The clerks who sit beneath the judge
Are open-mouthed as he,
As if they were half-famished
And gaping for a fee.

The American pioneers adopted the fee system lock, stock and barrel, and extended it to cover the services of all minor magistrates. In a new country, where money was scarce, it was the practical thing to do—to pay for justice by the piece, like any other commodity, as and when it was needed. It seemed only right that those whose disputes and wrong-doings necessitated judicial action should bear the cost instead of charging it against their fellow citizens.

This point of view was so prevalent in colonial days that many judges, even of the higher courts, were supported by fees instead of salaries. The system spread and rooted itself deep in the laws and constitutions of most of the States, surviving vigorously down to the present day. In fact, in 1927 the justices of the peace in

forty-four States of the Union were paid for their services chiefly out of the costs assessed in cases tried before them, according to a survey made by Chester H. Smith.¹ There is no reason to suppose that the situation has changed substantially since then.

The effect of the fee system on the conduct of petty magistrates is well known. A J. P. has to make a living and the easiest way of doing it is by collecting costs in cash. In criminal cases he works hand in hand with the local cop or constable—the more arrests, the more costs. It is true that in most states a J. P. can collect his fee from the county even if he acquits a defendant, but he has to go through a lot of red tape to get it. A spot cash business based upon an invariable finding of guilty is much more satisfactory.

In civil cases, too, the successful J. P. is governed strictly by business considerations. To make any money he must build up a clientèle of collection agencies, installment houses and loan sharks, for they are in a position to send him a large volume of cases, each with its item of court costs. To retain their good-will he must reciprocate with favorable rulings; and he does reciprocate to such an extent that J. P. is popularly said to mean “judgment for the plaintiff.”

Most people (including everyone who has ever been arraigned before a village Shallow on a speeding charge) will agree that the fee system of paying minor judicial officers results in a depressing amount of petty injustice and extortion. But the public is only dimly aware of the size of the fee feed-bag and the richness of

its contents. The plunder collected in justice shops under the name of court costs is, in fact, only a tithe of the toll levied by other fee-paid officials known as receivers, trustees, commissioners, referees, masters in chancery, public administrators, States' attorneys and court clerks.

II

The ill wind that slammed the doors of 2290 banks during 1931 and brought upon us a blight of bankruptcies and foreclosures shook down thousands of political plums in the form of receiverships, which fell into the laps of those good men who always come to the aid of their party in such emergencies. The job of handling other people's money and liquidating their affairs is the most lucrative of all appointive offices. It is only natural that it should be dispensed on a basis of personal and political friendship. Natural and inevitable—as may be seen from a scrutiny of the principal receivership appointments in our larger cities.

In one urban district, for instance, a casual inspection discloses that bank receiverships have been handed out to a party leader in the State Legislature, a former public administrator, the son of a county commissioner, the husband of a former collector of internal revenue, a former treasurer of a park board, and a former assistant to a probate judge.

The political hook-up is even more striking when we examine a list of those appointed as attorneys for bank receivers. Among them, in the same city, we find a former park commissioner, a State senator, a former corporation counsel and his brother, a former State's attorney and two of his ex-assistants, the partner of a State representative, the partner of an alderman, a former State senator, an associate of a

¹“The Justice of the Peace System in the United States,” by Chester H. Smith, *15 Cal. L. Rev.*, 118. The author convincingly demonstrates that the J. P. system is an anachronism which is responsible for a wholesale denial of justice and that it should be abolished.

party leader in the State Legislature, the son-in-law of a mayor, the partner of a former United States Senator, a former attorney general, and various law firms whose partners include a United States Senator, two members of a county board of review, and a former alderman and county commissioner.

The parcelling out of receiverships in mortgage foreclosures in some localities is a variation on the same theme. Many judges refuse to appoint anyone as receiver who is not personally known to them, which is proper enough, for a receiver is an officer of the court and should be a person upon whose honesty and competence the court can rely. But this policy quite naturally results in assigning many jobs to personal and political friends. Thus in one county a former recorder of deeds has had the management of five large apartment hotels turned over to him; the brother-in-law of a judge gets a generous share of appointments, not from his sister's husband but from other judges; and the brother of the president of the board of local improvements is also on the list. Many of the smaller jobs are similarly distributed as *lagniappe* to friends, relatives, ward-heelers and other hangers-on. In this same county a trust company was lately organized, apparently for the principal purpose of corraling a large share of apartment building receiverships. Among the group backing it are an alderman and the son of an influential ward committeeman. During its brief existence this concern has had more than 275 appointments. How its stock is held and its profits divided cannot be learned, but it is safe to say that the equities of politics are not disregarded.

The fact that a receiver or his attorney got his job through personal or political channels should not in itself disqualify

him. Our whole social and economic system is carried on through just such contacts. Someone has to be appointed; and there would be little objection to a distribution of patronage among friends so long as they handle the jobs assigned to them with reasonable economy and competence. Many of them do. But hundreds of thousands of bondholders, depositors and creditors, who have waited many months only to receive a paltry dribble of dividends, are passionately certain that most receivers today are a species of privateers out for prize money.

Specifically, the public has come to believe that the average receiver is primarily concerned with the allowance to himself and his attorney of substantial fees; that the fees collected by receivers in mortgage foreclosures (large as they are) are nevertheless insignificant compared with other perquisites, in the form of rebates and commissions in connection with the purchase of supplies, employment of help and placing of insurance; that most receivers disburse as much money as possible to camp-followers who are employed as appraisers, auditors, accountants, managers, clerks, auctioneers, watchmen, elevator boys and janitors; and that some receivers are contributing liberally to the coffers of the political party procuring their appointment.

It should be remembered that the clamor against receivers always becomes more vociferous during hard times. Shorn and shivering investors are then convinced that through receivership liquidations they suffer a second shearing. Every creditor, for that matter, believes that he is being robbed unless he is paid in full; and every debtor whose business or property has been taken away from him and turned over to a receiver is full of rebellion against the interloper. So that even the most compe-

tent and honest of receivers, under present conditions, would be subject to bitter accusations.

The evidence, however, gathered from the material available and from confidential talks with individual lawyers, tends to some extent to confirm the public's suspicions. But most lawyers are too wary to put themselves on record publicly on such a subject. The sort of thing a lawyer will tell is the sort of thing he cannot be called upon to prove. He may mention the receiver who hired an elevator starter at \$150 a month in a building with only two elevators, or the receiver who listed the re-carpeting of a hotel as an item on his expense account three times in six months, or those who hire their friends and relatives as renting agents and split commissions with them, or others who make it their business to ask leave of court to install as many electric refrigerators, mechanical stokers and other contrivances as possible in the buildings which they have charge of in order to get rake-offs from the salesmen. But such things are hearsay. They cannot be proved. The Chicago Bar Association through its Committee on Receiverships and Mortgage Foreclosures recently invited its members to submit concrete evidence of receivership abuses, but the response so far has been negligible. As Jeremy Bentham said, "Lawyers, of all men, are the least given to the telling of tales out of school."

Are there really any tales to tell—tales which can be proved? A satisfactory answer would require the tabulation and analysis of the reports filed by receivers in hundreds of cases and an examination of private records which will never be accessible. A few receivers' reports, picked at random, show the basis for much of the dissatisfaction among bondholders. For example, the receiver for one apartment

hotel gave his receipts and disbursements during an eleven months' period as follows:

Gross income	\$459,017
Operating expenses:	
Merchandise costs	\$71,994
Payroll	182,897
Other expenses	125,334
	<u>380,225</u>
Net income from operations.....	\$78,792
Other deductions:	
Reserved for taxes and insurance	46,521
Receiver's fees	16,675
Attorney's fees	10,325
Accounting fees	344
Inventory expense ...	400
Miscellaneous	135
	<u>74,400</u>
Net income for the period—before interest, depreciation and amortization	\$4,392

A bondholder, contemplating the small net income and the substantial charges for receiver's and attorney's fees and operating expenses (particularly payrolls) will certainly see red, even though every cent disbursed may have been reasonably justified. Nor will he be mollified by the knowledge that this particular receiver is a political appointee.

This case may not be typical but it is by no means unique. The court files will reveal many other interesting examples of the fine art of receivership.

III

In bank receiverships there is less chance for the free and easy spending of other people's money. The receivers for closed national banks are named by the Comptroller of the Currency, who supervises them, subject to the orders of the Federal courts. They are limited in their fees to a very moderate salary scale—although their attorneys labor under no such handicap. Many States handle their bank receiver-

ships in a similar way; and it is generally true that wherever liquidation proceeds under a uniform centralized control there is greater economy and efficiency, especially if the bottomless fee feed-bag has been completely discarded.

But in the States where supervision is lax bank receivers have been accused of all sorts of petty racketeering. Disgruntled depositors have alleged that such officials farm out lists of mortgagors and bondholders to real estate and insurance men so that they may solicit mortgage and insurance renewals and organize bondholders' committees to take over and operate "distressed" buildings; and that they sell unlisted securities to insiders at low prices, splitting the profits with them.

Perhaps the most common complaint against bank receivers is their slowness in paying dividends. They justify this on the ground that the forced liquidation of valuable assets at sacrifice prices would be disastrous, which is true. But depositors who have had to stand by for many weary months while receivers and their attorneys (by leave of the court first had and obtained) dip into the cash drawer and help themselves to substantial fees, can hardly be placated even by reasonable excuses. The following data, picked without malice aforethought, from published reports of a few State bank receiverships will throw some light on the question of which comes first—fees or dividends:

Figures like these are, of course, picturesque rather than probative. I cite them only to show that there is some ground for popular complaint. On the other hand, many bank receivers and their attorneys have denied themselves any fees until the depositors have been paid a reasonable dividend. It is, in fact, impossible at present to give a fair and complete picture of the receivership situation, for there is no uniformity in the rules and practices of the forty-eight States. Receivers are appointed in various ways for a variety of purposes. But most of them have one thing in common: that their fees and those of their attorneys are fixed by the courts to which they report, the amount being largely discretionary. Nor are the judges inclined to abuse their discretion by making such allowances too small—especially if the receivers and their attorneys are men with whom they have had almost daily contact politically, socially and in court. A Federal circuit judge thus gives us the low-down on the attitude of trial courts to such fees:

Our observation has led us to think that courts, when they have erred in fixing the allowances of receivers, have done so by making them too great, rather than too small. In some parts of the country allowances have sometimes been so excessive as to justly provoke criticism. It is not often that it is said that a court has underestimated the value of a receiver's services. (*Eames v. H. B. Clafin Co.*, 231 Fed., 693.)

<i>Resources</i>	<i>Deposits</i>	<i>Dividend Paid</i>	<i>Period</i>	<i>Paid to Receiver</i>	<i>Paid to Attorneys</i>	<i>Clerical Hire, etc.</i>
\$ 975,161	\$1,128,704	None	18 mos.	\$20,340	\$19,378	\$24,130
2,372,217	3,718,059	27%	24 mos.	40,000	59,242	51,192
1,076,235	1,200,000	25%	18 mos.	27,575	16,382	37,309
1,165,103	1,250,000	None	12 mos.	15,000	12,000	—
545,802	641,354	20%	18 mos.	10,000	20,000	—
4,967,972	5,797,523	30%	18 mos.	29,064	81,116	61,610
999,509	994,344	20%	6 mos.	7,500	12,000	—
297,072	460,631	50%	18 mos.	15,000	29,515	11,969
491,651	462,982	35%	18 mos.	75,000	18,752	7,676

So long as the amount rests in the discretion of the court, it is only natural that a receiver should set a high value on his services. If he has any qualms about slapping another ten or twenty thousand dollars on his bill, he can quickly dispel them by reflecting that it will make only a few dollars' difference to each creditor, and that there might have been nothing to divide at all had it not been for his inestimably valuable services. Something like this must have been in the minds of a certain receiver and his attorneys who recently asked for fees of \$48,000 for obtaining a settlement of \$195,000 (collected without trial) in a suit to enforce the liability of the stockholders of a closed bank.

A similar attitude was displayed in the case of a trust company in New York which was in temporary receivership in 1907. The trial court allowed a fee of \$75,000 to each of three receivers and the same amount to their attorneys—a total of \$300,000 for services covering a period of only five months. But the New York Circuit Court of Appeals cut this to \$20,000 apiece, intimating that the record showed an attempt at the “spoliation of the assets of the trust company,” for the fees were “so disproportionate as not to wear the appearance of unhampered judicial discretion and judgment.” Which reminds one of a comment made many years ago: “In the minds of certain New York judges the old-fashioned distinction between a receiver of property in a court of equity and a receiver of stolen goods at common law may be said to have been lost.” But no practicing lawyer could subscribe to such scandalous sentiments. A receiver is not a thief or an outlaw. He is an in-law—the inmost of the ins. Everything he does is regulated by the courts and the emoluments which he pockets must be approved by them.

IV

Can forced liquidations, then, be safely left to the unrestricted mercies of the courts and their appointees? The answer is an unqualified no, as anyone will agree who is familiar with bankruptcy administration, the wastefulness of which has long been so notorious that many business men prefer to write off their losses rather than spend time in what the Solicitor General of the United States has referred to as the “pursuit of the vanishing assets of a bankrupt estate.” During the five years ending June 30, 1929, claims amounting to nearly \$4,000,000,000 were wiped out in bankruptcy with the average payment of dividends approximating $8\frac{1}{4}$ cents on the dollar.

The public had a chance to learn something about the activities of “bankruptcy rings” of corrupt judges, lawyers, receivers and trustees through the investigation in the Southern District of New York in 1929, in the course of which a Federal judge resigned under fire, two well-known lawyers pleaded guilty to embezzlement of funds while serving as receivers and trustees, a Federal auctioneer was indicted for irregularities, an attorney resigned from practice and another committed suicide, leaving a confession disclosing the rottenness of the system. As a result of this investigation, the Irving Trust Company was appointed to handle all bankruptcy receiverships in the Southern District of New York, and the impression is current that creditors have thereby greatly benefited.

There is evidence that similar bankruptcy abuses are prevalent elsewhere, though perhaps they are not so flagrant as those disclosed in the New York investigation. But the money lost through corrupt practices is probably exceeded by the

enormous amount squandered in the payment of perfectly legal fees and expenses. The last report of the Attorney General of the United States shows that the fees allowed to receivers, trustees, masters, marshals and attorneys in bankruptcy cases alone for the year ending June 30, 1931, amounted to \$9,711,605, and that other expenses of administration brought the total cost to \$19,777,068 for collecting and distributing assets valued at \$89,535,070.

Yet the fees paid to receivers in the Federal courts are commonly considered too low to attract competent and honest men. They probably are. The high cost of administration is not due to the payments to receivers individually but to the permeation of all bankruptcy activities by that asset-destroying disease—the fee system. A motley congregation of parasites swarms through every bankrupt estate, demanding fees, knowing that they will be paid. The reports of receivers are pocked with payments for trustee's fees and commissions, auctioneer's commissions, custodian's fees, court reporter's fees, court clerk's, marshal's and notary's fees, and fees for separate attorneys for the bankrupt, the receiver, the trustee and the petitioning creditors.

Nor does this complete our review of the fee-fed army. There is a third grand division of officials called masters in chancery, commissioners, auditors and referees, who are served very generously at the judicial table.

Anyone who has read "Bleak House" will recall that there is a curious and extraordinary branch of the English law known as chancery. The practice of appointing masters to hear evidence, take accounts, conduct sales and report to the court originated in chancery at an early date and has survived in one form or

another in most of our States. The masters in chancery are indispensable adjuncts of our courts, relieving them of an immense burden of detail and trial work. In certain types of litigation the parties may request, or the judge may insist, that the case be referred to a master or referee. The master is a subordinate judicial officer, an assistant or deputy of the court. He may be appointed as a special master to hear a particular case or generally as a standing officer of the court to handle whatever grist of cases may be sent to him.

But while the judges are paid salaries and have no dependence on the parties and attorneys who appear before them, the masters in most States are paid in fees out of the subject matter of the litigation or by the losing party. The amount of such fees is sometimes limited by statute, but often rests within the discretion of the court.

The success of a master, like that of a justice of the peace, depends on his ability to build up a clientèle. It is customary for lawyers to request the judge to refer a case to a particular master; or the attorneys for both sides may ask that a master be selected from a list of three or four whom they have agreed upon. It therefore behooves a master to have numerous friendly contacts with lawyers as well as judges. He must give every lawyer the impression that he dispenses even-handed justice—but with the odds in favor of that particular lawyer. And obviously (human nature being what it is, etc.) a master is favorably predisposed toward the lawyer who is instrumental in sending him the most business.

The office of a busy master in a large city is a three-ring circus with several hearings going on in different rooms simultaneously. In this way a master, who is paid partly on a *per diem* basis and

partly according to the length of the stenographic record, may roll up an excellent income. He trots merrily from one room to another ruling on evidence and straightening out the inevitable wrangles between the lawyers. But he is under no particular inducement to shorten the proceedings.

The hearings go on like *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* from day to day, from week to week, from month to month. The stenographic record piles up. Objections to testimony are raised. Arguments follow. "Let it go in," rules the master, "subject to objection." The irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial evidence goes in, the arguments go in, the objections go in—thousands of words, millions of words, words which if set end to end in a single case might reach to the moon—words spread across white paper—*spread* as much as possible with margins as wide as possible, for the fees of the reporter and of the master, to some extent, depend on the number of pages covered.

The masters are often said to be inferior to the judges in power and authority. They are. But they are not inferior in their capacity to make money. A master in chancery with a good business takes in so much more than the salary of the average judge that he cannot afford to accept judicial office until he has accumulated a comfortable fortune. Perhaps he will then permit his political backers to elevate him to the bench and leave his master's job to a younger man. Such a judge, having had his share of the spoils, naturally tends to be liberal in his allowances to masters who report to him. He may not even see any incongruity in approving fees that triple and quadruple his own salary. Thus a judge allowed to a special master, appointed in eight cases involving gas rates in the State of New

York in 1922, a total of \$118,000 as fees for services covering 282 days of five hours each. On appeal this was cut to \$49,250.

In a Federal case in Pennsylvania another judge fixed the fees of a master at \$20,000 for presiding at a few brief hearings and preparing two reports, all of which could not possibly have taken more than two months if he had devoted his full time to the work. The Circuit Court of Appeals reduced his fees to \$10,000, which would be at the rate of \$60,000 a year.

The masters will say in support of such fees that they are forced to maintain large and expensive offices for the accommodation of lawyers and litigants and that they net very little after the payment of their overhead. Certainly they do disburse large sums for rents and salaries. But that is just where the profit lies. Nine-tenths of a master's work is clerical—actually performed by a staff of stenographers who know the wording of the routine master's reports by heart and need very little guidance in writing them up. So that the size of a master's payroll is a fair index of his own earnings, for like many experts he is well paid for knowing how to get other people to do his work for him.

The appointment of standing masters in chancery is in most States purely political. They are picked by the politicians who nominate the judges themselves. A non-political lawyer is entirely out of the running for such a job. And as nothing in politics is handed out without a *quid pro quo*, tangible or intangible, it is obvious that a master in some cases is in the position of having to weigh other things beside the law and evidence before him.

A master in chancery, by reason of his dependence on fees, is under a pressure which tends to weaken the integrity of the best and fairest of men. He is tempted

to solicit business, directly or indirectly, from lawyers and judges. He is tempted to delay and prolong litigation in order to justify substantial fees. He is tempted to withhold reports until his fees are paid. He is tempted to consider the financial and political status of the parties before him. He is tempted to be all things to all men but especially to lend a willing ear to those who have been his best customers.

The master in chancery who can resist each and every one of these venal influences is a paragon indeed. Like it or not, he is part and parcel of the unholy alliance between politics and the judiciary. His very existence depends on his fealty to the system; and it is certain that his sponsors expect a certain amount of subserviency from him. As Richard Croker said when he knifed a judge for his failure to observe the canons of political patronage, "Justice Daly was elected by Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall had a right to expect consideration at his hands."

V

The fee feed-bag is big and bountiful—a cornucopia from which the faithful may draw all sorts of provender. Besides the fee-paid jobs of the justices of the peace, receivers and masters in chancery, there are a number of miscellaneous benefices such as the office of the Public Administrator. In some of the more populous counties of the United States he is reputed to clear for himself more than \$50,000 a year.

Nothing would seem to be more innocent and proper than for a public administrator to be paid out of the estates which he handles in proportion to the services performed. His fees are usually restricted by statute to a moderate percentage of the

assets he administers. But the corrupting influence of the fee system is at work even under such limitations, for the public administrator tends to inflate the valuation of every piece of property and every security that goes through his hands. In this way, he is often able to set his fees at one-third or one-half of the actual fair value of an estate, and he gets away with it unless the non-resident heirs are alert enough to retain local counsel.

The malign effects of the fee system are also apparent in those States where the pleasant practice still survives of paying public prosecutors a bounty for every defendant they convict. The young attorney who is willing to accept such an office soon acquires a taste for blood money and loses even the rudiments of a conscience. The poor devils who fall into his power are practically doomed before trial unless they have a first-class defense.

The Supreme Court of the United States has definitely condemned one form of fee extortion. In a case arising in Ohio a defendant in a trial before a village mayor was fined \$100 and costs for violating the State Prohibition laws. The costs, if paid, would have gone into the pocket of the mayor, who would not have received anything if he had discharged the defendant. Justice Taft, in an opinion reversing this conviction, remarked drily:

There are doubtless mayors who would not allow such a consideration as \$12 costs in each case to affect their judgment in it; but the requirement of due process of law in judicial procedure is not satisfied by the argument that men of the highest honor and the greatest self-sacrifice could carry it on without danger of injustice.²

No reasonable person can doubt that the system of paying public officials directly by fees is wasteful and demoraliz-

² *Tumey v. State of Ohio*, 273 U. S., 510, (1927).

ing. It has proved itself so in the past and will continue to be a corrosive element in the administration of the law as long as it is permitted to get in its dirty work. Bryce in his "American Commonwealth" depicted it at its worst during the reign of Tweed:

A system of client robbery had sprung up by which each judge enriched the knot of disreputable lawyers who surrounded him; he referred cases to them, granted them monstrous allowances in the name of costs, gave them receiverships with a large percentage, and so forth; they in turn either at the time sharing the booty with him, or undertaking to do the same for him when he should have descended to the Bar and they have climbed to the Bench.

But Tweed was a piker compared with some of our bosses today who play the same game on a larger scale with refinements and variations, farming out the fee-paying jobs for all they are worth wherever the law permits.

The remedy for the fee system, like that for any parasitic growth, is complete excision. Some States have already abolished fee offices with good results. In most of the larger cities justices of the peace have been supplanted by salaried municipal judges; and there is no valid reason why any public official should be licensed to levy fees—with the possible exception of receivers in a limited class of cases. All bankruptcy matters and bank receiverships might very well be handled through public liquidating bureaus, and something

similar could be worked out for the general run of foreclosures. But in special situations, if the parties in interest could agree, an individual receiver of their own choosing might still be appointed. The solution of the receivership problem will be arrived at, if at all, through the activities of business men rather than lawyers. Nor will economy and efficiency in this respect be achieved until all receiverships are removed beyond the reach and influence of politics.

The lawyers themselves are too deeply implicated to initiate any change. They have watched the fee system grow and flourish, making little, if any, effort to stop it. The public, however, if sufficiently irritated, may howl loudly enough to get some sort of action. There will no doubt be investigations. But nothing very exciting will be revealed. The biggest fee grabs have been made by reputable men and approved by reputable judges, all within the law. If these men are brought before an investigating tribunal, their books will be found in perfect order without an item that cannot be legally accounted for. They have simply been exercising their political prerogative of getting while the getting is good.

The public (or rather the business world) would do well to devote its energies toward removing the feed-bag beyond the hungry reach of officialdom, rather than to waste time over fees that have already been apportioned and consumed.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S BLACK SHEEP

BY ELELA STRONG-WOLFE

IN A country rough and scrubby, with an underbrush of ragged bull pines, a lonely building stood. It was of red brick, five stories high and square. Atop it, in the center front, a cross relieved its otherwise completely naked look. Well back upon a small cleared space this structure sat, stark and gaunt. Black barred windows pocked its dismal face and gave it the mark of a prison house. Above the front entrance was plated the name, "Home of the Good Shepherd." A nine-foot fence reached out from a rear corner and encircled an arid yard. Nowhere was grass or leaf to soften the harsh and barren mode.

The basement, well fit into the earth, was occupied by a laundry whose antiquated machinery had been placed unmethodically here and there. The front half of the upper floors housed whitehooded nuns of the Order of the Good Shepherd. The girl delinquents, their charges, were quartered in the rear. The recreation hall of these girls was on the third floor back.

It was a long room with thin-legged dining chairs placed closely together along the side walls. An old piano stood at one end, and directly opposite a statue of Saint Joseph looked down patiently upon a crowded room. An elderly nun sat in charge. She was robed in white woolen which had got a yellow tinge from age and too many washings. A white veil hung from her head in loose simplicity, and a

brilliant blue cord held in her habit about her waist. A few girls sat on the floor, knees akimbo, in front of her. Others walked around the room, forming an unbroken moving circle.

The girls ran from nine to eighteen. There was one child of five with her wild-eyed mother who would not leave the shelter of the home. There were three Italians and a tall mulatto. Then there were blonde twins of fine look and manner: they had been brought in because their mother entertained men in an alcove off their one-room apartment. A few of the girls were heavy with child. Huge Katrinka, who had outgrown an orphanage, strode about. A mute and a deaf girl sat on the floor making furious talk with their hands. These and fifty-odd more made up the chattering mass.

There was nothing to do except walk and squat, squat and walk. Occasionally a girl sat at the piano and pounded out an old-fashioned song with an effort, loud and terrific, that gave vent to the riot in her soul. Talk, fast and high-pitched, came impetuously like escaping waters long dammed. For this was Sunday evening and on Sunday evenings the girls were allowed to talk. At other times silence was the rule.

Sunday was always a long and gloomy day. Morning Mass, catechism in the afternoon, and Benediction in the early evening did not dispel our loneliness. There were no games to play, no books to read. The

natural sociability of youth was completely unknown to us. We walked in circles around the recreation room, or in the afternoon walked around the ugly cheerless yard.

A long good-night prayer, said on callous knees, facing benign Saint Joseph, ended the day. In silence we then marched to the dormitory above. It took up the entire top floor, and had single white beds in even rows down the room. Along one wall were built-in drawers, each of which held a comb, a brush and a tooth-brush. The tooth-brush was issued every year at Christmas.

Eight wash basins stood beside these drawers, with small pieces of yellow soap stuck firmly on their old-fashioned marble tops. In the corner an unventilated partition projected into the room and housed one toilet and one tub. Night gowns and damp hand towels were kept rolled in wads under the pillows.

A few of the girls washed before getting into bed. One scrubbed her teeth with the yellow laundry soap. A collective cleansing of mind and body came with the week's end.

Saturday brought a priest for confessions and more laundry soap for baths. Fifty-odd girls and one confessor; fifty-odd girls and two tubs. A small unventilated cubbyhole under the basement stairs incased the second tub. Light was not permitted to reach either, for darkness kept girls from suffering the immodesty of their bodies.

On Saturdays, in quick succession, penitents entered and left the confessional, and in quick succession the besmeared tubs were filled and emptied. The odor of one body had not drained down the pipes before another was adding its grime. Darkness concealed the need of scouring powders.

II

One of the older girls, seventeen nearing eighteen, was obviously from a well-to-do family. She had the bearing that comes from an affluent home. She was a tall, pallid blonde, and we called her Lady Lily, which was very fitting to her stately dignity. Even Mother Saint Francis could not ask her to do menial labor, and so made her supervisor over the menders' table. She was friendly with all the girls and the confidante of many. When things went wrong she was calm and poised.

The dismal sordidness of our collective life must have been as repugnant to her as to the others, but she did not display her revulsion. Sometimes disconsolate, always devout, she made the best of the most trying situations. Surreptitiously, she gave us her holy cards for work well done, and with the passionate fervor of Saint Augustine strove to add zeal to our long ejaculated prayers, said with no thought beneath and no feeling within.

She made several suggestions to Mother Saint Francis for books and study in the classroom. Finally one hour each afternoon was taken from the laundry work and given to school. In a small hall-room on the second floor, a nun, as simple and ignorant as she was sincere, held classes. Writing drills were practised with pencil stubs on heavy pulp paper. Rarely was direct instruction given and when it was, arithmetic or grammar, fit for a public school's third grade, was superficially gone over. A diploma of the institute's own making soon graduated us from this scant misteaching.

We knew practically nothing of Lily's past life. But sometimes she spoke of her home town, a small place in the Wheat Belt, and once Rosetta asked her how she happened to be in a reformatory. Disre-

spectful this sounded, and insulting, to ask of one so reticent.

"I fell in love with a man," she answered simply.

There was a note of fatality in her voice that set loose romantic images in our minds. She had lived in a small town, she had fallen in love with a man, and tragedy had ensued.

Returning from the parlor one afternoon, unnerved, and with her eyes red and swollen, she talked earnestly to Mother Saint Francis. We got fragments of the conversation above the din of the laundry. Her father had come to take her home and her refusal to go with him had caused an unpleasant scene. The disgrace of having been in a house of correction was past bearing, and she could not return.

She said she would enter the order and become a nun at eighteen. But Mother Saint Francis told her that she could never become a Good Shepherd sister, for she had been under the protection of the order. However, she could enter the Magdalenes, an order organized for inmates of the Good Shepherd Homes who were true penitents. And something was said about the test of time.

When she returned to the table we were ashamed of having listened and did not look up. After a short silence the girl next to me whispered, "She can stay if she wants. When *I* get out I'm goin' to make up for lost time."

"Me too," the tall mulatto across the narrow table answered.

There was also Laretta, whose early childhood had been spent in an orphanage. She was a neat, black-haired French girl. Although only sixteen, she had a fully developed figure, like a matron in miniature. Following her mother's profession, that of a "lady" barber, had brought her con-

tacts with many men. Physically mature and emotionally unstable, she was soon taken to the juvenile court by way of a police raid upon an obscure down-town hotel. So she was sentenced to the Good Shepherd Home.

The tight, close-fitting dress she wore accentuated the smallness of her waist; and although her quick movements betrayed no lack of liteness, there was about her a stiff-backed look. Holding her lips in and deliberately throwing her little full breasts forward, she went about with an air of self-importance. Boldness shone in her black and beady eyes; smart talk, bitterly tinged, came from her mouth. Always forcing attention, her voice, loud and clear, could be heard far above the others in the chapel singing. Going un-sent, she sometimes stood on the feeder's platform of the big mangle in the center of the basement laundry.

Occasionally she fed small flat pieces to the mangle and acted as relief for the regular feeders. When she stood on the platform, I could see only her head above the huge rotating rollers. Her straying eyes were not good for mangle feeding.

All day long laundry wagons drove up to a basement window and dumped bundles in on the floor—bundles of soiled linen from Pullman cars and hospital wards. Mother Saint Francis stood near the open window to see that no words or notes were passed between the men and the girls; and the engineer left his boiler-room and talked with the drivers outside. Laretta liked the center platform at this time.

One morning, while bundles were coming down the make-shift chute, a scream tense and terrific pierced the drone of the laundry. I saw Laretta's agonized face from behind the mangle. "Stop it! Stop it! Oh, my God." Her cry became a moan.

"Her hand's in the roller!" Alice, the second feeder yelled, looking with terrified eyes to Mother Saint Francis, standing by the chute. Again, "Her hand's in the roller!" screamed Alice.

A moment of dazed silence. Then, a sudden and disordered flurry. Agatha, running to the mangle, screamed, "Turn off the power! In the boiler-room! Turn off the power!" Outside the engineer ran toward the back of the building. Many girls made for the mangle. Lauretta crumbled, and hung from its mouth by her crushed and burning hand. Mother Saint Francis remained firm at the open window. The men peered in.

Rosetta ran to the boiler-room. The large iron door was locked. Katrinka, the weighty one, got on the platform and yelled for water. Stumbling over the new-come laundry heaps, the sorters scurried forward. Frantic voices let fly: "Can't ya stop it? Can't ya stop it?" And then above the chaos of high-pitched sounds came the commanding voice of a man. It was a driver outside the window, shouting and demonstrating with gestures: "Slip the strap! Slip the mangle strap!"

It was Rosetta who grabbed a chair from the mender's table and forced the fast rotating belt off the mangle-wheel. It sprung like snapping rubber, slowing the rollers. Simultaneously the power was turned off. The unexpected lull left hollow voices in mid-air. Entering the laundry by way of the boiler-room, the engineer carefully locked the heavy door behind him. He walked straightway to Mother Saint Francis and together they put up the chute and closed the window. There was a sharp, resolute clapping of hands, and "Go to your places in silence!" from Mother Saint Francis as she went to the mangle. She walked with an unflinching determination that bespoke her iron will. Katrinka was

ordered to help Lauretta to the clothes-press. Slow steps took the girls silently to their places.

The clothes-press was a small closet beside the staircase, a cache for a conglomerate litter of odd looking grips, hats, old shoes and clothes. Through the open door it was easy for us to see poor Lauretta. On the junky heaps she lay, prostrate and pathetic. Presently, Mother Superior hurried down the stairs, and brushed by into the clothes-press. The door was closed.

Later a car came and took Lauretta to a doctor in town.

That evening, as we walked round the yard, there was much hushed talk. We spoke of the time Alice's hand was caught in the hot collar-presser when it broke down, a few months back. She had an ugly scar.

Then sad, yet hopeful came: "Well, it can't last forever."

"Seems like forever though, don't it?"

III

Directly across the hall from the entrance to the recreation room was a door leading into the infirmary. The infirmary was actually used as a nursery. The room was narrow and the walls and beds were white, and from out a half-encased grotto in one corner a statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms gazed with understanding upon the illegitimate mothers and unerring babes harbored there. At the far end of the room was a small basket containing a few months' old baby; the mother's bed was beside it. Then, in a row against the wall, came the beds and commodes of the five-year-old girl-child and of those who in late pregnancy were removed from the dormitory for a few weeks before going to the hospital.

The girls were given service in their confinements at a Sisters of Providence hospital nearby. It seemed only a matter of choice whether they kept their ill-timed babes or left them behind with the Sisters for adoption.

One girl who passed through the infirmiry-nursery was called Mary. A raw-boned youngster of fourteen, she had lived with her widowed mother, who was a chocolate dipper in a candy factory. Although sleeping in the same bed with Mary, months went by before the mother realized her daughter's condition. At first she beat the girl with a broom, and then, when her frantic wrath was worn away, she cuddled her. If Mary had only told her, she sobbed, something could have been done.

Mary confessed to one sin only: its fruitful aftermath had frightened her into a dumb silence. She became a creature obsessed with horror. The boy father, as terror-stricken as she, had stealthily disappeared. The parish priest calmed the mother's fears by contending that it was all the will of God, and advised the Good Shepherd Home as a safe haven for the errant Mary.

A few months later she had her baby—a fine boy. She nursed him, and with each nursing she desired him more. The yearning blinded her to all consequences, and it was not without heart-rending scenes that her mother's chop-logic of the world coerced her into giving him over. A missed feeding one evening told her that he was gone. Her boy had been adopted.

Later, the same night, she ransacked the head obstetrician's desk, looking for the name of them who had taken him away. She was caught, but not before seizing the adoption papers. The next morning, with an indelible imprint of the adopter's name on her brain, she was returned to the

Home as a wicked girl caught filching from those who had befriended her.

The child was constantly in her mind. Whenever talk was allowed, she spoke of him. She would get him when she got out.

"Oh, you'll be having another soon enough," someone said. "If he has a good home you'd better let him be."

"You can bet I *won't* have another," said Mary. "You don't *have* to have 'em. Ma explained it all to me after I was in the family way."

"That is a sin," was the damnatory answer from one of the younger girls. "When you get that way, it's God's will, and if you prevent it you are going against the plan of God."

Mary remained silent. Her disturbed feelings had not yet crystallized into clear thoughts.

Another young mother was Dora. In the infirmiry-nursery she kept and cuddled her suckling mite with no more concern than a child with a doll. The inconveniences of her illicit pregnancy, the God-decreed agonies of her delivery, had left behind not a mark. Her will was as weak as her flabby thoughts.

Dora was a frowsy creature with stringy, oily hair that hung into her face as she leaned over the tubs at her daily diaper washing. She came down to the laundry each day with her small bundle, and during this time, whenever possible, she would steal whispered chats with the other girls. This and other privileges were allowed Dora. Occasionally she even went to town with the blanketed infant to visit a doctor and to buy infantile necessities.

Dora's father was janitor at the Jesuit College which sent a priest every morning for Mass and every Saturday for confessions. Because of this and her sacred state of motherhood the little chats which were

punishable misdemeanors in others were overlooked in her. But in overlooking them Mother Saint Francis was blind to the fact that many of the older girls slipped notes to Dora—notes written on torn bits of paper snatched from the school-room, containing telephone numbers and messages, usually to boys. The nuns, indeed, much overestimated the saving grace of her sacred state of motherhood, for one day brought forth the fact that poor ductile Dora, the trusted Madonna of the laundry limbo, was again expectant.

An interim of several years passed between the time of my leaving the Home and my next sight of her. In her slow slovenly way she was pushing an old worn perambulator down the street. A child of about six years walked beside her. Another, younger, clung to her skirt; in the overlaid carriage sat a third, with legs hanging over the front, and in the back was bundled a fourth, a baby in arms. Dora was living her life according to God's preordained plan.

It was Rosetta who, sometime later, told me of her marriage. The same young man was the father of all the babies. With her first pregnancy Dora had refused to divulge his name because of her father's wrath. With her second, however, she admitted his identity, and a marriage was then arranged by her father.

"Poor old Dora wanted a husband and family, and got the family first," laughingly Rosetta said. "She worked backwards, that's all."

IV

Four long tables filled the refectory, and odd chairs and backless benches lined the sides of each. In one corner was a serving table, used after meals as a place for washing dishes. The food was brought in from

the kitchen across the hall in galvanized buckets and dished up from the serving table. Lauretta used to complain that she had lost her sense of taste,—water, stew, coffee muddled with skimmed milk, coarse, soured bread,—all had the same flat, pasty flavor. During some meals talk was allowed, but this was rare, and seemed to be allotted at the whim of Mother Saint Francis.

Often she used meal time to reprimand us for one thing or another. Some girl may have had her hair over her ears, or it may have fallen into a side part. This was strictly forbidden. "Good girls do not dress their hair in that fashion."

One sad little creature sitting next to me in the refectory prayed and fasted for weeks; she ate only the hard sour bread soaked in water. Finally, one night in the dormitory, she stretched out on her bed, crossed her arms over her chest, and to all appearances died. Her emaciated body stiffened as straight and rigid as a corpse long cold. When she was discovered in this trance a great terror came over us. We thought her dead.

Grabbing for their rosary beads and kneeling down beside their beds, some of the girls prayed. Mother Saint Francis ordered her taken to the infirmary below, and as Katrinka and another carried her out it was as if they carried a plank, so rigid was her neck and head, so stiff and straight her back and legs. Following them down, the nun carefully closed and locked the dormitory door after her.

An older girl who had been in the Home for years and who was preparing to join the Magdalenes took charge of us. We called her the Mag. As from a great distance, she looked out at us: her life was lived mostly behind her eyes and in times of emergency or excitement she was not capable of handling us. It took very little

to ignite the spark, always just under the surface of our dull lives, into a conflagration of excited disorder. With the locking of the dormitory door a bewildered confusion came upon us.

One insisted that the girl was not dead, that there was a faint beat to her pulse. Another denied this. The uproar grew ever greater. Smothered emotions burst out and took control. The falsetto notes of a little girl from Italy, notes as thin as her poverty-pinched face, gave momentary flashes to the muffled din. Desperate gesticulations shook the deaf-mute. Finally, the Mag suggested in a loud, strained voice that we go, everyone to her own bed, and pray to the Blessed Mother that God save the girl's soul. We did. A Litany was said. We prayed for her soul with the fervor of great tragédiennes. After a while silence ensued. Then in a whisper something was said about a priest arriving. We were up and off to the windows before the Mag could bid us stay.

Substitute priests were sometimes sent for morning Mass. Each one was quickly claimed and possessed by some girl as "my priest." Sacrifices and gifts were made for him: little books, crudely made of pulp paper tied together, contained the list and number of prayers said by the girl for "her priest." These prayers were to quicken his time in Purgatory. One girl, an ironer, had listed thousands of Our Fathers and Hail Marys and Apostles' Creeds to aid her priest through his temporary Hell. These offerings were timidly presented during Saturday confessions. It would have been an unforgettable thrill for one of these girls to have seen "her priest" come out of the surrounding darkness, bringing the holy unction for the last rites to the expiring soul below.

On the front and south sides of the dormitory every window was crowded

with waiting girls. At one, back of the Mag's bed and over the fire-escape, were five girls staring out at the night.

"Gee, it's been a long time since I saw stars and moon!" said one.

"Ya," another answered, "but have you noticed *that*?" With eyes and fingers she pointed to an unfastened latch on the frame which held the bars on the window casing.

The others looked cautiously over their shoulders and then back again to the latch. Afraid to speak their thoughts, they stood silent. Time passed. The priest did not arrive. No news came from the infirmary. Katrinka and the other who had helped carry the girl downstairs had not returned. Later we learned they had fallen asleep on the hard steps outside the locked door.

At last the drama and excitement of the evening wore low, and the remaining stragglers got into bed. The Mag heaved a sigh of relief and dimmed the lights. As sleep came over us, the rigid form of the girl as she was carried out haunted us, but a few were also thinking of the unfastened casing holding the bars.

The next morning we were told by Dora that the girl was not dead. For hours she lay still in her bed and Dora said she prayed to die. The terrors of her warped young life had at last outweighed the will of her crushed spirit; she could no longer assert herself against circumstances which were too strong for her. After weeks of listlessness, she was up and with us again, her poor, thin face paler even than before. Many said she looked like a Saint and made much over her. They felt that she had been resurrected. Others were not interested in this miracle. They thought only of the unloosed latch on the fire-escape window. Their life had suddenly taken on a purpose.

V

So intent with their plans they were, in fact, that their changed demeanor became apparent. Life in the laundry became vague and puppet-like. Detailed arrangements were made for the flight. To muffle the Mag one night, steal down the fire-escape, and then make a bee-line for the dense underbrush outside—that was the scheme.

But knowing glances and outspoken talk betrayed it, and it was with puzzled amazement that the plotters heard Mother Saint Francis tell them of their wickedness one day. They were forbidden to speak to one another ever again.

Scrubbing the worn and soap-soaked stairs and mopping the splintered laundry floor was theirs to do for weeks. It did not take them long to learn, however, that dangling rosary beads in the hand and a demure and affected penitent mien could release them from eagle eyes and mopping pails.

The windows were gone over very carefully after this by the engineer. But time and the elements sided with the girls. One Saturday afternoon while going to the

dormitory to bathe, three girls met on the stairs and stopped in the recreation-hall. Finding one bar frame loose, they forced it, and slid down the drain pipe two stories to the ground. Running in and around the chicken-shed and other outhouses, they made for the scraggly pine scrubs and disappeared.

Two days later they were picked up by the police. One was returned to the Home. The other two, who used their only weapon of self defense, a hard and fearless invective, on the officers, were sent to the State reformatory.

But there was one runaway who did not wait for time to corrode another barred window latch. She was a crippled girl. During a walk round the yard one evening after dinner, she went up and over the nine-foot fence like a spider. An unbelievable example of the resources of human energy and endurance. Transfixed, we stared at the fence for some minutes after she had disappeared over its top. Then, in the distance, we heard a motorcycle start, and after a few explosive roars, steady into an even purr, and fade away, leaving only the familiar evening song of the wind-swung pines.

HOW WE LOOK TO THE ENGLISH

BY FREDERIC NELSON

WHEN the Americano has been exiled long enough to recall only with difficulty the precise etymological significance of *nerfs* and to pronounce Bond street to a taxi driver without being told "There ain't no Barnd street, Sir," it is natural for him to look upon his native land with some of the objectivity with which the Afro-American doubtless surveys his Ole Kentucky Home. He cannot be expected, of course, actually to See America Through English Eyes, since English eyes are unable to see anything comic in the idea of Eton boys doing their algebra in high hats and morning coats, or to gaze without emotion upon a man playing golf in a sweater. However, his native picture of the U. S. A. becomes dimmer, if more dear, and it is unavoidable in such circumstances that the exile should ask himself how this country must appear to these Limeys who have never been there and whose conception of America—like most Americans' conception of Europe—is largely at the mercy of journalism and the films.

Leaving out the films, in which we seem determined to represent ourselves as a race of vocative assassins who can be persuaded to Go Straight if sufficiently moved by a Higher Appeal combining the best features of sentimentality and concupiscence, I am tempted to run the risks of making a crude guess as to the America which the British addict of journalism must have built up in his inner conscious-

ness. What a show it must be to the clerk who rides in and out from Ealing Broadway to the Bank and sops up his Beaverbrook morning and evening! What a Devilish Remarkable Place to the Kensington stock broker who takes up his *Times* and reads that, while the apprehension of kidnappers seems to be turned over to the kidnappers themselves, the American government is making a drive against newspapers which publish the results of sweepstake draws! "How curious!" the Lincoln's Inn barrister will mutter to himself, "'Counsel strode back and forth before the jury and shook his fist in the witness's face.' I'd like to see him try that in Avory's court. Really, you know!" How their tongues hang out when they read about Hollywood: parties that break up conventionally at 4 A.M., Louis Bromfield paid \$100,000 "for his name" (*Daily Telegraph*), Fatty Arbuckle seeking absolution by directing educational shorts under the name of Will B. Good (*Daily Herald*). Imagine the envy in the heart of George Buchanan, M.P. or Jack Jones, when they read of Congressman LaGuardia pacing the aisle eating peanuts out of his pocket!

Meet any of these people, and, when they've spotted your accent, you'll catch it. "Is it true about Chicago?" "Do you think Mrs. Judd will really cop it?" "I see motherhood is coming back in Hollywood." (The press explains that Hollywood is "baby mad") "Won't this Lindbergh business kill racketeering?" "How

could a bloke bring a machine-gun into a chemist's shop—and do they have telephone-boxes in chemists' shops?—without being seen? They'll be acquitted, won't they?" "Why do you people accept inflation only after somebody has christened it reflation? Is it the influence of Mrs. Eddy?"

You do your best to explain that you have never met a gangster, that you haven't any special knowledge as to whether Clara Bow bathes in asses' milk, that only a few of the leather brief cases one sees on American city streets contain machine-guns and that there are millions of quiet, respectable people all over the country who never connect their purchases of gin with "subsidies for Gangland." But it's no good. All these people, from the clerk on the underground train to the retired manufacturer on Wimbledon Common, have their picture of America. So has the humble artisan with his *Daily Herald* in his pocket and the Brilliantes of Bloomsbury who read all the newspapers and the reviews as well. And, despite the gulf between the classes, all of them have much the same picture.

II

It is one of the several proud British fictions that Americans are insular, isolated and incurious about foreign countries, including England, and that American newspapers provide virtually no news from such outlandish parts except when it confirms their suspicion that foreigners are abjectly slavish to the upper class (or the Reds) and indifferent to the demands of their debtors. Even Professor H. J. Laski, who has taught at Harvard and therefore must have read the Boston *Transcript*, spoke sneeringly in a Fabian lecture of the indifference of American

newspapers to other countries. One is often asked if the papers at home "print anything about us except funny stories."

Concededly, it must be irritating to the English to hear that a riot of the English unemployed, which in Detroit would be regarded as only a friendly argument, has been given apocalyptic significance, or that a few boos at the Prime Minister (surely no more epochal than the tomatoes reported to have been pegged at Mr. Mellon's house last Autumn) have been cabled in full detail. No country ever thinks it is understood abroad and cable rates are too high to permit the American correspondents to send home a social and political history of the British Isles every night.

Nevertheless, as one of the exiles in Fleet Street, many of whom send more copy to America in a week than all but a few London newspapers print in a month about the U. S. A., I contract a definitely localized pain when I encounter this British assurance that a man who has read a transatlantic telephone conversation with Al Capone in the *Daily Express* knows more about America than an American could possibly know about England even after a go at the London dispatches in the *New York Times*.

It is true, of course, that the Englishman can learn a great deal about America from his newspaper—even a great deal that is true—particularly if he knows a little already. Sir Wilmott Lewis's brilliant Washington dispatches to the *Times* are the best antidote for the *Daily Express*, though once in a while Sir Wilmott may err on the side of restraint, as when he described the late feeling against Japan as "something akin to distrust." Edward Marshall writes an exceptionally able and informed weekly piece for the *Observer*, and the *Morning Post's* representative,

while maintaining his paper's doubts as to the authenticity of the melancholy events of 1776 *et seq.*, presents news which is generally recognizable to the American abroad.

So does Mr. Cruikshank of the *News-Chronicle*, though the Depression has taken such a hold on him that his descriptive passages rather resemble some of the more desolate bits in DeFoe's "Journal of the Plague Year." The *Telegraph's* American cables, while tending to make the reader's flesh creep on the subject of the Gold Standard, are also well done, when there are any, and in the *Financial News* Mr. H. Parker Willis gives frequent insight into the minds of the tycoons of American banking and business. As would be expected, the Manchester *Guardian* prints frequent cables which, while not indifferent to the episodic, do a splendid job in such short compass of explaining what it is all about.

Indeed, there is little to complain of, and I, for one, am not complaining. The Englishman's picture of America might be still more bizarre if he could read the American papers, too. As things are, he finds America very strange: a country managed by highly organized gangsters but convinced that it is the most highly moral nation on earth; a country which does not allow the fact that its business leaders have made a shambles of business to prevent it from lecturing other countries on Modern Methods; a country which never worries about facts and figures so long as "psychology" is on the make; a country which allows film stars to set the style and then raids hotels and bathing beaches to prevent the logical consequences. This may be as unfair as it would be for Americans to summarize England as a country where foxes are tortured and dogs buried in state, or where white people slash each

other with razor blades, or where people drink "bitter" and like it. But what has fairness to do with things like this?

Obviously, the first and most important item in British amazement at matters American is Crime and its apparent toleration by the whole community. To hundreds of thousands of English people with American relatives and friends this feature of American life is as astounding as would be the discovery that the Archbishop of London was leading a double life. Their letters from friends in the States seldom mention gangsters or muscle-men, but from what they read in the newspapers they gather that the place must be alive with such vermin. Thousands of English people sit under American preachers every Summer and—although one lady in such a congregation is reported to have complained that it seemed sacrilegious to have "the Lord's Prayer said in American",—the preachers convey the impression that America is somewhat more austere and morally rigorous than other places.

The English are therefore not prepared by contact with Americans—and far less so by anything in their own national experience—for such incredible episodes as the Lindbergh kidnaping, in which the unfortunate parents felt obliged to rely upon gangsters for the return of the child and the part played by the police seemed to be self-adulation and the blocking of progress by tips to the criminals in the form of "interviews" with the newspapers. Indeed, Mr. St. John Ervine, who can keep his admiration for America within bounds, told an audience at the National Liberal Club that if the Lindbergh baby were never found, the responsibility would rest upon the American press. Journalistic sleuths and tabloid blackmailers have their feeble counterparts in England, but so far

it is impossible to imagine a London newspaper getting ahead of the bulls or an English detective telling the reporters (and the culprit) what the police were going to do next.

III

Is it true, one is asked, that nobody dares report finding a murdered man for fear of getting the third degree himself? Do the racketeers walk up to people in the street, demand \$1000 and find a judge who'll make the sucker pay? Primo Carnera says that's what, among other things, happened to him (*Evening News*). Do policewomen cruise up and down Broadway collecting biographies of show girls (*Evening Standard*) while a New York sheriff who pocketed other people's money is let off on the ground that "there was no criminal intent"?

Is it true that the government of the United States pays millions to informers and racketeers for tips on foreigners who have forgotten to renew their passport visas (*John Bull*), while the revenue from the liquor business is turned over by the same government to enrich thugs and assassins and make them impregnable against such sporadic assaults as officialdom can bring itself to make against them? Can it be possible that in America a judge who convicts gangsters is so rare a specimen that this alone, and against considerable evidence of unfitness, is ground for his promotion?

One does one's best to point to the thousands of respectable people in Euclid avenue, Cleveland, and Peachtree street, Atlanta, people who have never paid off a gangster or even seen one. But it is a tough assignment to convince a people accustomed to have its criminals say "Thank you, my Lord" for a sentence of fifteen

years and ten lashes, that we are dealing with crime when we manage to incarcerate a famous racketeer and who knows what else for weaseling out of a tax on his strange profits.

Not being one of those Americans who blush abroad for my country, I try to explain to the English that American righteousness periodically exhausts itself in such enterprises as "cleaning up the town", incinerating Sacco and Vanzetti and keeping Tom Mooney in durance vile, and cannot be expected to retain sufficient moral energy to bring ordinary capitalistic gunmen to book. And, when pressed, I explain that although the Federal government itself was for at least four years in the hands of a very swell racket, the Sovereign People elected the Ohio gangsters only on the highest moral grounds, supposing them to be pious Baptist elders and practicing Prohibitionists.

Indeed, this disposition to believe the best of our bad men is perhaps more surprising to the English than the exploits of the criminals and crooked jobholders themselves. Why should there be any "romance of Vincent Coll" who, though described as "linked by the police with last Summer's baby murder", managed to be at large in time to be drilled full of holes by the machine-guns of old friends? The "love story of Jack Diamond" seems equally strange, as well as the chronicling of the fact that the West Virginia Bluebeard was offered a male quartette to console his abrupt demise with close harmony, doubtless as a tribute to his authorship of a song entitled "I'll Wait For You, Dear Heart."

But Fleet Street knows what its customers want, and, before the Depression hit the Press Lords so hard, thousands of pounds were spent on cabled conversations

with America's picaresque hoodlums and their molls. For the British public, which sees the last of its own punks when they are led from the dock at the Old Bailey, must lavish its hero-worship on somebody's Robin Hoods. Hero-worship and constant amazement that such a Never-Never Land exists at all satisfy a variety of emotions, in catering to which the low-brow papers, whose minions are not allowed to interview a British murderer or even to make up his "life story" for themselves, give some relief to their suppressed desires.

Having this picture of America as a Paradise for the Predatory, the Englishman can hardly be blamed for expressing considerable wonder at the fact that so few Americans seem worried about it, and that so many actually feel safer in New York than they do in Newcastle-on-Tyne. If the Englishman thinks about this very much, he probably concludes that our confidence that we are God's Country, though every wealthy home must be guarded to prevent baby snatchers from shinning up the rainpipe to the nursery window, rests on the same foundation as our ability to describe the Depression as "largely psychological."

Possessing what a friend has called the Ninety-Nine Year Lease Mind, the Englishman is completely baffled by America's alternating expectations of Paradise and fears of perdition. Having been "too dumb to start a panic" when England left the gold standard, he is curious to know why that event, which left a "pound still a pound", should have caused such an outburst of panic and panacea in America. Being unfamiliar with the "shirtsleeves to shirt-sleeves" tradition, it would never occur to him that a Glasgow mechanic ought to expect to get rich, except by winning the Irish Sweep, or that a *rentier*, forced by

the taxgatherers to give up his motor and his August shooting, should jump out of a Carlton window.

One growls, grumbles, sells off a pheasant wood, curses the I. L. P., and carries on. Consoled by God, King and "Buy British", the Englishman looks across the sea and finds to his mild surprise that America has ceased to "abolish poverty" but still persists in believing that all would be well if only people would start buying inflated stocks instead of selling them short. This strange American "psychology" which fills Geneva with "unofficial observers" and kibitzers, and lectures Europe on economics while its American unemployed live under pieces of sheet iron set up on vacant lots (*News-Chronicle*), never fails to fascinate the foreigner. The *Daily Express* which is manned by Canadians and therefore understands, explains that

one hundred and thirty million people, soaked in prosperity, regarding themselves as exempt from all the trade depressions of the rest of the universe, have in the last two years lost nearly everything except their courage, their inextinguishable faith in themselves, their unfaltering will to work. The British people from whose loins the great Republic sprang looks on with faith, with friendship and with admiration.

This is new to the *Daily Express* and it can be attributed largely to the fact that the British trader and financier is no longer afraid of Americanization. The erstwhile conventional picture of the American captain of finance, stern, realistic, ruthless, clear-headed, has been supplanted by the picture of a bewildered and helpless fellow who is likely to go on arguing about nothing while his rivals cop the markets. When Mr. Hoover folded up in front of M. Laval and the menacing muscle-men from the Banque de France, people began to suspect that not even

America's real interests can prevent her from yielding to the temptation of succumbing to the Racket. As Shaw Desmond told the gaping readers of the *People*, "there is more adventure in the little finger of the staid, reserved London business man than in the whole body of your [American] millionaires. The best financial brains of the world are still in Britain."

Reserving judgment as to the concentration of modesty, one is forced to admit that to read the English papers during the stirring days when the Banque de France mob was working the squeeze play in Wall Street while M. Laval played "The Nutcracker Suite" in the White House was a painful business. Mr. Montagu Norman, when taken for a ride, left the country and issued no statements about co-operation. A strange, silent man with no faith in "psychology."

IV

Even Hollywood, which British manufacturers and moralists have regarded as the hammerhead of the effort to Americanize the world, is now taken a little less seriously. To be sure such critics as Mr. G. A. Atkinson, formerly of the *Daily Telegraph* and now of a theatrical weekly called the *Era*, accuse Hollywood of a studied conspiracy to break down family life and corrupt morals. From Mr. Atkinson's outpourings it would appear that "psychologists, men of international standing, are employed to test the psychological and physical reactions of young people of both sexes to dramas of erotic passion, to test their pulse, glandular, salivary, sweat and 'grip' changes, so that the result may be recorded for the purposes of the box office." (*Era*.)

Occasionally the producer is represented as yearning for higher things, as one

whom the *Telegraph* reports to have declared that "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" would be "a good play if these confounded hoops could be taken out of it," leaving "Elizabeth Barrett in short skirts and doubtless Robert Browning in plus-fours." Mr. Atkinson fears that the standards of Hollywood have overcome the British producers' natural devotion to the Home and Fireside. To what other influence can be attributed the fact that the title of "The Happy Husband" which "satisfies every canon outside those imposed by Hollywood on the British box-office" was changed to "Uneasy Virtue"? Indeed the *Sunday Express* is so upset by the success of "that stolid public school Englishman, Clive Brook, talking Cockney and twisting his mouth gangsterwise" in "Silence," that its critic suggests that this adopted virtuosity may be "another of Hollywood's crushing blows at the British Empire."

It is probably a series of such crushing blows that will save the British film industry, for with the salary reductions and other troubles at Hollywood, American and British actors are coming back to England to give the English public what it wants, which is surely not Mr. Atkinson's "British pictures which show that it is English character and conduct that set the standard to the world." (*Era*.) The cinema customer who knows that the local squire hasn't paid his butcher's bill for a year and a half is not taken in by that sort of thing, but he does know, from his daily perusal of the newspapers, that the Hollywood picture of American life is true and accurate. It gives him a bit of a turn to think that a decent fellow like Hickman Powell in a dress suit may turn out to be a racketeer with a gat in his side pocket, and he pities the American Father whom he sees in the films dragged by

Mother and the Girls through an unhappy and expensive existence in what passes among us as High Society.

However, racketeers are constantly reported as frequenting the highest circles and if he has doubts about the cinematic version of American domestic life, there is Countess Margit Bethlin of Hungary to inform him in Lord Rothermere's *Evening News* that an American host is a man who "signs a check at the end of the evening and that is all he has contributed to the enjoyment of his guests." That even this modest contribution is still possible in America is a comfort to the exile, however he may regard the Countess's strong conclusion that "you cannot pay for love and happiness with money."

So fascinated are the English by the idea that America is a madhouse that they occasionally attribute to us appalling horrors of which, please God, we are innocent. Thus the woman's page gad-about in the *Daily Express*, in a paragraph explaining that "the American lunch-counter has come to stay" [in England] but that "we have modified its brusqueness to suit our more sensitive tastes", declares that she has not yet seen "Boston beans on toast" at one of these caravansaries. I have myself often gagged at the spectacle, but only in England. And here is John Boyd-Carpenter writing in the *Saturday Review* that the simple needs of the American undergraduate are satisfied by "the companionship of the opposite sex, fast cars, synthetic gin and the cinema" and that "he is not prepared to sit all night while a bottle of port on the table grows gradually emptier."

There is no Oxford Union, but only "fraternities and sororities, purely social organizations, many of them rooted in snobbery and all of them disgraced by a puerile ritual and a fatuous craving for

secrecy"—nothing at all like the business that goes on in the House of Commons to prevent an uninvited visit by Black Rod, the Mercury of the Lords, or the ritual attached to being "blooded" after the hounds have taken a few bites out of a fox. Even Percy Bullen, whose pieces in the *Daily Telegraph* are ordinarily so informative, makes the rash prediction that the Lindbergh kidnaping will end the racket. Lovely and pleasant as is the spirit which prompts this roseate prediction, it suggests an excess of optimism which those who have often seen America in the throes of reform cannot be expected to share.

One is continually meeting Englishmen, particularly young ones, who express an intense desire to witness a game of "American rugby." Doubtless this desire is explained by the fact that a race which has for centuries broken its neck in fox-hunting and pig-sticking is only partially satisfied with four-day cricket matches between Gentlemen and Players (the two sides preserving the social system by entering the field through separate entrances), nor even by soccer and rugger which, though free, open games demanding perhaps more quickness of thought by the individual than American football requires, do not provide the possibility of fatal casualties which the sadistic instincts of sedentary "sportsmen" really crave.

The newspapers do their best to overcome this apostasy. Cricket is the essential British game, we are told, and the evening editions annoy the dog-race fans by publishing exhausting accounts of "test matches" in which Australians bore the crowd by making hundreds of runs on hits which in baseball wouldn't get past the shortstop. They dutifully describe American football (*vide* the *Morning Post*) as a gladiatorial contest in which "the players have to wear defensive armor

and the struggle is so strenuous as to suggest that the game derives from the thousand-a-side battles in Wales in Tudor times, when a player would be persuaded to 'deal the knappen' (*i.e.*, hand over to an opponent the small ball then used) by blows from a cudgel or a pointed stone." The game so demoralizes Americans (*vide* Mr. Boyd-Carpenter in the *Saturday Review*) that "the football squad is treated with a deference which would seem excessive if shown to royalty even in a republican country", and old gentlemen in high positions "seriously believe that their *alma mater*, as they will call it, is in a very bad way if it loses a couple of games."

Baseball is described by the *Morning Post* writer as "the American edition of rounders," though in baseball "barracking to put the player off his game is legalized tactics." No wonder Professor A. F. Newell of Bristol University, after an American visit, declared that "no American can understand cricket because it takes so long and the English are so polite." There is nothing in it of "the razzing of the umpire so beloved of the American public." No wonder also that, after centuries of curbing their emotions under expressions like "Well rowed, House!" the English secretly yearn for American sports, where they may shout as loud as they like. And the added possibility that (even if no player is carried out on a stretcher) Al Capone may appear in the stands and be met "by such a crescendo of jeers that Capone, obviously abashed, hurriedly led his party to the nearest exit" (*Morning Post*) augments their secret longing. If even the dullness of a golf tournament can be relieved in America by the arrival of a would-be contestant with a lawyer to insist upon his right to tee off, then Westward Ho! again.

V

Obviously, the publicity which America gets in England is making for Better Feeling Between the Nations. The lower orders love Hollywood pictures and are crazy to emigrate to a country where there is no plucking at the cap to parson or squire and where one may conceivably witness a hold-up in the streets or even the burial of a big-time gangster in a rented \$10,000 coffin. (*Daily Herald*). A land where ladies wear "black fingernails, black toenails, black eyelashes, black eyebrows and black lips in mourning for the Depression" (Reuter dispatch), where artists swap their creations for butter, eggs and milk (*Daily Telegraph*), and where troops spray tear gas on mobs assembled to sing psalms in defence of an itinerant evangelist (*Times*)—such a land must indeed attract the Englishman who traditionally penetrates every sort of *terra incognita* and writes long essays about it in *Blackwood's*.

Add to this racial passion for strange and impenetrable lands, inhabited by aborigines with outlandish folkways, the new knowledge that the Yankee Colossus of Finance has much of the sap in his constitution, and you have the basis for real affection. Just as the American darkey delights his Caucasian contemporary by his unexpected quaintness and the probability that his mental deficiencies will prevent him from being more than a regional menace, so do we Americans delight the English—satisfying that delight in the bizarre which filled the British Museum with the relics of proud civilizations and encouraging the pleasant feeling that Sound British Common Sense is not so discreditable as George F. Babbitt *et al.* were leading the English people to suspect.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

MATERIALS for a monograph upon personal nomenclature among the female Christians of this great State, from a petition to Congress from members of the Calvary Baptist Church of Tuscaloosa, presented in the Senate by the Hon. Hugo Lafayette Black, LL.B.:

Mittie
Caddie
Alcie
Juarine
Loutrelle

Nida
Maedell
Motie
Perla
Mirian

CALIFORNIA

LITERARY announcement from the modern Athens:

KEYSTONE PUBLISHING CO.

Printers and Publishers

PRospect 3024

312 EAST TWELFTH STREET
LOS ANGELES

Publishers of

WESTERN TRUCK OWNER, WEST COAST
DRUGGIST, WESTERN DECORATOR, WESTERN
PAINT REVIEW, WESTERN BARBER, WESTERN
FLORIST, WESTERN MALT DEALER

From the Office
of Mr. Butterworth,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Friend:

Five hundred dollars for a half hour's work!

That's what is in store for a lot of folks who read this letter through. Might just as well be you as anyone else. How? Just read on!

Join the army of ROBO fans! Anyone with average intelligence and education can write a 1,000 word "short short story"

with the aid of ROBO, the amazing new game that invents millions of story plots at the rate of one a minute—and everyone totally different.

It makes absolutely no difference what your business or profession is, or whether or not you ever attempted to write or sell a story before. Successful story writers are being recruited from every walk of life nowadays, when movie studios, magazines and radio stations are competing for good material.

You just spin ROBO a few times, follow a few simple instructions, and presto!—you have your plot for the short short story before you know it. While you've played a most fascinating game, the story has practically written itself.

Sincerely,

KEYSTONE PUBLISHING COMPANY

By BERT BUTTERWORTH

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

FROM the Washington Times:

Four persons gathered about the bedside of Edward C. Plummer, vice-president of the United States Shipping Board, as his life ebbed Sunday night saw symbols of assurance that all is well with him in the Great Beyond.

Mr. Plummer died at 7:20 P.M. During the last hour of his life a blessed candle burned at his bedside in the Burlington Hotel. When the candle was half consumed a portion of the melted wax on the side toward the bed remained two inches above the flame.

This portion of wax was molded by the heat to form four distinct models, each of which was clearly seen by those in the sick room. The first figure was that of the Blessed Virgin, standing, her head bowed slightly toward the bed. The second, melted into a formation of an angel, wings outspread, facing the bed. At the

angel's feet a shrouded figure knelt. The last was an open gate.

Mr. Plummer was a Congregationalist. Mrs. Plummer is a member of the Episcopal Church. Roy Morrill, Mr. Plummer's secretary; Mrs. M. B. Paul, a nurse, and Mattie Braxton, colored maid, are non-Catholics. All witnessed the phenomenon.

Mr. Plummer had permitted use of blessed water from the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, obtained from the grotto at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. He also wore a Sacred Heart medal during the last weeks of his life.

FLORIDA

ORLANDO leaps into the ring against Los Angeles:

THE GREAT ELANCROFT MOVEMENT

Expressing Through

THE SCHOOL OF UNIVERSAL TRUTH OF
PHILOSOPHY

Directed by

THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

And Their Committee of Fifteen
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

117 East Amelia

Greetings: I am moved to give you an opportunity to assist in the launching of one of the greatest projects ever conceived for the benefit of Humanity; to teach the Children of Men the laws of perfect Health, how to adjust and eliminate physical inharmonies; to regenerate the ELAN VITAL, that great Creative Force, that the Mental and Spiritual may be easily developed in natural sequence within a healthy, wholesome body.

The interpretation of Elancroft is Elan Vital, Springs of Life; croft, cloise or enclosure, a Haven where people may be educated in the laws of the True THREE-FOLD BEING. This will be a great School based on the Christ Principle in Man, the Elan Vital to be awakened to express God in Universal Brotherhood Love or the Brotherhood of Man.

Teachers from all parts of the world

will be gathered to this School to bring the Truth in their special branch of learning.

We are informing you of these few vital features, believing you will read between the lines the great Dynamic Power of God back of this Movement for uplifting the Children of Men. A little later, if you are interested, we will be pleased to outline the ideal for the Haven and Community, plans of which are in our possession.

We are soliciting your coöperation in this Great Movement and shall anticipate your response to the Call of God in all sincerity.

PAUL BECKETT
Managing Director

CULTURAL document from the great city
of St. Petersburg:

HOUSE SONG

Flori De Leon Apartments

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Flori De Leon, My Flori De Leon!
Thy bright escutcheon will not rust,
Flori De Leon, My Flori De Leon!
Remember Friendship's sacred trust,
Remember sorrow you who must,
And dear ones slumbering with the just,
Flori De Leon, My Flori De Leon!

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Flori De Leon, My Flori De Leon!
A friendly home for those who seek,
Flori De Leon, My Flori De Leon!
In life or death, in weal or woe,
Thy peerless chivalry bestow,
Our love for thee will stronger grow,
FLORI DE LEON, MY FLORI DE
LEON!

ILLINOIS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN's old home town
comes forward with a way of escape from
the Hoover Prosperity:

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM LIFE?

There is a book that will help you get
it. That book is

"YOU"

By Irving Allen

"YOU" is more than a book—it is a formula—a simple, easy-to-understand recipe for getting out of life the things you want.

"YOU" makes life simple and happy and successful. It is like a powerful searchlight illuminating the path ahead, which most of us tread in darkness. It is a concrete

FORMULA FOR SUCCESS

Under the following chapter headings it tells you just how to go about it to get what you want:

1. Beginning at the Beginning.
2. Building Relief.
3. Principles as a Basis.
4. What Do You Want from Life?
5. The Law.
6. The Development of Power.
7. The Tests of Self.
8. Brain Building.
9. Concentration Cultivation.
10. Memory Development.
11. Speaking Effectively.
12. Judgment Plus Forethought.
13. Auto-Suggestion and Mental Discipline.
14. The Prevailing Mental Attitude.
15. Selfism.
16. Optimism Under the Law.
17. Egoism Under the Law.
18. The Mastery of Self-Mental.
19. The Mastery of Self-Physical.
20. The Mastery of Other Men.
21. The Habit of Success.

"YOU," by Irving Allen, is cloth-bound, 275 pp., size 5 x 7½. Price \$1.00. PROGRESS MAGAZINE, 412 E. Adams st., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

KENTUCKY

PRESS dispatch from the rising town of Irving:

Declaring that handling moonshine whiskey is their only means of supporting their families, fifty-two bootleggers in a convention at Tipton Ridge, four miles south of here, adopted resolutions announcing that they will not support any candidate for county office who will take part in prosecuting them. It was the first meeting of its kind ever held in Estill

county. The chairman said bootleggers from other counties would join them at the next meeting.

MICHIGAN

THE Hon. Malcolm W. Gingay in the *Detroit Free Press*:

THE GREAT AMERICAN DRAMA

Exhausting
Unwholesome
Gruesome
Erotic
Neurotic
Evil

Odious
Nauseating
Enervating
Incestuous
Lecherous
Lascivious

NEW JERSEY

SPECIMEN of the New Book Reviewing by the gifted Dr. William Carlos Williams of Rutherford in *Contempo*:

Viva: e. e. cummings

This seems definitely an aftermath; not quite in the sense of scholarship but of desire satisfied—not quite real any longer. At least he has not turned to scholarship. He does not quite so glibly deceive himself; he quite actually stays on the living side: by taking his desire to have been accomplished (which is to be—changed).

He affects moods that once were, Villon's ballad form (with excellent use of the vernacular) mingling. And he has used the Canzon, tho' less effectively. Rather soft coming over from the Italian where it is not soft. He has used everything (in a sense) that has been used. But some things he uses never were: the Shropshire lad bathos cannot be overcome even by excellent imitation.

He is not good when he resembles: who does this remind you of: stumbling eyes (tho' that's not so bad, being accurately descriptive) but, driving white spikes of silence—reminds one very much of him. Which would be bad enough with-

out being twice. The wordiness is more sharpshined here, however. The entire and perpetual sea—And LVIII is a summary to make use of. Gives the illusion of present speech and is not like Goethe's: *Sah ein Knab ein Röslein stehn*—but the same. —and all the clocks would run down the next day—is a bad slip. Occasionally some (LIII) are perfectly bad. VIII I like well (and others in the same vein or slang): a satisfying (which little is) word use which is a better outcome of having been than talking about it.

NORTH CAROLINA

NOTE on the astounding appetite of the high-toned Aframerican for oratorical punishment:

JOHNSON C. SMITH UNIVERSITY—
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The Sixty-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of Johnson C. Smith University and the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Presidency of Dr. Henry Lawrence McCrorey

PROGRAMME

THURSDAY MORNING

DEAN T. E. MCKINNEY, *Presiding*

9:15-9:30

WELCOME ADDRESS—*Mr. T. E. McKinney*,
Dean Johnson C. Smith University

9:30-10:15

ADDRESS—"Twenty-five Years of Higher Education Among Negroes," *Dr. Carter G. Woodson*, Editor, *Journal of Negro History*, Washington, D. C.

10:15-10:45

ADDRESS—"Present Status of Higher Education Among Negroes," *Dr. Kelly Miller*, Professor of Sociology, Howard University, Washington, D. C.

10:45-11:30

ADDRESS—"Critical Evaluation of Present Policies and Practices of Negro Institutions of Higher Learning," *President Charles W. Florence*, Lincoln University, Jefferson City, Mo.

11:30-12:00

ADDRESS—"The Physical, Literary, and Spiritual Growth of Johnson C. Smith

University Under the Presidency of Dr. Henry Lawrence McCrorey," *Dr. Charles H. Shute*, *Dr. R. L. Douglas*, *Prof. S. H. Adams*

12:00-12:30

OPEN FORUM.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

DR. J. M. GASTON, *Presiding*

2:00-5:00

ADDRESSES—"The Future College for the Higher Education of Negroes"—(*What Should be the Program for the Higher Education of Negroes for the Next Twenty-five Years?*)

Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, President Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona, Florida

Dr. John Hope, President Atlanta University, Atlanta, Georgia

Dr. W. C. Jackson, Vice-President North Carolina College for Women, Greensboro, N. C.

Dr. N. C. Newbold, Director, Division of Negro Education, State Dept. of Education, Raleigh, N. C.

Dean J. W. Seabrook, Vice-President Fayetteville State Normal School, Fayetteville, N. C.

Dr. Arthur D. Wright, President The John F. Slater Fund, Washington, D. C.

THURSDAY EVENING

8:00

FOUNDERS' DAY PROGRAMME

ADDRESS—*The Rev. Lewis S. Mudge, D.D., LL.D.*, Stated Clerk and Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, U. S. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

OHIO

UNITED PRESS dispatch from the great city of Cleveland:

Patrolman Stephen Schubeck is looking for a friend who placed a trick buzzer in his hand when he gripped it in a friendly clasp. Patrolman Schubeck was so startled that he threw up his club, knocked off his hat and jumped through a \$20 plate-glass window.

CHARLIE

BY ALBERT TRUMAN BOYD

As soon as we were let out of school we started running. We were in a hurry to get over to the mill and see the body before they moved it. It was three-quarters of a mile from Webster School to Hanley's mill by road, but that is how we went. We didn't cut through the woods and across the pasture and then the field in which Ransom had had his potatoes, because that way you had to cross the brook twice, for it doubled back on itself. Beside, it was high.

We ran down the road, seven boys, followed by Mary and Gracie, whether we all went home that way or not, because we all wanted to see Charlie's body. Not a one of us really believed Charlie was dead, but we knew he must be, for Pete had come into the school and talked to Miss Breen, our teacher, and Miss Breen had sent Phil away with Pete, for Charlie was Phil's pop. Miss Breen had stood there saying nothing at all after Pete and Phil had gone off together. But after awhile she closed the history book and there were tears in her blue eyes as she said, "Boys and girls, something awful has happened. Phil's father has been killed in Mr. Hanley's mill. It was an accident. It was icy and wet and Mr. Hall slipped and fell against the circular saw." For a moment I couldn't think who Miss Breen meant by Mr. Hall, for everybody called him Charlie.

"He was helping Mr. Hanley saw boards and he fell against the saw-blade."

Then, after putting her handkerchief to her nose, "It's a terrible, terrible thing, and I want you all to be very, very kind to Phil and not speak of it in front of him."

Miss Breen then turned her back on us and walked up to the blackboard and began playing with the chalk in the tray. I stopped watching her and looked out the window. The light coating of snow had gone from the pines and the thin, torn birches ran up before them as if holding them back. Miss Breen boarded with Charlie and Amie Hall and their son Phil. Everybody liked Charlie, and as she boarded with them she must have known him better and liked him more. But nobody liked Amie. She was a witch and a hag and I'd heard her swear at Phil.

I looked back at Miss Breen. Her shoulders were moving up and down and everyone must have known she was crying. But that was all right. Everybody would feel the same way about Charlie. Then she dropped an eraser. No one ran to pick it up. Harry Donnelly always ran to pick up anything Miss Breen dropped, for he sat right in front of her desk and was her pet. But this time he didn't because she was crying. Then she stooped and picked it up. Her knees cracked and sounded like a shot in the still room. We all wondered about her picking up the eraser, for it was one of the rules of school that all the pupils had to be polite. Miss Breen was very strict about that. Picking up things she dropped was part of being polite.

When she turned around to the class, her face was smeared from crying and from the chalk on her fingers. It really looked funny, but nobody laughed. And her eyes were very red and looked sore. I felt I oughtn't to look at her but I couldn't help it. Her voice was low and soft when she said, "That will be all today, boys and girls. School is dismissed."

Everyone of us felt sorry for her and two or three of the girls cried. We didn't jump out of our seats the way we usually did, but went quietly to get our hats and coats and lunch-boxes. We all said good-bye, but Miss Breen only nodded and smiled weakly and didn't say anything.

When we got outside the door, out of Miss Breen's sight, we started to run. The road was slippery with a thin coating of mud for it had been frozen hard with ice in the ruts, but the last two days had been warmer and the snow had melted and so had the surface underneath. A misstep might easily have meant a sprained ankle, though none of us thought of that. We were all in a breathless hurry to see if Charlie really was dead.

It was pretty hard to believe. I couldn't think that Charlie had been careless around the saw or that he had been drinking. My Pop always said about Charlie Hall that he was a real fellow whether he had been drinking cider or not. Charlie never drank anything else, and he never drank cider except in the Winter time for he said that was the only time it was worth drinking. No, Charlie couldn't have been drinking while he was working around the saw. And anyway, Charlie couldn't be dead. If anybody was dead in Hanley's mill it must be somebody else. It couldn't be Charlie. It just couldn't, that was all.

We ran down the road along the fence by Ransom's Woods, and then by his

pasture. On the other side of the road was a gravel pit where the road men had been taking out gravel up to the time of the heavy frosts. During the Summer I had sometimes gone down and kept tally for them. It was easy. All you did was drop a stone in a bucket for every yard they carted away. Ben Jacobs had driven Charlie's Ford truck on the job, and sometimes, when Charlie was not too busy at home, he'd drive the truck himself. My Pop didn't work with the roadmen and I liked to go down to the pit, for I'd hear all the talk and gossip there. Somebody was always telling about something that had happened before I was born or about hunting and fishing or logging or going on speers.

I'd drop a stone or two in the bucket and listen to the men talking as they leaned on their shovels or as they loaded the trucks. I wished I was bigger so I could help shovel. I liked the way the clean blades of the shovels slid into the piles of gravel which were always sliding down from the banks.

Generally I didn't run home from school. I liked to take my time. But I had to come this way, past the gravel pit, past the small cemetery, past Butt'nut Corners, and here I turned off, for Hanley's mill was just beyond the Corners. Beyond the mill I had another mile, up Banner Hill, then through the woods and home.

That morning, when I came down the hill, Old Hanley and Charlie were sawing and I stopped in the skidway to talk to them and Charlie had told me I had better keep out from under the saw-shed for there was ice on the floor. But he gave me a piece of chewing gum. Once when I plagued him, he had pared me off a slice of cut-plug to chew. It had made me sick as a dog. That evening Charlie came over to the house to tell Pop about it.

"I thought he might as well have it from me, wanting it so bad," Charlie said.

Pop had nodded. "You done him a favor, Charlie. It'll teach him a lesson. There are some things for men and some things for boys. You don't want another cut off Charlie's plug, do you, Jim?"

I hadn't forgotten that even though it was over a year ago.

It was hard to believe that Charlie was dead. I don't think any of us would have believed it if it hadn't been for the way Miss Breen cried and acted. Pete's coming for Phil didn't count as much as that. But Miss Breen made it seem real by crying. It was just as if Charlie had been one of us. And he was like one of us. He'd play horse-shoes, go berrying, fish or hunt butt'nuts with us any time he wasn't busy. Pop always said Charlie was just a kid and hadn't grown up, but there was something in the way Pop said it that made you think that what he meant wasn't as simple as that. And then, Pop and Charlie were good friends.

A lot of the older people treated Charlie like an outsider because he'd lived here only ten years. He had come down from up-State, but even so he was still an outsider. I think Pop was the only one who didn't treat him that way.

II

Running down the road from the school was a funny kind of race. We were all running hard. Luke and Andy, Harry and John, Leland, Clifford and me. First Andy would be ahead, his long legs swinging wildly back and forth. Then Leland, his yellow hair blowing back, his blue eyes worried and wide. Then Clifford, short and strong as an ox. It was a funny race for each of us seemed to want to be ahead, and yet didn't really want to be. We

wanted to get to Hanley's mill in a hurry and yet we were a little afraid of finding out what had really happened there.

I guess none of us wanted to see Charlie hurt or dead lying by the big, bright half-moon of the saw. The teeth of the saw were long and their edges sharp. Queer as he was about some things, old Hanley tended that saw as carefully as Mom tended my baby brother, Don. When it was going you couldn't see the teeth, it was just a shining half-moon of singing steel, and when it crept through a log, the log groaned in pain and the saw-blade sang with joy. It was the kind of thing you couldn't take your eyes away from, when it was going.

None of us boys were allowed in the mill when the saw was going, but we had all explored the place carefully when it was not. It was a fine place. All of us liked the mill and sometimes old Hanley let us swim in the mill pond even though he did cut ice there in the Winter. Pop said he'd lick me if he ever heard of me fooling around the mill, or swimming in the pond, and I knew Pop meant it. There were other places to swim. He didn't lick me often, but when he did, I didn't forget it in a hurry. Pop had a short grey beard and small grey eyes, but when he felt good and everything was going all right there were tiny lights in his eyes.

But Pop was all right. He allowed me an hour and a half to get home from school, and as Miss Breen had let us out half an hour early, there was plenty of time.

You might have thought there was a ghost after us the way we were running—hard, and yet as if something was holding us back. As we turned off at Butt'nut Corners, Harry was ahead and I was right behind him. Sometimes his foot would slip in the surface mud and leave a long,

smooth smear. The two girls, Mary and Gracie, were last of all.

Ransom's house was just beyond the Corners, and the mill a little further up the road. There were several teams and a crowd of men standing by the open side of the mill and the piles of logs ready to be rolled in on the skidway.

We ran in amongst the men and pushed our way to the side of the shed. But old Hanley hollered at us to keep out, and we stopped short, hearts thumping and disappointed. On account of the saw-carriage we couldn't get a good view of the floor.

Hanley was talking to Doctor Drake, and the doctor, while he was watching us, nodded his head gravely and listened. Hanley was talking in a low voice and pointing to beyond the saw-carriage. The doctor would turn and look where he pointed, then turn back and look at us. Once he stopped Hanley and said to us, "You boys had better go along home," but we only shuffled our feet and didn't move away. Then Doctor Drake seemed to forget us.

I turned to listen to the other men who were talking in groups behind us, and the last thing I heard the doctor say was, "All right, Hanley. I'll put it all in my report."

I saw Pop's chestnut mare and buggy standing on the other side of the road right at the bottom of the hill, so I knew I'd have to keep out of sight or he'd send me home. Pop didn't like things like this and wouldn't have let me stay. He wouldn't have been there himself only he was one of the Selectmen and I guess they had to find out all about it.

All the men were standing in groups of three or four talking and smoking or chewing. Harry and I had got separated from the other boys. We kept away from the new pile of fresh cut pine boards at the end of the shed. And it was a good

thing we did for I caught a glimpse of Pop and the two other Selectmen standing by them. Elmer Tracey, the head Selectman, was drawing something on the top board with a carpenter's pencil.

I had kind of lost interest as soon as I found out Charlie had been taken up to his house, and I was still far from sure he was dead, though there was something funny about it all. I had an idea that Charlie might be just playing a trick on them. I wanted to go up to the Hall place and see Charlie, but Harry wanted to stay and hear what the men were talking about.

"Sure he's dead," Harry whispered. "He's dead as a door-nail. Do you think all these men would be hanging around here if he wasn't?"

Harry had dark brown eyes and hair and his eyes glistened when he talked about Charlie being dead and I wanted to hit him. Then suddenly he said, "Come on over to the tower and see if there are any more bullet holes."

I nodded and we went over to a big, straight maple which was the tower and looked at the sap holes which we played were made by Indian bullets. Harry shook his head and we carefully examined the old drillings. At one side of the tree was a long pile of bark drying for tanning, and around the end of this stood three of the villagers talking. The villagers were great talkers and always seemed to have something to talk about. I wanted to go down to the pond and throw stones at the cakes of ice, for they were enemy battleships, but Harry held a finger to his lips and motioned me to sit down by him on a log. He was listening to the three men just around the corner of the pile of tan-bark. I knew two of the men and I listened.

Rob Howard was saying, "Hell, no, you're wrong. Charlie hadn't been drink-

ing. No, sir. What Hanley says is right. He did slip and fall. It was icy. Hanley should have cleaned the ice out."

Tom Clark answered, "He did fall, all right. But on purpose. He let himself fall on the saw."

Then the other man who I didn't know gave a short laugh. "You mean to say he stood with his back to the saw and fell on it?"

"That's what I think," said Clark. "The saw cut into his backbone and threw him off."

Rob Howard said, "If what you say is so, he went to an awful bother to do away with himself."

Then the other man laughed again. "They say Nellie Breen's going to have a kid."

"I don't believe that," said Rob.

"But if Clark's right, he put himself out of the way on her account."

"Sure, but I won't go as far as to say that."

The other man said, "Well, she lives there."

"That doesn't mean anything," said Rob.

"And Amie hates her."

"Amie hates everybody," Tom Clark said. "She's always been jealous and even wouldn't let Charlie go to Grange meetings for fear some other woman might smile at him."

There was a silence for a moment during which I heard my heart beating. I was trying to remember something I had heard said in the gravel pit last Summer about one of Amie and Charlie's quarrels, but I couldn't. Anyway, they were liars. Miss Breen was the best woman in the world, next to Mom. Harry's brown eyes had turned into big, black circles and he was chewing the thumb of one of his gloves. I motioned for him to come away, but he shook his head.

Then Rob Howard was saying, "Yes, but if he only wanted to kill himself why didn't he use a gun?"

"No," drawled Tom Clark. "That wouldn't have done at all. You see, Charlie had to make it look like an accident so that it wouldn't be too hard on the school-marm."

"But everybody will find out about it anyway if she's going to have a kid. They ought to chase her out of town. A school-marm carrying on like that!"

Rob Howard laughed. "I don't believe that. Nellie Breen's not that kind. Maybe she liked Charlie, but that's all. Everybody liked Charlie."

"Everybody but Amie," said Clark.

"Amie Hall is crazy," the other man said.

III

I saw Pop going up the hill in the buggy and I knew it was time for me to go home. I told Harry that I had to go, but he only nodded and sat there listening. I got up and walked to the road. If I shouted Pop would hear me and give me a lift, but I let him go. As soon as he got over the break of the hill the mare would trot and he'd soon be out of sight in the woods beyond Pete's place.

The hill was more muddy than the road from the school because it faced due south. The walking was hard and the higher I climbed the madder I got at the hill, at Harry for listening, at Amie Hall because she was crabbed and funny, and at Rob and Tom and the other man. They were all liars. Mom said I must always say "untruths", but what those men said were plain lies. They had dirty mouths and hadn't said one word of truth. I'd tell Pop what they said. He didn't like me to tell tales, but those men ought to be punished.

When I got to the top of the hill there was Pop sitting in the buggy, talking to Pete. When Pete saw me, they stopped and Pop turned and called, "Come on, Jim. I'll give you a lift. Time to be getting home to chores."

"Well," said Pete as I came up and climbed to the seat beside Pop, "I guess this business will clear up in time. But I don't like it, don't like it at all. You never can tell what Amie will do." Pete was a second cousin of Amie's.

Pop looked down at him sharply.

"Amie had better keep herself and her talk to home or she'll rue it. She's crazy as a loon and everybody knows she ought to be somewhere else."

Pete looked down at his boots and shrugged.

"Well, she's here, and that's that."

Pop took up the reins. "And if she wants to stay here she'd better be careful what she says is true, or can be proved."

Pete shrugged again. Pop jerked the reins and the mare started. Pop had a way of always getting the last word, except with Mom.

"Did you stop at the mill?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you heard a lot of talk, I guess. Well, it was just talk no matter what it was. Charlie Hall got killed on Hanley's saw. We're sure of that."

I nodded. It was hard to talk with Pop sometimes, because he liked to have his own way when he talked.

We reached the edge of the flat which stretched beyond Pete's place and started up another grade which wound into the woods. Where the road entered the woods there was a big pine with a broken top like a sentinel who had been wounded. The woods were thick with popple, birch and scrub pine. There were a few maples and elms, but not many.

Pop didn't say anything more, but after awhile I said, "Miss Breen isn't going to have a baby, is she?" I was worried about how Miss Breen would teach school with a baby to take care of.

"Forget that," said Pop. "You oughtn't to hang around listening to those dirty-mouthed gossips. They ought to be horse-whipped." Then after awhile he added, "So far as anybody knows, Nellie Breen isn't going to have a baby. Nobody knows that she is." We drove on a way further, then Pop said, "Miss Breen's all right. There's certain people in the village who don't like her. But she's a good teacher and tends to her own affairs. And she's a lady. She wouldn't do anything like that. Nor would Charlie have."

"Charlie's all right, too," I said. "Is Charlie dead?"

Pop nodded. He drove on in silence for awhile, his grey eyes resting on the mare's rump. But finally he said, "Miss Breen is coming to our place to live. We'll have to look after her and take good care of her. If I was you," and he smiled grimly, "I'd give any boy a licking who says anything like that." Then he looked down at me closely. "Only be careful."

I was surprised, for Pop had always been strict about fighting. If I was in the wrong he'd lick me himself. If I was in the right he'd only grunt and want to know if I was hurt.

I was still thinking about this and what I'd do to Harry if he so much as whispered what he and I had overheard, when we crossed the height of land and dipped down into our little valley and soon came up behind the barn. It was almost dark here, for the sun had set.

I hitched the mare and followed Pop into the kitchen. Miss Breen was standing there talking to Mom, who was holding the baby in her arms. I was surprised that

she had got over so soon and I think Pop was too. Miss Breen had been crying and Mom didn't look as stern as she usually did.

"You're very welcome here, Miss Breen," Pop said. "We all want you to make yourself to home and be one of the family. We're plain folk and what we have, you're welcome to."

"Thank you, Mr. Lewis. I appreciate your kindness. Hello, Jim."

"Hello."

"Did Phil drive you over?" Pop asked.

Miss Breen shook her head. "I came afoot."

"But what about your things?"

Miss Breen looked worried. "Amie said I couldn't have them. She said I had no right to leave and that she was going to keep my things in lieu of board for the rest of the year." Miss Breen's eyes looked watery and she was very near tears.

"Well," said Mom, "I'll drive over after supper and tell her a thing or two. I never did have much time for Amie Hall."

Pop nodded. "We'll both go. I have to go anyway. Jim can take care of the baby. It won't take long to go over and back. We'll fetch your things, Miss Breen. Just don't worry about it any more."

Miss Breen was feeling better when Pop and I went out to do the chores. While we were milking he asked, "Who did you hear talking that way about Miss Breen?"

"Rob Howard, Tom Clark and another man I didn't know."

And after awhile: "What did they say about Amie?"

"They said she was crazy and jealous, too."

Pop grunted. We finished the chores and shut up the stable. Outside, just before going into the kitchen, he said, "Forget what you heard." And almost to himself, "Amie is crazy. She ought to be in a home."

At supper nothing was said about Charlie. Mom had changed her dress and was ready to go. Pop talked about how the roadmen had spent too much money and how the teachers of all the district schools ought to be getting half again as much as they were. But Miss Breen didn't have much to say. She just answered Pop and Mom and beside that she was quiet.

IV

Miss Breen went into her room right after Pop and Mom drove off and I read the *New England Homestead* for awhile. Then the baby woke up and I got his bottle and gave it to him. While I was standing there holding the warm bottle in the baby's mouth, Miss Breen came out of her room again. She had on Mom's heavy night-robe which she wore when she got up to tend to the baby.

"Hadn't we better change him, Jim?"

"I guess so," I answered. And I took the bottle away while she got a diaper and picked him up. The kid was soaking wet.

"I'll do it," I offered.

"I don't mind," she said and laid him on the kitchen table and changed him. When she was through she put him back in the basket and I gave him the rest of the bottle.

Miss Breen was sitting by the table looking at the *Homestead* when I finished. And after I put the bottle on the drain she said, "Did you stop at the mill on the way home?"

"Yes. All the boys did, and Mary and Gracie. But Charlie wasn't there."

She nodded. "Charlie was home. Amie wouldn't let me see him." Then, putting down the paper, "You and I are good friends, Jim. And we're going to be better friends. Did you hear any talk at the mill?"

She sat watching me. Her blue eyes were dark in the lamplight and there were no signs of tears. For a moment I didn't say anything, then I nodded. "I did hear the men talking."

"What did they say?"

"I can't tell you. Pop told me to forget what I heard. He said he'd lick me if I told anybody."

Miss Breen smiled. "Did he mean you shouldn't tell me?"

I shook my head. "He didn't say so. He said I was not to say anything to anybody."

"Your father liked Charlie, didn't he?"

"Oh yes."

She picked up the paper again, but I knew she couldn't be reading it. "Did you hear that Charlie and I were lovers?" she asked.

I looked at her. Then, "I'm not sure. I heard that Amie was jealous."

Miss Breen nodded. "Amie *is* jealous. She was angry this afternoon. She put me out of the house. What else did you hear?"

I was sorry, but I had to say, "Pop wouldn't like it if I told."

Miss Breen smiled again. "You're a good boy, Jim. And your father's a good man. Did you hear that I was going to have a baby?"

"Yes."

She got up. She seemed to forget all about me. She walked to the stove and stood looking down at the sighing tea-kettle. Then after a bit she walked to the window and looked out. It was dark and I doubted if she could see even the shape of the barn. Then I got the idea that she might be watching for the lantern on the buggy. But all at once she turned and came back and put her small hands on my shoulders. Her hair was deep gold and even in the lamplight and with Mom's old night-robe on she was beautiful. If

Charlie and she had been in love with each other they were lucky and I couldn't blame either of them.

Her voice was very soft. "I'm not going to have a baby, Jim. And I'm not going to let them drive me away from here. I don't know why I'm telling you this, but I have to have a friend, and you can tell your father. I can't. Maybe he'll understand. I'm not going to have a baby. Charlie and I were good friends. Charlie knew how to be a good friend and he knew all about the good things and the fun in life. We did love each other, but not in the way people think—the way you probably heard about. I loved Charlie the way I would a brother. And he didn't kill himself on my account as everyone will say." She shook her head. "That's not true."

Miss Breen took her hands from my shoulders and went back to sit by the table. I was so nervous I couldn't think of anything to say. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes.

"Charlie didn't kill himself on my account. But he did —"

All of a sudden she got up. "I don't think I can tell you, Jim. The important thing is that I'm not going to have a baby. There was never anything like that between Charlie and me. We were simply good friends. That's what people can't or don't want to understand."

She walked to the door of her room.

"Good night, Jim. You're a good boy."

"Good night, Miss Breen. I hope you'll be warm enough."

She nodded absentmindedly and said, "Charlie killed himself. Yes, he did. He did it because Amie is going to have a child. Amie's crazy. He knew it. I know it. And Phil has spells sometimes. But he's never had one at school. Charlie hid them as well as he could. But I know he has

them. Believe me, I loved Charlie. Amie is going to have a baby and Charlie couldn't stand the thought ——"

I turned for I heard the mare and buggy outside. I don't know exactly what I did, but Miss Breen's door was shut when I looked back again. I went in my own room and started undoing my shirt. Mom came in and then Pop with Miss Breen's trunk. I called good night.

I heard Pop knock on Miss Breen's door and tell her he'd got the trunk and things. Then Mom said something about her being comfortable and having enough covers. And Pop said, for he must have heard Miss Breen crying:

"Now, now, no need to go on like that, Miss Breen. You're one of us now. I know

it must have been hard up there. We've arranged for Amie to be taken away tomorrow, to the State Home. Young Phil's going up-State to live with a brother of Charlie's. I told the other Selectmen long ago that Amie ought to be in a home."

Then Mom, "And there's something else, too ——"

"Now, now," came Pop's voice a little louder.

Then the baby started to cry and Mom took him up and laid into Pop in good style for waking him. I was falling off to sleep but I had to laugh to myself, for Pop wouldn't take a dressing-down from anybody but Mom and I was tickled every time she told him a thing or two, I can tell you.

THE SOCIAL REGISTER

BY GERALD HOLLAND

THE Social Register was founded in 1887 by Louis Keller, a gay dog. Because of his vast acquaintance, so the official legend goes, he responded to the suggestions of friends that he tabulate the prominent families of New York. Two years before he had helped to launch the gossip magazine, *Town Topics*. He produced the first Register as a booklet of 100 pages containing a few hundred names. There was an appendix devoted to the Patriarch and Assembly balls, a list of the best clubs, and another of the box-holders at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The idea took hold at once. Society was charmed, and the necessity for an annual edition was immediately evident. Keller was nothing loath. He found his tabulations absorbing, and his list grew steadily through marriages, though it was occasionally depleted by unfortunate alliances. He checked and cross-checked for bad blood, ever jealous of his rigid standards. He amused himself by compiling the vital statistics of Society and presented his findings, from time to time, for the edification of the masses.

Soon he undertook to spread the idea to Boston, Philadelphia and Washington. On every hand it was proclaimed a wow. Keller began to perceive that he had something. Incorporated as the Social Register Association, the business went forging ahead. Today there are separate editions of the Register for Washington, Baltimore, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Pitts-

burgh, San Francisco and Buffalo. Philadelphia shares its book with Wilmington, and Cleveland is joined to Cincinnati and Dayton. Until 1928 there were editions for Providence, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Detroit, Richmond, Savannah, Charleston and Atlanta, but they did not pay.

At the beginning, Keller did not foresee this bustling business, refined yet able to pay a fat income tax. So far as it was concerned he always displayed a certain contempt for money. He refused steadfastly many handsome advertising propositions—some proffered, no doubt, in the hope that their donors might be admitted to the sacred text. The Register, he decided, was to be no mere mug-book.

Keller was the son of one Charles M. Keller, a patent lawyer of French birth, and of Héloïse Chazournes, a native New Yorker. He began his happy career at 128 Madison avenue in 1857. His father was possessed of more than modest means—enough to permit the boy to move in the better circles. And move he did with consummate grace until his end in 1922.

But he was no idler. When the elder Keller left him a small fortune, he surveyed the field of industry for some genteel undertaking that would look well with his morning coat. He decided to make guns. But that was not quite it. After a brief fling, he determined, since he had inherited some property in New Jersey, to have a go at dairy farming. Now he was getting warm.

He gradually extended his holdings, and when, in the 90's, the British game of golf seized the attention of a fickle Society he found himself in a strategic position. At once alive to his opportunity, he hurriedly mobilized associates from the topmost stratum and with all possible haste ironed his meadows into a golf course. He threw up a clubhouse and designated the estate the Baltusrol Golf Club—one of the first in America. Here again—coming after *Town Topics* and the Register—was a stroke of genius. Society was enchanted. Bankers left their Wall Street counting rooms to wheeze over the links while Tenth avenue hooted at this new decadence of the classes.

Solidly entrenched socially by now, Louis Keller soon emerged as one of the town's first hosts. He gave pretty dances and royal dinners and his French blood imparted to each a majestic flourish. He won a permanent place on the toniest invitation lists. His business interests widened for all his frivolity, and presently he was definitely rid of financial worries. Yet he was careless of money and fled his earthly shackles with a mere \$300,000 or so.

But his affection for the Social Register never wavered. Before he died at his home in Cranton he stipulated that Bertha Eastmond, a trusted associate, be made its secretary for life, and that she receive one-tenth of the annual profits. He expired committing his treasure to her tender care and to that of his nephew, the impeccable Charles Keller Beekman. In his will he wrote, shrewdly, that they were never to surrender the charge "unless and until a flattering offer is obtained from persons who will conduct it upon the same lines, and who can be relied upon to maintain the standards which I have established."

II

The memory of Louis Keller has not been betrayed. To the State the Social Register Association may be just one more corporation, but to those who direct its affairs it is a sacred college. August, aloof and with a kingly pride it goes its way. It beams upon the righteous; it shudders for the indiscreet. It has little to say for public consumption, and when it does speak a chaste release to the press is handed down with the solemnity and finality of a papal bull. These rare statements report the marriages and deaths among the elect, or perhaps Society's boredom with Continental travel and a compensatory addiction to the South Seas.

But despite its lofty mien the Social Register is really a very democratic book. Measured by Mrs. Astor's standards, the 27,000 names recognized among New York's 7,000,000 constitute a staggering minority. Ward McAllister, that fragile flower, no doubt spins in his tomb when he thinks of them. Minton's List, an informal predecessor of the Register, was scarcely more generous than McAllister with his 400. And Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, working from her grandmother's visiting list, once pared the really important families of New York down to the Bards, Barclays, Bronsons, Buchanans, Delafields, Duers, Fishes, Emmetts, Glovers, Hoffmanns, Jays, Kings, Lynches, McVickers, Mortons, Renwicks, Rutherfords, Schuylers, Stuyvesants, and Van Rensselaers.

Still, if the Social Register is not a directory of New York's really and truly first families, it doubtless does present a reasonably accurate roster of those who are commonly invited about. Current Society, obviously, is not that of the Astors and Whitneys of 1890. The pompous din-

ners and glittering balls of their era are as dead as Jesse James.

The Better People of today are selected by the Social Register's Advisory Committee, which includes Miss Eastmond and Mr. Beekman; Morton Bogue, Mr. Beekman's law partner; Ralph Wolcott, attorney for the Keller estate, and Mrs. Townsend Ashmore. Although the personal approval of any one of these is usually sufficient for admission, it is Miss Eastmond who really runs the show. She is the high priestess of the holy book, though Mr. Beekman usually has his word and Mrs. Ashmore is accorded deference on account of her exhaustive knowledge of the older New York families.

Of course, the committee sits only on important cases. It does not bother with the small fry in the sticks. The decisions then, save perhaps in cases of national scandal, are left to local correspondents—in Boston to Mrs. John Attridge; in Washington to Mrs. Effingham Towne; in Baltimore to Miss Nannie Poor; in Chicago to Miss Florence Rice; and in San Francisco to Mrs. Jacques Henricki.

The Register relies upon these provincial ladies to check the proofs each year for local marriages and deaths. Thus they are persons of consequence in their home towns. Ambitious mothers fawn upon them, and they can write their own ticket to any party. The Register is not very strict outside New York. In fact, it's rather on the lookout for plausible names.

Curiously enough, it finds the small-townners frequently indifferent. When it went into St. Paul, since dropped, it listed 1000 names, sent a book and a bill for \$5 to each, and waited for the money to roll in. One hundred and fifty books were sold. Many kept the books and sent no money.

While the best people have always

frowned on brewing, the Social Register admits every last one of the Busches in St. Louis. In New York, however, not a Ruppert or an Ehret rates a line. Yet the Rupperts antedate the Busches in America and have almost as much money.

Detroit, also given up as a bad job, had a local competitor, the Social Secretary. When the Register got up its list, Miss Sarah Burnham, of the Secretary, sniffed and said: "I do not consider that the Social Register uses very good discretion." But the final blow in that town was the heresy of Mrs. William A. McGraw, high in society. She exclaimed:

Why, it's perfect nonsense! One person is every bit as good as another. Anyway, I spend half my time now throwing invitations into the wastebasket.

Nevertheless, the Social Register still finds business good. It serves its subscribers with an annual edition appearing in November, and a Summer edition published in June. It maintains the accuracy of these with Dilatory Domiciles, two supplements appearing in December and January. In addition, it urges the purchase, as an "essential adjunct", of the Locater, an index of all the names in all the Registers—a total of almost 100,000.

It sells the Register for \$7 and throws in the Locater for \$2 more. Any two cities, with the Locater, go for \$15. Send in \$50 and you get the works.

Anyone may buy a copy. Newspapers are excellent customers and smart shops find the Register a mailing list of incalculable value.

III

In its selections and ejections it is the most inconsistent oracle of all time. It reverses itself constantly and complacently. Money alone will not get one in, nor will the

sudden loss of it put one out. There is a strong prejudice against the stage, yet exceptions have been made. The breath of scandal is nearly always fatal, but there is a case of Register people going to jail without loss of caste. This much is fairly certain: one may not marry chambermaids, nurses, chorus girls, prizefighters, song writers, truck drivers, policemen or subway guards. One of the elect must not become involved in an unsavory divorce suit; if he (or she) does so the Register will pitch him (or her) out, with no questions asked. But sin quietly, and the Register will not be unkind.

Jews have been heard to complain of discrimination, but this is probably mere complaining. To be sure there are no Warburgs listed, but there is certainly an Otto Kahn. The younger Kahn, Roger Wolfe, remained in good standing throughout his career with a night club orchestra, but he was released when he married Hannah Williams, a musical comedy actress.

Arthur Brisbane has as nice a line as any Vanderbilt. So has Maury Paul, the Cholly Knickerbocker of the *New York American*. But their boss, William Randolph Hearst, for all his pelf and penthouses, is ignored. The Pulitzers, however, are in. And William Randolph Hearst, Jr., is listed in San Francisco.

Patrick Cardinal Hayes is admitted and so is his brother of the mitre, Bishop William T. Manning, the sky high Episcopalian. But there is no Harry Emerson Fosdick on the list, and no John Haynes Holmes, and no S. Parkes Cadman.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is listed, as is his right by blood, but the governorship could not do as much for Al Smith. They have to carry a President, though—even a Harding, a Coolidge or a Hoover. Jimmy Walker couldn't make the grade nor

could New York's town dandy, Grover Whalen, though he canters through Central Park with the grace of a lord.

Frequently a gentleman will be listed and his brother omitted. So one finds Ralph Beaver Strassburger in and Perry Beaver Strassburger out, Bernard Baruch in and Sailing Baruch out. Harry Sinclair was dropped like a hot chestnut after the oil scandals.

The disfavor accorded the stage has kept the Barrymores out, and Hope Williams lost her place when she left Park avenue for Broadway. Eleanor Hutton, daughter of the broker and breadline proprietor, was apparently ousted for eloping, over parental objections, with Preston Sturges, a playwright. But Ruth Draper is in and Mrs. August Belmont, the former Eleanor Robson of the stage, has managed to stick.

As in her case, one may marry into the Social Register. The committee scrutinizes the aspirant and if he has no glaring flaws, such as a horse-car driver one generation back, it may admit him. Such was the good fortune of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

In almost all cases the Register gives offenders against its code a year's grace. If a young lady of rank and fortune should lose her heart to the cop on the beat, it will note the romance in this fashion:

PENNYFEATHER, Miss Eloise *m.* at Greenwich O'Reilly, Dominick

Then it will throw out the pair of them for their nonsense. This was the experience of Miss Polly Lauder when she married Mr. Tunney, the boxing gentleman.

But sometimes the offense is too flagrant for any temporizing. Miss Ellin Mackay, the Postal Telegraph heiress, was dropped instantly on her marriage, and her husband, Irving Berlin, one time a

singing waiter, received not a nod. Like Lucifer, Mr. Berlin has leading citizens for company. Charley Schwab isn't in either.

When William W. Willock, son of the steel millionaire, married Adelaide Ingebretsen, a chambermaid, in 1929, the Register carried the bride for a year on a separate line. It extended the same courtesy to Alice Jones, the octoroon who married Leonard Kip Rhinelander in 1925. On the latter occasion, Mrs. James E. Stillman, previously ousted during her divorce suit, remarked crisply:

"My, it's getting to be just like the telephone directory!"

Theoretically, anyone may apply for admission. The ritual demands, however, that the approbation of several families already listed be first obtained. The name is then referred to the Advisory Committee along with the following information:

Mr.	
Mrs.	
Maiden name	
Winter address	
Address next Summer	
Name of country house	
Winter phone	
Summer phone	
Name and class of yacht	
Club membership	
College.....Year of graduation.....	
Adults	
Juniors	

Obviously, the Social Register is not to be dazzled by a mere two-car family.

Practically, any name unsinged by scandal and untarnished by a recent condition of servitude, if it be supported by a fair list of club memberships, will go over. This is especially true in the provinces.

The listing system is quite intricate. For instance, Mr. Beekman, of the staff, is carried in this way:

BECKMAN, Charles Keller, UN. UV. K.
Sa. Ny. Dt. bg. Ss. Lm. Snc. Cl '89.

These mysterious letters mean that Mr. Beekman has paid up his dues at the Union, University, Knickerbocker, St. Anthony, New York Yacht, Downtown, Baltusrol Golf and South Side Sportsmen's Clubs, and that he is a member of the Colonial Lords of the Manor and of the St. Nicholas Society and a Columbia graduate of '89. To such data are appended telephone numbers and town and country addresses—all useful for reference, so that hostesses may comb their invitation lists for impurities and tabloid headline writers may say unerringly:

SOCIAL REGISTERITE DIES IN
LEAP

IV

In New York the Social Register Association renders still another service. Every two years it undertakes to determine the exact social centre of the city—the point, that is, about which Society is most heavily concentrated. The sainted Keller was accustomed to write signed articles in the Sunday supplements about this ebb and flow of blue blood. He even made bold to hazard where future social centres would lie, and was, incidentally, pretty far off.

In 1820, the centre was at Bowling Green. In forty years, it had moved up Broadway to Bond and Lafayette streets. Twenty years later it was at Twentyninth street and Fifth avenue and from there it crept slowly up Fifth avenue. In 1930, it was surprised in the areaway of the John Chandler Moores' town house on the upper East Side. Now it is on Madison avenue in the seventies.

The centre is determined by means of a strip of wood called the "plank of ele-

gance". With profound ceremony, it is divided on one side into the streets of the city and marked off on the other into the avenues. Dainty cards with names of Register people are pinned to their addresses. Then by a highly involved mathematical formula, hardly of earthly inspiration, the centre is calculated to the fineness of a pin point. The scholars are most painstaking.

This is a disinterested public service. There is no fee, and no profit accrues to the Register unless one counts several yards of space in the *New York Times* and other of the local journals.

But the Register flourishes. There was an investor who offered \$600,000 for it in 1928.

It has always been jealous of its virtual monopoly, and did not hesitate to take to the field to rout a Jersey upstart who tried to muscle in a few years back. It does, perforce, suffer a number of competitors but these enemies are outclassed. The biggest of them skipped its 1931 edition.

In the eagerness of the press to oblige, the Register escapes the heavy toll of advertising that is the cross of most businesses. But then its editors do not like to think of their service as a business. The sizable annual profit they regard much in the manner, say, that Billy Sunday looks upon the voluntary offerings of the brethren—as a mere incident in the work of the Lord.

PAGES FROM THE BOOK OF BEER

BY BOB BROWN

BEEER in Western Europe was first brewed in the home, as it is in America today. Brewing was not organized into an industry until the great year 800 A.D., when, for private profit and public convenience, a brewery was established at Föhring near Munich. This brewery was the first on record. But others followed very quickly.

In 815 the Church of John the Baptist at Oberföhring sent its yearly tribute to the Bishop of Freising in the form of one young wild boar, two fat hens, one goose, and a wagon-load of beer (*una carrada de cervisa*). Bishops then as now were fully as much concerned with their physical comforts as with their spiritual welfare. In 819 the tribute paid to another bishop consisted of forty loaves of bread, one pig, three young wild boars, three hens, fifteen eggs, and three barrels of beer.

The first organized brewing was a monopoly of the Bavarian monks. They brewed two qualities: a good, strong, holier-than-thou beer for the clergy, and a poor, weak-sinner sort for the laity. This last was known as *Afterbier*, which is to say, hind-quarter beer, dregs beer, mock beer, near beer. It was a bad-tasting, bad-smelling flimsy small beer specially brewed for charitable purposes and sold freely by the all-powerful bishops and their vicars everywhere to beggars, pilgrims, lay brothers, docile nuns and strangers within their gates.

The favorite refreshments of the clergy

themselves were fine bread and their own special brew. In the Tenth Century, at the St. Gallerkloster, Deacon Ekkehart distinguished himself and made many converts to the ascetic life by serving seven meals a day to his friars, all with bread, and five with strong beer as well. There was no share-and-share-alike nonsense in the souls of the medieval church fathers. Rather than "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," their motto was "Heads I win, tails you lose." The laity never got a chance to quaff anything better than *Afterbier* except on very special holy days.

Afterbier was said to be of a strength about equal to water. Forty-four glasses of it contained the same amount of alcohol as one glass of wine. It would come well within the American half-percent outrage of today. The monks rightly considered it fit only for laymen and nuns. It sometimes went by the derisive names of *Covent*, *Kofent*, or *Klosterbier*, to separate it from the pure and potent *Patresbier* reserved by the rev. fathers in God.

In those happy days in Bavaria every beggar who climbed up the hill to a monastery had the right to one *Pfennig* in cash alms, but as a glass of *Afterbier* cost more than that *Pfennig*, and as every mendicant arrived dry at the hill-top and stood whetting his thirst while waiting for his penny to be handed out at the alms window, the gift was merely a grand gesture, a diplomatic lure, a small rebate on the

first glass consumed by the wayfarer. The beer was so generously watered that the Villons of the period sometimes called it window sweat.

Tempted by the *Pfennig* bait, as loafers used to be seduced into American saloons by the free lunch, the ragamuffins brought all their hard-begged pennies up to the nearest monastery to exchange for beer. They came to quaff and remained to pay. Thus all the riff-raff of the time were set begging to buy beer for the aggrandizement of the monastery. Beer was good business; beggars had no bottom at all; they were great gaping thirsty wells. Charity began at home, and the monks of medieval Bavaria took care that it stayed there.

Under Charlemagne's successors the German church took over definitely the guardianship of beer, in addition to its other heavy chores, spiritual and cultural. Beer and the true faith entered into a covenant of brotherhood. All holy days and every transcendental event in the life of a Christian, from baptism through christening and marriage to death, were made glorious by liberal libations of beer. A special brew called *Kindelbier* was given to mothers to celebrate the baptism of their babes. Beers took their names from saints, and served in place of wine on Corpus Christi and other occasions. The blessing of an exceptional brew called for a ritual in the church as impressive as the blessing of a pack of fox-hounds by a bishop of the Church of England.

Rector Johannes Hübner has recorded the fact that Zerbster *Bitterbier* was a tipple that hauled in every sinner as far away as Hamburg. When the Fall brewing of it began, a panegyric was pronounced over it by Rector Johannes in person, with all purple and pomp. An impressive litany opened the service, the rector read the

office and blessed the brew, and a solemn *Te Deum* was sung at the end. After the service the townspeople went to the tap-room of the brewery, where the event was celebrated all over again with drink and song:

*Zerbster Bier und Rheinischer Wein
Dabei wollen wir lustig sein.*

Zerbster beer and Rhine wine
Make us feel gay and fine.

All the Bavarian monasteries issued daily rations of beer to the monks and lay-workers as part of the wages of their sweat and sanctity. They also made effective use of beer in popularizing church attendance. As I have said, extra beer was issued to the faithful on all holy days. Ordinary holy days called for the modern equivalent of one liter extra; special ones like Palm Sunday and Easter were commemorated by the gift of two. The attendance on two-liter days was always large. So were the collections. Even little children, who went thirsty on ordinary saints' days, were given a free pint apiece at Easter. The musicians and the choir wetted their whistles with a gallon each.

All children, regardless of sex, were entitled to a liter as a reward for their first communion. When they grew up and got married they rated half a gallon together, since two can drink as cheaply as one, if one doesn't drink as much as the other. The libation ceremony, in which the bride and groom drank from the same two-quart bowl, was no small part of the wedding. Some licentious lusers were accused of getting married just for the beer. On Holy Thursday, for some pious reason, now forgotten, only half a liter was handed out to the poor penitents, and in consequence many stayed at home, excusing themselves on the ground of headaches, halitosis, athlete's foot, and the like.

II

In the Thirteenth Century brewing gradually left the willing hands of the monks and was taken over by the princes and free towns as a producer of taxes. Beer and taxes became as inseparable as death and taxes. Beer was liquid money. It flowed like yellow gold into the municipal vats in payment of duties and fines, and was re-sold to the public by the city fathers. Because of these taxes many private families took up their own brewing once more, and soon the princely, municipal and independent breweries combined to put most of the monks out of business.

Wherever the water was good (and Munich's Isar river water was soon found perfect) breweries bubbled up. In 1255 Duke Ludwig the Strong installed a brew-house close to his castle, where he could keep as interested an eye on it as George Washington later kept on his distillery. It is not known whether Ludwig had the beer piped right up to his bedside, but the old castle with its brewery still stands in Munich. It is known as the Alten Hof and in its ancestral halls linger the ghosts of thousands of renowned beer-drinkers, whishing through, leaving stimulating whiffs of malt and halos of hops behind. The duke imposed the first known beer tax in 1286, doubtless to keep others out of the racket.

Rudolf von Hapsburg, a knight, was the first to ballyhoo his favorite brand. Back in Erfurt, in 1290, he made the beer of one Bustede famous by reeling around the streets of the old town, swinging his sword in one hand and waving a bubbling stein in the other, shouting the while: "Come in, come in! Bustede's beer is fine! The best in town, God's tooth! Only zanies drink any beer except Herr Siegfried von Bustede's best!"

By 1400 beer rivalry had become intense. In that bitter year a feud broke out between the Górlitz people and the Zittauers over the question as to which had the biggest copper brewing-kettle. Kettles and tuns were unbelievably big then; the mouths of brewery doorways arched thirty-five feet across, and were as high in proportion, to permit the passage of slow, sleepy-eyed ox teams with their creaking loaded carts. Two span of oxen were needed to haul the huge barrels, as gigantic as the wooden horse of Troy. The Górlitz and Zittauer breweries scrapped brew-pan after brew-pan, each in the hope of ending up with the largest, just as navies were later to compete for the prestige of having the largest dreadnaught.

In 1328 the celebrated Spatenbräu of Munich was born. Hackerbräu followed in 1417. It has always clung to its original escutcheon: two primitive wood-choppers' axes, crossed in an eternal X. The Bavarian Keller, overlooking the Theresienweise, a hanging beer garden, has seen steins tossed and frothed since 1422. Spoeckmeyer's old brewery, still standing across from the Drei Rosen, opened in 1450 and was recently absorbed by a bigger brewery. It continues to serve a notable *Weisswurst* in its present functioning as the oldest eating place in Munich. On April 24, 1481, the Pschorrbrauhaus held its grand opening and threw the front door key away. In 1486 Jacob Saylmayer opened his Leistbrauerei in the Sentlingerstrasse.

Beer in those days was cheap and good all over Western Europe. It had settled into two classifications—a strong double beer, called two-*Pfennig* beer; and mere beer, which sold for one *Pfennig*. These classifications still exist today, though the price has been multiplied by fifty. By the end of the Fifteenth Century there were thirty-eight breweries in Munich alone.

Wilhelm IV issued a proclamation in 1516 to protect the sterling reputation of Bavarian beer at home and abroad. He specified that it should be brewed of barley, hops, yeast and water, *and nothing else*. This law is still enforced; it holds Bavarian beer high, an example to all other beers, including Pilsner. But Wilhelm was not the first in his line, for as early as 1290, in Nürnberg, substitutes for barley were forbidden by court decrees. In 1566 Duke Albert V prohibited the use of wheat in brewing, on the ground that it gave neither nourishment nor strength.

By the Sixteenth Century beer had been standardized throughout Germany. It was reared to vigorous beerhood by the loving care of a succession of godfathers, by some of whose names it still goes today—outstanding among them, Herren Broyhan, Mumme and Gose. Christian Mumme ushered in the century, the Golden Age of beer, by creating the first *Exportbier*, still called *Schiffsmumme* in his honor. A poet named Tiede wrote a long pæan in his praise. It ends:

Der Dummel! Der Dummel!
Ein jedes Lob verstumme
Vor Mummel!

The poem points out with spirit that anyone too silly to praise Christian Mumme is nothing but a great big dummy. He was contemporary with Christopher Columbus, and in Munich he is celebrated as Columbus's peer. He discovered the best beer known in his day: strong, hoppy, satisfying, happy suds. He comes down to us in a statue with a glass held high in his hand.

Mumme not only invented a new type of beer; he also rose from the humble rank of keg-washer to the elevation of First Beer Booster, the original *Todsäufer*. He sailed the seas with his kegs to England and Holland, offering everybody a free

taste, seeking customers for German beer. He discovered uncharted markets, gave his name to new-found seas of beer, brought beer up to the height of Big Business, as Wrigley did with chewing gum. His house is a museum sought today by all true beer-worshippers. On the wall behind his statue hangs the backbone of a whale, a souvenir of his intrepid voyages, half-seas over, and a symbol of his size in beer history.

Conrad Broyhan, a Hannoverian brewer, was another beer Columbus. Without travel there is no life, say the Germans. Without Broyhan's travel there would be no such nectar as tap-beer today. In his wander-years he sampled all the good beers, searching always for something bigger and better. In the port of Hamburg he tried the imported English ales. They took his fancy, and he conceived the idea of combining the bitterness of ale (which is still called plain "bitter" in its English home) with the syrupy sweetness of Bavarian beer.

Back in Hannover, he developed a drink to which his name was given, soon metamorphosed into *Bräuhahn*: tap-beer. It is as common a name in Germany today as *Lager*, which means any stored or aged brew. *Bräuhahn* set the world standard: it became a gauge of good quality and taste. The revered and regretted national beverage of America was always of the tap-beer type, though in some cases it slipped sadly from the pedestal on which Conrad Broyhan placed it firmly in the Sixteenth Century. In 1546 a copper coin was minted to commemorate his splendid service to humanity. He was still alive at the time, and remained a highly esteemed citizen of Hannover until his death.

Einbeck is another name preserved in the Hall of Beer Fame. By contraction, the beer of Einbeck became known as *Bock*.

Made in Hannover, *Bock* beer was an outstanding drink in Western Europe from the Fourteenth Century onward. Before the year 1500 it was shipped to the Scandinavian countries. It is still ceremoniously drunk on the first of May, and reaches its highest expression in Munich.

When Martin Luther concluded his long speech before the Reichstag in Worms his flagging spirits and weary body were both revived by thoughtful Duke Eich von Braunschweig, who pressed a full quart of Einbecker on him and watched him drink it down. Luther, though the father of a stern fanaticism, was not averse to beer. He took it as a matter of course. At Johannes Fischart's Becherrastrum in Leipzig he drank his daily dozen. Probably he drank *Gose*, named for its founder, the brand that Leipzig favored for so long that *Gose* is now a synonym there for beer.

III

In German towns where there was no resident royalty the hosts and hostesses of the local taverns became the first families, held in high esteem as dignified dispensers of the joy of life. The *Wirt* wore a reddish brown great coat, sweepingly tailored from shoulder to skirt, and adorned with huge silver buttons. The landlady's smooth round bodice was clasped together by smaller buttons of chased silver. Stately in lace cap and puffed sleeves, she stood beside her lord and his beer barrel, both about the same size and shape. An apron of fine cloth held in the ripples of her elaborately pleated skirt. A painted fan fluttered like a captive bird in her hand. Her lord stood in silver-buckled shoes, satin-breeched to the knees, white-stockinged below, swinging with gold chains and mounted boars' teeth, his smiling face haloed in sweeping long hair, a rich snuff-

box extended in his welcoming warm hand.

Those were the days of great tavern drinkers, when men on rising drank three or four quarts to get up an appetite for breakfast. At dusk the tavern began to fill with clients in ruffles and jerkins, smelling of leather. They ran drinking races against time. The victor was the fellow who could down his steins fastest, dispatch the greatest number, and lay the empties around him in heaps, before the last grain of sand choked through the throat of the hourglass. His reward was more beer. The sight of the dry sand was a spur. Camel-thirsty, they sped over the sands of time to hang up great wet records.

Official beer bouts were ordered by the *Bürgermeister*, and conducted and judged by him in person. Every new brew must be sampled by him, in a select company which included the market-master and the sheriffs and bailiffs, all dressed in special beer-testing pants of heavy yellow leather. They sat down to pass judgment officially on the brew by drinking, *without rising*, for three mortal hours by the sandglass. The most emphatic rule of all proper beer-drinking bouts is that the contenders must remain seated to the end; a competitor who leaves the table for any reason whatever, be it only to powder his nose, is instantly disqualified.

A story is still told in Munich of an old-time brewer who challenged a bold knight to drink of his beer with him, quart for quart. It was agreed that the winner would be the man who could thread a needle with two-ply twine at the finish, whilst standing storkwise on one leg. After each gallon the test was made. As gallon after gallon went the way of all beer the knight at last began to wobble. At the twelfth proof his leg gave way and he slid under the table with the needle unthreaded.

"My bock has butted him over!" quoth the exultant brewer, still standing on one leg and thrusting his string as accurately through the eye as the droll judge in Balzac's story.

By some romantic German professors this legend is still believed to be the origin of the word *Bock*. But we know the truth.

Drinking guilds were formed all over medieval Bavaria. They adopted escutcheons and mottoes, reserved tavern tables, and drank only brews specially made to their taste and strength. Rival societies challenged one another to great drinking proofs and their feats were memorialized on the tavern walls, by local and strolling painters. Wise *Wirte* pleased their students of drinking by decorating special salons with hilarious gnomes carrying kegs big and round. Dwarfs with pleasantly wrinkled brows struggled up steep mountains of white radishes, stepping on their long, foamy-white beards. Woodsy elves were surprised seated in circles on toad-stool tops, using a wide-spread mushroom for a drinking table. Special rooms were walled with staves, shaped so that the drinker seemed to be sitting inside a keg. In the old palace at Potsdam there is a similar room, refashioned like the inside of a tea-cup by the tea-party Kaisers of the last century.

The names of all early taverns were rustic delights. The Cow That Jumped Over the Moon. The White Hart. The Golden Hen. The paintings on the swinging signs all came out of a primitive and hearty countryside. The low hand-hewn beams of the *Gaststube* shook with shouts, songs and laughter. Drinking was done with a will. It was open-hearted, courageous, two-fisted drinking by honest men, their day's work done. They sat carefree, unbelted, over their evening beer, enjoying to the full the fruit of their labor.

Münchener dark beer sweetened every

day of the Sixteenth Century. Duke Wilhelm V of Fromme founded a ducal brown beer brewery in 1589, which later became the Hofbräuhaus, where *Märzen* is on tap. This distinguished beer gets its name from the month in which it is brewed. Crisp March weather goes into its making but the season sacred to its drinking is Autumn, when both leaves and beer begin to turn red. Millions have admired the color and taste of *Märzen* in the Münchener Hofbräuhaus, where oceans of it have been up-ended. It is laid down in the wood for a full half year to ripen to a rich mahogany color and develop into a well-rounded, full-mouthed beer, a gift to both body and soul. This king of strong beers has a two weeks' festival in its honor at the end of September. It is broached to celebrate itself at the annual *Oktoberfest*.

Countless drinkers sit all Summer long in a circle radiating out hundreds of miles from Munich, sipping their light *Sommerbier*, making the most of it, with a hopeful eye ahead, fixed on the *Fest* of the *Märzen*. It is the gift of the Golden Age.

*Märzen, ah Märzen
You pump like blood in our Herzen!*

It is said that the man who drinks it at the Hofbräuhaus will carry the memory of it forever in his mind and heart, and will always go back to Munich for another sip.

Bavarian taste swung to light beer during the Seventeenth Century, but in the Eighteenth it switched sharply back to *Dunkles*, including both *Bock* and *Märzen*. Dark beer has remained the favorite in Munich ever since, though of late there is some call for light. For five hundred years the town has been the capital of Bavarian Beerland, the ever-flowing *Mutterfass* of a world of dark beer drinkers. Beer is in the Bavarian's blood. Bavarian

beer and Bavarian blood flow in perfect harmony; they are hard, indeed, to tell apart, and both are considerably thicker and richer than water.

To a Bavarian, beer is almost holy. He will swear his oath as truly with his big hand on a full stein as anybody else would swear on a Breeches Bible. Brought up on beer soup, peasant baby and princeling alike, both begin sipping out of papa's stein before they can lisp. Grown up, thriving on good beer, the Bavarian takes his manly fill every day of a long, healthy life. He is found at the finish, in a warm *Gaststube*, sipping the draft of content, comfortably awaiting death.

IV

In North Germany, England and America, beer has been ruined by the introduction of substitutes, by the use of sugar, carbonic gas and other artificial forcing agents which produce unnatural, immature, unpalatable, unhealthful adulterations. But for over four hundred years Munich has held to a pure standard, probably a record unique in this faulty world.

The beer capital of the world maintains all its drinking traditions; nothing has been changed one iota since medieval times. Only the price has changed, and today Germany threatens beer strikes if the taxes are not soon lowered. Beer has become expensive through taxes; growing notably higher after every big war. In 1542 the Turkish tax added two *Kreuzer* to the *Eimer* (a small bucket); the Thirty Years War nearly taxed beer out of exist-

ence. After the World War the price soared. In November, 1923, during the inflation, a liter cost 500,000,000 paper marks. On paper, this was just fifty billion times the one-*Pfennig* price of the Fifteenth Century; though in gold the beer was still as cheap as it has ever been in America.

Beer long ago freed itself from monastic monopoly, but it has never broken away wholly from the church. On Corpus Christi, in Bavaria, the great beer that got its name from Einbeck in the Sixteenth Century is still drunk from 7 A.M. until 9.30, when the last bells of the mass die down. The monastery brewery at Andechs is still in existence and the monks brew today a full old-fashioned beer that draws the devout from miles around. These monks have seen the light through centuries of competition, and now serve to all comers the same strong *Patresbier* that they drink themselves.

Mendicants climb the hill in auto-buses today, but they arrive dust-thirsty as of yore. Free bread is given to the aged, and to the poor who have no bus fare and still arrive on foot, and will, so long as their sinew and shoe-leather last. But no *Pfennig*, no free lunch worth the name, no pregnant dill pickle awaits them; just dry thirst-exciting crusts that stick in the throat and cry out for the appropriate libation.

Monks big and round as kegs swish through the taproom with fistfuls of foaming beers. Others roll their kegs and bellies around the brewery from mass till vespers, serving Saint Gambrinus with true devotion. Beer is on tap, God's in his Heaven, and all's right with the world.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

EXTRADITION TREATIES

By CARL L. W. MEYER

ALTHOUGH it is true that President Lincoln in 1864 delivered up one Arguelles, a Spanish slave trader, to Spain without a treaty requiring it or a statute authorizing such action, the general opinion and practice in this country has been that without treaty or statutory provisions to that effect none of the departments of the government is authorized to surrender a fugitive criminal to a foreign Power.

That Lincoln himself was aware of the fact that his action was an exception to the rule may be seen from his reply to a resolution adopted by the Senate on May 28, 1864, requesting him to state "under what authority of law or of treaty" he had Arguelles delivered up to Spain. In response he transmitted to the Senate a report of the Secretary of State which said in part that

although there is a conflict of authorities concerning the expediency of exercising comity towards a foreign government by surrendering at its request, one of its own subjects charged with the commission of crime within its territory, and although it may be conceded that *there is no national obligation to make such a surrender on a demand therefor, unless it is acknowledged by treaty or by statute law*, yet a nation is never bound to furnish asylum to dangerous criminals who are offenders against the human race; and it is believed that if, in any case, the comity could with propriety be practiced, the one which is understood to have called forth the resolution furnished a just occasion for its exercise.

In order to avoid such difficulties and to

bring the matter of extradition upon a regulated basis, the United States has made from time to time special agreements with other nations. The first was contained in Article 27 of the Jay Treaty concluded with Great Britain on November 19, 1794, whereby it was agreed that the two nations "will deliver up to justice all persons who, being charged with murder or forgery, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum within any of the countries of the other."

This, however, was to be done only "on such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the offense had there been committed." It will be noted that this agreement was confined to two offenses only, murder and forgery. Since then, the list of extraditable crimes has grown considerably.

The extradition clause of the treaty of 1794 was limited in duration to twelve years, and expired in 1807. No new extradition agreement was concluded by the United States until 1842, when by Article 10 of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty it was stipulated that the United States and Great Britain, upon requisition, were to deliver up "all persons who, being charged with the crime of murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or the utterance of forged paper, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum or shall be found within the territories of the other."

Many difficulties were encountered in the execution of this agreement, particularly in England and the British dominions, because of the lack of proper provisions to carry it into operation, and owing to controversies which arose over the surrender of fugitive slaves. After extensive negotiations the two countries settled the matter by a supplementary convention signed at Washington on July 15, 1889, which added to the treaty of 1842 a long list of offenses. Additional extradition conventions with Great Britain were concluded in 1900, 1905, and 1922.

The first treaty wholly devoted to extradition was made with France on November 9, 1843. It contained provisions concerning the delivery of the accused, extraditable crimes, method of extradition, expenses, exclusion of crimes of a political character, and the duration of the convention. In 1845 and 1858 additional provisions were agreed upon, and on January 6, 1909, a new convention was signed at Paris. With a few slight modifications, which were added in 1929, it is still in force.

Prior to 1900, beside its agreements with various German states, the United States had concluded extradition treaties with not less than twenty-seven countries, including Argentina, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Brazil, Columbia, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, France, Great Britain, Hawaii, Haiti, Italy, Japan, Luxemburg, Mexico, the Netherlands, Nicaragua, Norway, the Orange Free State, Peru, Russia, Salvador, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and Venezuela. Since that time the number has about doubled, and treaties are now also in force with Bolivia, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, Germany, Guatemala, Honduras, Latvia, Lithuania, Panama, Paraguay, Po-

land, Portugal, Rumania, San Marino, Serbia, Siam, and Uruguay. Twelve of these treaties have been signed since the World War; and in addition numerous conventions supplementary to those already in force, and treaties replacing obsolete ones have been ratified.

The term extradition has been defined by Chief Justice Fuller in *Terlinden vs. Ames* (184 U. S. 289) as "the surrender by one nation to another of an individual accused or convicted of an offense outside of its own territory, and within the territorial jurisdiction of the other, which, being competent to try and punish him, demands the surrender." This definition, of course, does not take into consideration the limitations that usually go with extradition.

Nationals of the state of asylum, for instance, with few exceptions, are excluded. More than forty treaties of the United States with other countries contain stipulations of that nature. On the other hand, the treaties with Argentina (1896), Guatemala (1903), Japan (1886), Mexico (1899), and Nicaragua (1905), have provisions to the effect that, while neither of the contracting parties is bound to deliver up its own citizens, "the executive authority of each shall have the power to deliver them up, if, in its discretion, it be deemed proper to do so." The Institute of International Law at Oxford in 1880 voiced its opinion on this matter in a resolution declaring that

between countries whose criminal legislation rests on similar foundations, and which have confidence in each other's judicial institutions, the extradition of their own citizens would be a means of securing the good administration of criminal justice, because it ought to be regarded as desirable that the authorities of the *forum delicti commisi* [that is, the court in the jurisdiction where the crime is com-

mitted] should, if possible, be called upon to try the case. Even admitting the present practice, which exempts citizens of the country from extradition, no regard should be paid to a citizenship acquired only since the commission of the act for which the extradition is demanded.

In some countries the law expressly forbids the surrender of nationals to other countries, as in Germany, where the constitution declares that "no German may be surrendered to a foreign government for prosecution or punishment." But governments which refuse to extradite their nationals commonly have national laws providing for their punishment for crimes committed abroad.

Other important provisions are those which prohibit the extradition of political offenders, and forbid the trial of any man for a crime other than the one in respect of which his extradition is granted. But no such limitation as to trial is contained in the older treaties with the various German states, and with Austria-Hungary, the Dominican Republic, France, Great Britain, Hawaii, Haiti, Mexico, the Orange Free State, Sweden and Norway, and Switzerland. It appeared first in the convention of March 23, 1868, with Italy, and since then has found its way into most of the other treaties.

One of the most comprehensive extradition treaties is that recently concluded with Germany and proclaimed by the President on April 22, 1931. It consists of thirteen articles. Article 1 declares that the United States and Germany agree "under condition of reciprocity and upon requisition duly made as herein provided" to deliver up to justice any person

who may be charged with, or may have been convicted of, any of the crimes or offenses specified in Article 3 of the present treaty committed within the territorial

jurisdiction of one of the High Contracting Parties, and who shall be found within the territories of the other; provided, that such surrender shall take place only upon such evidence of criminality, as according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged shall be found, would justify his commitment for trial if the crime or offense had been there committed.

The crimes and offenses enumerated in Article 3 comprise the following: Murder (including assassination, manslaughter, and infanticide), willful assault resulting in grievous bodily harm, rape, immoral assault, incest, abortion, carnal knowledge of children under twelve years of age, bigamy, arson, destruction of railroads or obstruction endangering traffic, piracy, sinking or destroying a vessel, mutiny, assault upon an officer on board ship upon the high seas, burglary, robbery, blackmail, forgery or the utterance of forged papers, banknotes, etc., embezzlement where the amount embezzled exceeds \$25, kidnapping, larceny or theft of money or goods of the value of \$25 or more, perjury or subornation of perjury, fraud or breach of trust by bankers, agents, trustees, etc., where the value of the property misappropriated exceeds \$25, crimes and offenses against the laws of both countries for the suppression of slavery or slave trading, the use of explosives so as to endanger human life or property, bribery, crimes or offenses against the bankruptcy laws, and violation of the laws for the suppression of the traffic in narcotics.

Requisition for the surrender of fugitives is to be made by the respective diplomatic agents or, in their absence, by the higher consular officers. The arrest of the fugitive is to be made in accordance with the laws of the party to which the request is made.

This treaty, like most of the others, ex-

cludes extradition for offenses of a political character. But it is provided that "a willful crime against human life, except in battle or open combat, shall in no case be deemed a crime of a political character." The treaty is to remain in force for a period of ten years.

That such understandings have greatly facilitated the apprehension and return of criminals to the offended state may be seen from a case that occurred last year. On February 27 Robert J. Gooding, a British citizen formerly domiciled in the United States, was arrested in Havana, Cuba, at the request of District Attorney Albert C. Fach, of Richmond county, New York, where he was wanted on a charge of bigamy.

Although Gooding was able to prove his British citizenship, Señor Fernandez, the Cuban Minister of State, and the British Minister to Cuba, after studying the extradition treaty between Cuba and the United States, found it possible to comply with Mr. Fach's demand that the prisoner be turned over to the United States authorities for trial. On April 8, less than six weeks after his apprehension in Havana, Gooding, in the presence of four of the seven women he was alleged to have married, was sentenced to Sing Sing.

In recent years, and particularly in cases where the provisions of extradition treaties do not apply, the long arm of justice has also haled into court violators of certain laws of the United States, even though the culprits were not in the United States at the time when the alleged offense was committed. In the famous Supreme Court case of *Ford vs. the United States* (273 U.S. 593), decided on April 11, 1927, the defendants, Canadian subjects on board the *Quadra*, a Canadian boat, who were arrested outside the territorial waters of the United States, but within one hour's sail-

ing distance from the coast, were charged with conspiracy to violate the Prohibition and revenue laws of this country.

Chief Justice Taft, who delivered the opinion of the court, held that the arrest was justified by the treaty with Great Britain, proclaimed by the President on May 22, 1924. This treaty, according to its preamble, was concluded because the contracting parties were "desirous of avoiding any difficulties which might arise between them in connection with the laws in force in the United States on the subject of alcoholic beverages." It had been alleged by the defense that the accused men never entered the territory of the United States, had committed no crimes there, and therefore were never subject to its laws. The court, however, overruled these objections. It held that the defendants, having conspired and coöperated with others in the United States and having assisted in loading small boats that made deliveries to the shore, had done acts the results of which took effect in the United States, and had thus violated its laws, which applied to these acts irrespective of the location of their perpetrators.

This interpretation of the principle of territoriality, that is, the view that a state has jurisdiction over all acts which take effect within its territory even if the author is elsewhere (also known as the "objective view"), is favored, of course, by those who believe that the law shall be upheld at any cost, anywhere, and at any time.

If it is carried to its logical conclusion, it may eventually be possible to bring down violators of the national Prohibition Act in distant lands. For it may well be reasoned that the consequences of their doings may be felt or take effect at home and, therefore, should be punished at home, even though the acts themselves were committed abroad.

Painting

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COLOR

BY LAURENCE SCHMECKEBIER

THERE is a great deal of discussion among modern critics as to the place of psychology, particularly the psychology of color, in art criticism. The aim has been largely toward an analysis of the effect color has upon the mind or emotions of the beholder. The results have been rather disappointing because there is no way of scientifically ascertaining a given man's psychic reactions to color. The traditional effects that we attach to certain colors, such as the passionate red or the quiet blue, are purely a matter of association.

But a number of very interesting observations were made some years ago by the Göttingen psychologist, David Katz, as to the actual perception of color. Quite in keeping with the extremely delicate and complex structure of our visual apparatus, he observed an almost equal complexity in the perception itself. In this complexity, however, he discovered two primary phases or modes of perception which form the basis of the many different variations we experience in seeing the world about us. These he called the surface mode, and the film or atmospheric mode of appearance.

If we study the visual appearance of an object—say a book with a red cover—at close range, we will be able to define it as having certain characteristics. The color has a very definite, non-varying quality; we are quite sure as to what color it is. There is no great difference in shade between the color of the light and the shadow on the book. We are able to see the edges and the lettering quite sharply and distinctly. The color appears, then, to be definitely tied down to the surface of

the object through the distinctness of the outline and the clear light conditions. We call this surface-color.

Now compare this type of color with the appearance of the red and yellow leaves of Autumn foliage seen from a distance. With the distance the light and brightness of colored objects necessarily becomes dimmer, the outlines become blurred. The color does not appear hard and definite, but hazy and varying. We do not see any edges or outlines of the leaves; the reds and yellows fuse into a haze which envelops leaves, tree and the surrounding landscape. The color has a three-dimensional quality; one feels as though one could reach out and put one's hand into it. The appearance is therefore filmy, or atmospheric.

All color, as we see it in nature, appears either as surface or as atmospheric color, depending largely upon the conditions under which it is seen. These conditions are governed by the brightness of the color and the clarity of the outline. The creative power of the artist lies precisely in his ability to build up and control them. He is not interested in nature *per se*, but in the building up of effects on his canvas which necessarily must be either of an atmospheric or a surface quality. The effect in the end is the vehicle for the so-called artist's message.

A few examples: The impressionists struggled with the problem of light. They studied Helmholtz and Chevreul to understand the laws of the composition of light and then went to work on their canvases to try to apply them. The result was not only the discovery that they could place pure colors alongside each other and let them fuse in the eye of the beholder, instead of mixing them on the palette, but

also the development of the ability to see all things together in a unifying atmosphere. Claude Monet's "Summer Day" is painted entirely with little dabs of pure color. There are no lines or drawing of any kind in the whole picture. The colors fuse into a brilliant haze that envelops the tiny figure with the parasol in the foreground, the meadow with its brilliant gold and green, the blue of the sky, and the distant mountains. When one watches the picture one will experience a continual variation and flicker of color spots in an indefinite atmosphere. It is this quality of a continual, moving experience, plus the pictorial unity created by the atmospheric color, which makes Impressionism a recognized style in the history of art.

The interest in the atmospheric quality largely accounts for the subjects artists like to paint. Very many of Monet's subjects are water scenes, such as seascapes, rivers, or ponds with waterlilies—not because they have any particular significance, but because water, through its movement and reflection, produces an endless play of light and color in the atmosphere. The extreme to which this idea can be carried is seen in Monet's paintings of the Cathedral of Rouen. A heavy haze of fog and rain, done in many shades of grey, blue and purple, acts as a medium by which the pillars, statues and fine tracery of the building and the lights and shadows and air about them are fused into a unit. The solid mass of stone itself is dissolved into its immaterial atmospheric appearance. And as one studies the painting, one *actually* sees an atmosphere which hovers in the air.

I have observed that if one circumscribes a loose, blurred patch of color with a heavy sharp line, one will change its appearance from an atmospheric to a surface color. This is exactly what was done

by such reactionaries against Impressionism as Paul Gauguin and the Swiss, Ferdinand Hodler, who were among the initiators of what the Germans call Expressionism. Their attention was directed more toward the definite form than toward the indefinite atmosphere. Larger patches of bright colors were used, each tied down by careful linear design which carved out the figures as with a knife. The colors then were of a surface quality, or local, as the painters say. This hardness and clarity of color and design obviously produced a strong and striking effect. The force of Hodler's "Woodchopper" or even of his "Portrait" (in the Chicago Art Institute) is baffling when viewed beside a delicate Renoir or a Monet.

The distinction between the primary modes of color appearance, those of surface and atmosphere, offers a basis from which countless other problems evolve. Very common is the use of complementary colors, *i.e.*, pairs such as red and green, blue and yellow, black and white. If one places a red alongside a green under conditions which make them surface colors the result is a contrast: the red appears more red and the green appears more green. The effect is strengthened. On the other hand, if they are used as atmospheric color, *i.e.*, in small patches and with a blurred outline, they fuse and form a neutral grey, which seems to hover in the air. Both Impressionists and Expressionists used complementary colors; the former to produce the popular atmospheric grey, the latter to strengthen the value of each individual color.

A fine example of the use of complementary colors in contrast to produce a striking effect is the famous "Sunflower" painting of Vincent van Gogh. The picture is composed simply of a mass of large sunflowers, done in a yellow ochre, set

before a light blue background. The outline of the flowers and the vase is heavy and definite, the color is pure. The large forms, together with the contrasting effects of the flowers against the background have an unbelievable strength even when seen from a great distance.

The use of complementary colors to produce an atmospheric grey is not an innovation of modern Impressionism. One can find many examples in Seventeenth Century painting. A sketch of a group of angels by El Greco (now in the Alte Pinakothek of Munich) was done on a canvas which had first been coated with a single reddish-purple tone. The figures are sketched in loosely upon this ground with many shades of yellow, orange, and green. Because of the looseness and freedom of application, the purple ground often shows through and appears to fuse with the other colors. The different tones of yellow and orange are used more for the high lights, and because of their brighter quality tend to round out the form of the figures. Green is used more in transitions from light into shadow,

where it fuses with its complementary, purple. The result is a very luminous greyish effect. El Greco's mastery of such atmospheric effects is one of the main reasons why he is so highly respected by the Impressionists.

This general viewpoint or approach does not in any way deny the existence of an inner psychic reaction to a picture. On the contrary, it emphasizes that reaction in that it seeks to see and understand first the medium or language by which the spiritual effect is transmitted to the beholder. For it can be scientifically proven that every normal eye functions alike; there is, therefore, a basis common to all individuals which the critic can use to build up his exposition. There is no way of grasping an individual feeling or emotion in itself and assuming it to be common to everyone without grasping the outer means by which it is aroused. Through a clear and solid understanding of the medium in all its intricacies, one gains a firm footing from which one can deal with the metaphysical problem of æsthetics.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN AMERICA

BY MOE BRAGIN

Gettysburg

WE CLIMB the observation tower and look down on the battlefield. A bunch of Boy Scouts, healthy striplings, have preceded us. Not one of them but looks as if he were toying with the vision of himself charging with Pickett's men, firing with the Union troops, listening to Honest Abe's speech.

Farmers are reaping where the Blue and Gray twitched and scratched the earth in their last agony. Cannon-balls, heaped on the paths, look like eggplants in the heat waves. The scouts are impressed. Shoulders squared, fellows; we're always ready!

Pictures of a general are strung in the streets. He is the topnotcher in today's Fourth of July celebration. Out of the long blunt face leaps a cocked nose. We hear the speech. It is loaded to the muzzle with the usual smoke, fire, and strong wind.

In the Jenny Wade House, bright-eyed souvenir hunters. O nation of gawky adolescents, pocketing keepsakes—woodiron-threadpaper—, as if you doubted your senses and the validity of that reality whose praises you drum to this saluting world!

Poor little Jenny, kneading bread in a trough shaped like a cradle, gasps and stumbles. This is the hole plunked by the bullet which struck her. Here she sits in a postcard with her homely face and her hair twisted like a fresh Sabbath loaf.

Gettysburg, then the Shenandoah Valley. Sowed far and wide, monuments, signs, parks. All commemorating the tussle; finished, its one high purpose defeated: the Negro crouches in stronger chains. Little won but huge boodle for the Jay Cookes, the soldier returning to be tripped and hoodwinked, rhapsodies over the Railsplitter, and history books fragrant with petunia memories of a long sentimental picnic on Southern grounds.

Who can forget so soon little Miss Jenny? Or the thousand pictures hung in farmhouses? Killed in the pride of his manhood. From the oval frame on the opposite wall the faithful widow faces him with her tightly pleated mouth. Behind him a camp scene sketched in by a careful artist—one soldier thumbing a book, another smelling a flower. The farmer looms before them in clumsy cowhide boots, his dull face a turnip just unearthed, the gun beside him like a dung-fork.

II

Business

The gas stations along the road resort to many tricks to draw business. Some of them keep zoos, admission free. The zoo may consist of bearcubs panting in the sun, a handful of gaping chicks, gila monsters, prairie dogs, etc. The first such zoo we stopped at had a fox, a porcupine, a monkey.

A number of model-T Fords are drawn up on a grass plot. Under a tree falters the gaunt rack of the fox. In a box is a porcupine like an old broken broom. Some young people are teasing the monkey in the coop.

The shriveled ring-tailed creature hurls himself against the wire. He squeezes his dirty little fingers through the openings and tears away helplessly. He pedals his feet furiously in dirt. The country fellows guffaw at his antics. The girls in their finery titter.

Again a match is struck and flung through the wire against the hairy taut body. The monkey chitters and dances. This time he's burnt. One of the fellows opens another box of matches. A second blows smoke into the ugly little face. The monkey bounces like a rubber ball and bangs his head against the coop. A drum of laughter from the crowd.

A car stops. More country folk from church watch the fun. Another match. Foolishly monkey continues batting body against the wire netting. The coop's now messy. You can see his heart filliping him forward toward the squat figures hulking the other side of the net.

We drive off. Down the mountain we can still hear the joyous shouts. Before our eyes dances the monkey, shaking, exhausted.

III

Poor White

This Carolina town is a Summer resort. The cars of the well-to-do poke against the curbs of Main Street like litters of pigs suckling. Comfortable city people in ducks, silks, golf togs. Their chubby children lick ice-cream cones and candy.

On the corners muddy trucks and wagons with gaunt farmers peddling peaches

and melons. Up the street strides a skinny barefoot lad. Straw hat like a broken-in hive, patched coat, shrunk overalls. The head is drawn back as if with a check line. The face is like a blaze on a young unbroken horse. He stares at us, hot and sunburnt, as if we were some of that Piedmont soil he foots on the hill farm day after day.

We watch him advance through the crowded walk, princely, untouched by all the excitement. Not a flicker of the eye as he passes the sweet shops. He rips through a group of lovely girls like a fresh plowshare. He disappears on the road leading to the uplands.

A bit of land on a hillside, spiked down with corn as if to keep it from sliding into the valley. Goosehouse of a home. Hands that are now drawn up like grubs in his dusty pockets, hoeing, husking, eating away the bright leaf of his youth. Mind withering as if under a bushel. In a prolonged Hallowe'en, celebrating a harvest of inbreeding, rigid honesty, poverty, illiteracy, disease; lonely little lad hiding behind pride—humility's chalked coat turned inside out.

IV

Nigger, Nigger

In North Carolina we see for the first time how the Jim Crow laws work. Trolleys swing into the city square, pious sentiments printed on slats that resemble tongue depressors. The niggers take seats in the rear. Drinking fountains stand near the curb. One with "Black" on it; the other "White". A great anger surges through us. Hell, we'll show them! We approach the fountain for the blacks. We fail, however, to bend over it. For we are quiet people who don't want to make a fuss. We talk mostly, and wave our hands

like unfeathered wings that get us nowhere. Not made of the stuff of martyrs, we drive through the streets cursing the goddam Southerners. An easy thing, by the way, to do.

Further down in the next State, we stop off at a refreshment stand. The woman with the hair like soiled taffy is a willing prattler. The nigger's got to be kept in his place. It's the Northerners that's spoiling him. When she was five, she saw a nigger lynched. She doesn't believe in lynching as a practice, but the nigger's got to be kept in his place.

Elsewhere we hear the niggers praised. The grocer in the Louisiana village where we stop for cheese and a rye has a kind word for them. They're quiet, they keep to themselves, they'll give a helping hand quicker than the whites, they work around for you and are satisfied with what they get. And they ain't sassy like the New Orleans niggers. While the grocer's talking, in trots a little Negro girl. She wants an article changed that she bought earlier in the day. When he thinks we are out of earshot, the grocer gives her the devil. "You monkeys never know what you want!" We realize he's been playing up to us, Northerners. We salute you, sassy New Orleans niggers.

We cross the Mississippi. We stroll about the ferry. Off by herself in a corner a pretty high yaller. An air of profound sadness and loneliness about her. She is neither one thing or the other. The coal-black sweaty fireman gapes at her. Her high-cheeked face quivers with disdain. A Cheshire white sow, wallowing in an expensive car, sniffs and turns away. The husband glances casually at her. Leaning back against the bench, she is a pretty piece, her breasts swollen buds, her face the color of a wild Canada lily, a freckle here and there.

In Texas we stay with New England friends who have been living in Houston since the war. They are critical of the Southern attitude toward the Negro. Wasn't it horrible how that old woman, hearing a noise at her door, went out with her shotgun and blew the head off a Negro messenger boy? There wasn't even a case against her. Everywhere storekeepers overcharge the Negroes; they can get the hell out if they protest. They daren't. Numerous cases of rape by whites, but Negresses keep mum. Our friend tells us how the wench working for them, a great slab of river bottom, was scared stiff one night when he insisted upon bringing her home in the car. His wife: "But really you can't treat them the way you do in Boston. They get spoiled here. They're not used to it, and they're thick as mud. The Southerners resent it if you treat them nicely." Her girl works seven days a week, from eight in the morning until eight at night, preparing meals, washing, cleaning, etc. She makes seven dollars. Often, when the missus goes out of an evening, she stays with the baby.

We spend an afternoon in a courthouse. The defendant is a nigger caught bootlegging. His alibi is that the girl he'd been visiting, Mary Jones, kept a lot of stuff in her house. She had got him drunk and given him a package of booze. His lawyer, in a linen suit with railroad stripes, smokes a cigar as long as a catstick. He tries to break down the testimony of the big muskox of a wench. Mary Jones becomes confused, says yesma'am instead of yessir, muzzles and unmuzzles her face with her moist hands, contradicts herself, and giggles hysterically when the court guffaws. The defendant glares stupidly, vindictively at her. His teeth flash like a knife. Directly in front of him slumps the judge with a face like a beaver's, working his mouth at

invisible wood. The buckskin law books are ranged round him in a sort of dust-bag rampart.

He mumbles the oath to a new witness. The little nigger boy squirms as he undergoes a catechism.

"If you lie, what'll happen?"

"I go to Hell."

"That's right, straight to Hell. If you tell the truth?"

"I go to Heaven."

"Sure, what'll happen to you in Hell?"

The lawyer enjoys this baiting. So do the State rangers, the attendants, the white spectators come to be entertained, lounging in the jury seats and benches on the dirty floor. The skinny, sallow men grin, and the women snicker like two-point cattle wire to keep the darkies where they belong. On the other side of the room are the niggers. The only handsome bodies in the whole court—bucks and black girls who cannot keep their butts still, rings in their ears that look as if made of cannon metal. As we leave, Mary Jones is recalled. The fans on the ceiling hum like blue-bottles over a corpse.

We launch west. We race to get out of the cloud of heat and mean stupidity. A Negro farmhand helps us to the right road. "I wish I was where you all comes from."

V

Juarez

The mean, hot little town rots in the sun. Ratty little horses and burros creak by with ducking heads and hips stuck out like broken hames. Peddlers, beggars, cripples show their wares and stumps.

We are stopped three times by our Mexican hosts. A thin guide like a lath broken out of plaster insists on showing us the interior of a church built in 1549. He

points to the statue of a saint with a bullet hole in it. He explains lachrymously how "Villa, that bad man, attacked our temple". A fattish fellow wants to take us to the prison "with one hundred fifty killers in it." It is a great tan medieval fortress with cracks of windows; about it strut little moldy chocolate soldiers. As we turn to park the car, up hurries a young lad. "Red light district . . . fifty cents, mister." "Sorry."

He won't take no. "Only fifty cents . . . French, Mexican, Italian girls . . . pretty babies . . ." He moves his fingers as if he were pinching them high and low.

"But I've got my wife."

"You take her too."

With the other barbarians from across the border we gorge ourselves with meat; we mix cocktails with Monterey beer, and, puffing the best tobacco we have ever smoked, shuffle unsteadily into the twilight.

VI

Indian Mission

The Father stands near the gate in his cassock, rope round his waist. He informs us that the Indians don't get much out of the soil. A goodly number of them work in town, where they are taken advantage of. They are a happy people who bear the yoke lightly. All of them attend services in the mission. The children go to the mission school.

The Father guides us through the mission, his flashlight making a small halo wherever it touches. In one corner Christ and His mother, with such grief on the woman's tear-bleached face that our common humanity makes our feeling of strangeness and distaste vanish for the moment. In another corner the picture of a monk with a full twisted face and small

prone Indians that appear to have fallen from the folds of his clothing. Statues of martyred saints, the carvings of cherubs modeled after Indian children, the robe of a saint woven out of cactus, woodwork labored over lovingly, a collection of votive offerings beaten out of silver—dolls' legs, hands, and even nipples breasts—all this in a velvet silence where life seems to have shed its violent horns. Tales of Indian faith and devotion: the hauling of pine for the holy work from forests sixty miles off; the withstanding of repeated attacks by the fierce Apaches; the old woman dragging the wooden body of a patron saint from a fire, all alone, miles back in the desert. The history of the architects from Spain; the death of one during the building of the mission, and a tower left in-completed in memoriam. As we listen there is the chitter of bats above us.

This is a religion of love and softness where Protestantism is so often ugly and hard. Clever where Protestantism is so stupid. Unafraid to venture into the wild places of the earth, amid the cruel but purifying sand; among the relentless whips and lashes of the sun; the prickly pear with the bloody stumps symbolical of the helpless, the deformed, and the tortured. A sort of jeweled scabbard for the sword, a jeweled vial for the overpowering opiate.

But in our world scabbards must rust, opiates waste.

VII

University

Around the university sprawls the town. Beyond the town the desert.

The town is full of Easterners come for their health. Some of them matriculate in the university. Few admit that they have t.b.; everybody seems to be having sinus trouble. There are also boys and girls

from all over the State, the children of ranchers, farmers, small business men. During the Summer sessions a more mature group of students attend the synco-pated courses: mainly school teachers.

"It's a good place to go," says our young friend, a senior. He knows what are the crap courses, how to applepolish an instructor to get a good mark. He loves the life of the dorms. He is proud of the red-bricked buildings, the spacious grounds, the rattlesnake den, the cactus garden, the tropical trees, especially the royal palms whose leaves wave aloft like a savage chief's headgear on a spear.

"It's different from colleges East." He waves his hands at the outworks.

We eat in a coffee shop. A nickel melodeon plays Chevalier, Vallee, and a flock of unidentifiable songbirds. The waiters, students working for their meals, serve clumsily. Seated together democratically are students and professors, swilling countless glasses of iced water. The colder the stuff they swallow the more they sweat. The food is bad—the crackers, white bread, strips of roast beef like shoe-tongues, muddled salads.

The interior of the library like a hospital. The senior admits they haven't enough books, but he likes the quiet, the atmosphere where you can keep cool and rest. We are interested in the university publications. The classbook, an album full of faces: the girls' like candy wrappers, the boys' as expressive as skinned fruit; and the letters written every year by the two Hollywood stars in response to inquiries as to who is the prettiest girl, who the handsomest boy. Every year the same answer: I found it so hard. The literary newspaper read by few; the more popular semi-weekly newspaper and the comic monthly; the three like a thousand others in universities from coast to coast.

We sit in on one of the courses. The sickly instructor plays the piano skillfully. There is no heart in his teaching. He puts the class through a test in the recognition of melodies: "A Midsummer Night's Dream", Schubert's "Serenade", and "Scheherazade". He wants to know what they know about Rimsky-Korsakoff. At last a hand: he was born on March 6, 1844. The assignment for homework had been: "Judging from the man's life and work, what do you get from his music?" The class was referred to the library and to the records in the music-room. But everybody is at loss for an answer. The instructor tinkles patiently through the prince and princess theme. He asks what kind of man they imagine the prince to be from the playing of the 'cello. At last a scrawny schoolma'am. In her opinion, he's hard, tyrannical, trying to put something over on the princess. No, she wouldn't want a man like that to make love to her.

VIII

Prairie

The shaggy hide of the prairie has been tanned by the terrible sun and drouth. The nearest town is thirty miles off. Not a tree in sight. Only tumbleweeds like bleached skeletons caught in the wire fence, a mysterious Harris sparrow whistling, and at our feet rove beetles nosing dust to hide before the wind and coming night. A thirsty herd bellows in the distance; the ground shakes in the stampede. Pillars of dust whirl about as if they housed a horned God.

Nothing hammers in the powerful loneliness of the prairie so deep as being stranded between two far towns. We suffer a double flat. It takes from noon to nightfall to get patched. The garage stands among a bunch of withered houses, huddled

together like ewes with their backs to the wind. The mechanic says, "The prairie's asleep now. You should see it when it storms. The wind's no flick of a silk handkerchief. You got as much chance as a sardine on a railroad track."

The shabby town shows it's been a very poor year. The only two prosperous people appear to be the bank robbers whose pictures are pinned up in the postoffice. The frenzied fight against blackleg and the common barberry, whose rust infests grain, takes on a religious intensity during these tough times. A declaration that the local Baptist church is still in business curls, bleached, on many walls. Garages carry "Cash Only" signs. In a grocery an announcement that the owner can't trust even himself these days. Over the kitchen of a lunch-room a card: "Smile, Damn It, Smile!"

IX

Service

Service in this America is a totem pole in the shadow of which a spoiled, childish people is pinched and petted, its less fortunate members wholly buffaloed, and its grotesque humor given a chance to shake its belly.

One can drive from coast to coast and not get out once for gas, oil, water. And in the South, where curb service is in vogue, one need not leave one's car even for food. The time will probably come when beds will be rushed up to the wheel. All ease and comfort while willing hands fuss about.

The fact that the polite young chaps who trot forward at your call are poorly paid and badly overworked by the powerful companies that run ribbons of pretentious gas stations through State after State is none of your business. The flocks

of fluttered boys and girls who race to your window with trays of rootbeer and hamburgers have no one to blame if their jobs are hard and they depend solely on your tips for their wages. It is sentimental weakness to remember the Western restaurant with the proclamation: "The public is boss." The waitresses did look as if they had, at least, one boss too many. Girls forced to wear no brassières so that their breasts can roll around in their waists like mercury balls, being nice to sheepmen, farmhands, gamblers. And in Louisiana that blistering hot evening the little old bulldozed man at the lunch counter. A troupe of circus artists spitting out that the Luzianne Drip he served them was chicory, not coffee. The woman with the tattoos muttering it tasted like ditch water. When they had gone, he trembling. "But you got to earn a living, sir . . ."

Nothing is left unsaid on the road or in town to remind you of the goodwill, hospitality, help abundant on all sides. Signs that are armies of bats swinging at the balls of your eyes: "Stop and gas with us"; "We love tourists—Chick Inn"; "Welcome—Population 5, Altitude 8000 ft." In a one-horse town a fat man and his sons at the door of their drygoods store. "Woos macht a Yid?" they roar in unison. "If you spit on the walls and floor of your home, please do it here," on the door of a tourist cabin, "because we want you to feel at home."

X

The Philistines Upon Us

From Dan to Beersheba . . . Chicago . . . A unit of the American Legion off for an afternoon's excursion on the Lake. They are employés of a large department store. They swarm up the gangway like cattle to be dipped. Friends, families,

packages, overseas caps, crepe party hats, banners, whistles, squawkers, ticklers, balloons, flags . . .

The boat backs out. With the help of a little red bedbug of a tug it lunges into open water. In a few hours Michigan City. Cries, grinding of shoes, clapping of chairs, scrambling to get the best positions near the rail to watch the harbor and lake, flat as platters heaped with oily unpalatable greens. The men lug along faces as expressive as oatmeal; the women and girls glitter like spoons redeemed with premiums.

All work tirelessly to squeeze a good time into a few minutes. Lunch boxes are flung open. Down in the hold café and lunch counters do a rushing business. Salesmen, floorwalkers, shopgirls hustle about with red hots dripping mustard, with popcorn, sodapop, crackerjacks, ice cream, candy.

Moist faces cluster about the Iron Claw game; about the Gold Wire artist, a Negro with the flanges of his nose like burnt chestnuts; about the barker for Madame Zelda, palm reader and crystal gazer—a thin hatchet-faced man with a turban slipping down over the sprouts of his ears. In some of the cabins a few mothers are soothing sucklings to sleep; in others a number of girls and fellows are knotted, flushed, feverish, giggling. The small dance floor is full of the lusty braying of the band and hot whirling couples. Several lads sing whiskily. After the dancing, contests. The chief a yoyo contest. Even the grownups take part. The last match is for the kids. A dozen youngsters reel and unreel squat wooden spools, minute after minute. Parents gaze entranced at the endless spinning. The judge shouts the match a draw. The children scamper off, each with a quarter in his fist. Below in the hold, thrown into their chairs like cot-

tonwaste soaked in the oil of their sweat, nigger dishwashers, deckhands, helpers.

On the way back a wind roughens the lake. It rains. A youngster, unnoticed before, cuts capers near us. He hangs over the rail though his ma, a lubberly child in her arms, cautions him frequently. "Come here!" "Your uncle, I will!" he pipes back. He runs into the rain and dances a jig on the slippery deck. He climbs to the pilot house to salute the captain. He snickers at the kids playing with yoyos. He scans the whitecaps in the distance. "Blow me down, if a nor'easter ain't headed this way!"

This freshness is bread-in-vinegar to the faint heart. Mattering little now, it may head wonderfully in time. We have been caught too long in the fine net of Christian deities and pieties—the sacrificing Mother, the good Father, the bound Son, reverence, devotion, kindness. Kind heads and hearts must be broken. Each day is a bugle crying in these streets for the hard, unyielding, and irreverent hand.

XI

Henry

Under a sky stretched like a blueprint with a finger of light travelling westward we pay a visit to Ford's Old Time Village and the Rouge Plant.

The object of chief interest in the Village is the building where the Wizard of Menlo Park conducted his experiments. In the laboratory an old man, former assistant to the inventor, lectures the pilgrims on the great man's life and works. They gape as he plays an old phonograph record, one of the early inventions. "Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow, and everywhere that Mary went, her lamb was sure to go . . . ha, ha, ha . . ." This is a parable on our life in

America: our best brains going into things which carry only triviality. We gaze with reverence at a picture of the Benefactor of Humanity, the dull heavy face, the mind and spirit mediocre out of its special limited field, and leave this wooden monument, reconstructed by his dear friend from boards torn from the original building by villagers to patch their coops, porches, outhouses.

On the grounds of the Old Time Village sheep drop their pills; a coach with a spanking pair of blacks spins by; a church, tavern, old-fashioned schoolhouse, post-office vegetate in the watery sunlight. The pilgrims sit in the seat where Henry sat, poke their noses into the colonial kitchen, scratch postcards in the postoffice, and study the Edisonian letter in which the Wizard decries the use of tobacco and goes into a scientific examination of nicotine. The student from the Institute, acting as guide, explains that Mr. Ford intends peopling this village with his employés. "They are going to live like in those times."

From the village we drive to the Rouge Plant. A fat guide with a ridiculously small badge leads us from shop to shop. We hurry from the Steel Mill through the Spring and Upset Building to the General Assembly Building and end before a huge furnace in the Glass Plant. Not many of the hundred thousand men, normally employed, are now working. A curious listlessness like a sheet of dust seems fallen over the few bodies cleaning, polishing, sandpapering. None of the men is allowed to smoke or chew tobacco. Fatigue, uncertainty, despair seem driven into them as with a diamond boring machine. In the Glass Plant we watch the great crystal tongue forever unrolling, sticking out at them, licking away their strength as they break it patiently. Before the furnace, roar-

ing at 2500° Fahrenheit, men crouching as if hamstrung.

So we leave the Rouge Plant, "which is supposed to be 'all things to all men'", according to the Ford pamphleteer. We remember the Ford salesroom in New York. At the foot of the stairs a small mat resembling a prayer rug. On the banisters two pots with evergreen plants like tapers. Above on the wall a picture of the Master of Dearborn. And walking softly about, salesmen like plump eunuchs.

XII

Niagara

At a railroad station we pick up a booklet on the Falls. We read what plain Abe Lincoln has to say:

If the water moving onward in a great river reaches a point where there is a perpendicular jog of a hundred and sixty feet in descent in the bottom of the river, it is plain that the water will have a violent and continuous plunge at that point. It is also plain that the water, thus plunging, will foam and roar, and send a mist continuously, in which last, during the sunshine, there will be perpetual rainbows. The mere physical of Niagara Falls is only this . . . Its power to excite reflection and emotion is its greatest charm . . . The geologist will demonstrate that the plunge or fall was once Lake Ontario . . . A philosopher of a slightly different turn will say, "Niagara Falls is only the lip of the basin out of which pours all the surplus water which rains down on two or three thousand square miles of earth's surface." But still there is more . . . When Columbus first sought this continent—when Christ suffered on the Cross—when Moses led Israel through the Red Sea—nay, even when Adam first came from the hand of his Maker, then as now, Niagara was roaring here. The mammoth and mastodon have gazed on Niagara in that long long time never still for a single moment, never dried, never frozen, never slept, never rested.

We drive to Niagara.

We lean over the rail in the Canada reserve and watch half a million tons of water fall 160 feet every minute. We try to identify the successive strata of shale and limestone, the outcroppings of Medina sandstone. Then in cable cars down to the *Maid of the Mist* steamer. In the cabin a boy hands out raincoats and hats the color of stale mustard.

The small boat sets out across the moire shirred river toward the great ancient beard wagging down the rocks. A cloud cocks itself above the brink of the world and bottle-green water seems to be gushing out of its curled inners. Near the Horseshoe Falls the mate helps the pudgy captain with the wheel. The prickling mist makes the women gasp, give little squeals and squat like pullets. The men scrape their shoes. They look vaguely at the gorge, the roofs of the dumpy town, famous stamping ground and salt lick of honeymooners and other wantoning folk.

Repeated clangs. The boat grates at the landing. Everyone hurries to the cabin, eager to get back to hotels, limousines, parks, food, drink, love.

XIII

A Song for the Road

The road unwinds ten thousand miles of concrete, dirt, sand, cement, macadam, mud, and gravel. Ten thousand miles of city, plain, mountain, river, wood, and desert. Ten thousand miles of shafts of wind, sun, and rain. Ten thousand miles of corn, wheat, cotton, hay, apples, peaches. Ten thousand miles of milch cows, beef, hogs, horses, sheep, Yanks, niggers, Southerners, greasers, Indians, Swedes, Jews, and simple knuckleheaded Americans. Ten thousand miles of furrow which has given us birth and which we plow like *Cedipus*.

The magnificent highways through our popularized centers are tentacles to carry us to cities which like giant starfish turn themselves inside out to absorb us. These roads have little character in themselves. They seem to exist only because of the huddle of houses. They are means of slipping from the skirt of, say, New York to and under the skirt of blowsy Chicago. They are trimmed, fenced, billboarded; if not, the massed hills, the roan fields, the lakes lost like small silver near the horizon lend them little of their beauty. Traffic, no matter when, is always too heavy.

It is only when one gets to the remote hidden quarters of the country that the road assumes a life of its own. No signs warn against parking, none against trespassing. You hop a fence and chat with a hand hoeing or join a gang threshing. You stop to pick a meadow beauty, a fern that suggests a monkey tail, or to tap basaltic rock. You lie for hours under a cottonwood and face a sky cut into blazing stones by bough and branches.

These far-off roads seem to be the longest distance between any two spots. They meander and sprawl to all points of the compass. They avoid bridges and grow grass and wildings in their middles. They hump their backs against the speed loon whom you will find everywhere. You will see, in the radiators of charging cars, as in nets, butterflies, bees, locusts; and in the dust, crushed turtles, sparrows, polecats, gophers, mice, and jackrabbits.

In your way goats; startled horses, tails like flags paid out in the wind, trumpeting from great rumps; huge Hereford bulls with swollen, curded heads. Lizards flicker before the wheels; sage hens shoot from shrubs; toads waltz and fight. And now, barging across the sand, you are lost at the bottom of an ancient withered sea with sage like anemone and cactus, octopus writhing, into whose arms you are slowly, slowly sucked.

So our road is magic. Old Spanish Trail, U. S. 90, Oregon Highway, giving you the taste and smell of the old pioneers and fighters, the strength they have jetted into its ruts. Varying in its moods and texture like the Americanos, a white people whose spectrum is all colors. Lying like a rawhide whip curled one moment; the next like a *penitente* with ribbed brown chest burning in the glare; flashing into a sickle, blade buried into the heaving horizon; spread out like a telescope pointing a distant star; rolling like lava in the scorpion heat; or a concave convex glass in which cars and humans shift from squat bugs to yanked-out accordions or feverish hydraulic presses. And above all giving images that always reveal the people—hay-derricks like spy-glasses pointing toward earth or masts broken; water-towers that are rockets flung toward the moon; factory smoke black bushes in which cities are lost like strident iron birds; courthouses with towers nipples, dry and lost in the everlasting cloud.

INDOMITABLE

BY ROBERT JEANS

FOR an aggregate of thirty rounds various mediocre pugs had swung, clubbed and clinched while inky clouds floated ponderously over the ball-park.

Just before the start of the main bout the customers were bombed by an occasional juicy raindrop. Heeding the warning, stragglers began to trek toward the roofed grandstand. It turned into a wild retreat when a sudden downpour came. After the scramble, few fans remained at the ringside. The officials and newspaper men there held chairs over their heads in lieu of umbrellas.

When the two main-event fighters, middle-weights, arrived at the ring, the announcer rose and attempted to call off the fight, but the crowd in the stands refused to be dismissed and clamored for further action. Promoter and boxing commissioner communed for a few seconds. Then the commissioner asked the fighters if they wanted to work in the rain. They replied affirmatively.

One pug was a stocky heavy-muscled blond. The other was tall, dark, seemingly wiry.

Rain beat on them as they received hurried instructions from the referee. In that dramatic interlude between their return to their corners and the ringing of the bell both pugs, sucking in draughts of the damp air, looked skyward apprehensively and felt the pelting rain on their faces.

The bell rang. The fighters advanced toward the center of the ring. The blond boy, a croucher, attacked immediately. He rushed forward, bobbed, and, coming up, banged both of his fists to the tall pug's stomach. Drawing back a little, he tried to repeat the manœuver but slipped and fell to the floor. His opponent stood off and let him rise. They touched gloves, smiled faintly, and resumed fighting stances.

Then the tall pug, without drawing a lead, quickly shot in a one-two to the head. He cocked his right and again let it fly. This time it missed. The croucher charged. They clinched and wrestled, each attempting to get his head against the other's chest. Failing, they exchanged free-arm body punches and cuffs to the ears. The bell rang.

Through the rain-haze came the sound of voices from the mob crowded together back in the stands. Jokes and babble came from a few sports who crouched awkwardly under the elevated ring, where they had gone to protect their clothes and straw hats.

The bell rang. Again the blond came up with a rush. He managed to attain a good footing and to swing a series of blows to the head. The tall fellow was knocked down, but he bounded up without the suggestion of a count. Legs spread, arms waving, he struggled for balance. The blond grabbed him, steadied him. They touched gloves. Then both left-

hooked. Both landed. They closed in and again crouched and weaved for low position. Again the manœuver failed. They beat each other over the kidneys until the bell rang.

By now their gloves were thoroughly saturated, and their wet trunks clung to their bodies. Their hair was bedraggled.

A wiseacre under the ring called to a fan who was standing at the ringside braving the rain, "From under here it sounds like they're killin' each other. Are they levellin'?"

"I'll say so. Both of them's tryin' to end it with one good sock, I guess."

"If I was in there on a night like this, I wouldn't kill myself. I'd be waltzin'."

"Well, what would you do if the other guy wouldn't let you? It takes two to make a barney."

"They ought to have an agreement to go along."

"Yeah, but they haven't."

"Do they know each other?"

"I s'pose so. I see them boxin' each other a coupla weeks ago in the gym."

"Maybe it's a grudge."

"Nah. They ain't got nothin' against each other. They just don't neither want to lose a decision, that's all."

"Then they're just a couple of game suckers."

"Yeah, an' you an' me is suckers too, even if we did crash the gate."

II

In the third round both pugs took numerous chances with wide right-hand swings. Each seemed trying desperately to land a knockout blow—which would mean a quick run to the dressing-room and the comfort of soft towels, the change to dry clothes, the hastening to a solacing bed.

Yet each was obviously determined not

to go down. Tenacious, game, neither would yield. When one surged ahead a little the other rallied and evened the score with a counter offensive. If one landed a damaging blow the other contrived to offset it immediately with an effective wallop of his own. Neither asked nor gave quarter, yet neither took advantage of a foot-slip to sneak over a finishing punch.

The ring floor became a heavy sog. Little pools of water gathered in various hollows and were swished and splashed by the sliding wet feet of the fighters and referee. In the hazy distance the passing elevated trains appeared toylike, invitingly cozy; they wooed spectators away from the scene of battle.

Round after round, the evenness of the fight continued. Neither man seemed to develop a mite of superiority, but both inflicted great damage.

In the eighth round the blond's right eye was badly cut. A blow damaged his upper lip, part of which hung jagged. At last it seemed as though the tall pug had gained an advantage sufficient to hammer out a victory.

But the bleeding blond was unwilling to admit he was licked. He bulled his opponent into a corner and beat him furiously about the head. A mouse developed over one of the tall boy's eyes and rapidly distended until the eye was practically closed. The bleeding croucher charged again and sought to rap his wet fist against the moused eye. This moved the recipient to call on his resources and stage a counter attack.

The diluting rain sprayed on their wounds and changed the red blood to pink. Both returned to their corners blood-blinded and noticeably weary.

The handlers worked hard over their charges during the rest minute. The

mouse over the tall pug's eye did not respond to ice treatment, so a negro handler took out a pocket knife and slit it.

In the opposite corner the blond fighter breathed in ammonia fumes from a green bottle while, with hasty and crude surgery, a handler tried to halt the blood-flow from his jagged lip and split eye-lid.

The wiseacre outside the ring said to his pal underneath it: "I'll cut you in on somethin'. The real battle is gonna come off in the dressin'-rooms. One of the prelim boys got nine bucks for his end. All the fighters is workin' on percentage. These two guys'll be lucky to get a C apiece for killin' each other."

During the ninth round the fighters clinched repeatedly. No doubt both had been instructed to take it easy in this session so as to attempt a flashy strong finish in the tenth. They varied their clinching with jabbing and hooking at one another's raw spots. At the close of the round both were again bleeding freely.

In the rest minute, before the final round, the handlers took pains to minimise the damaged appearance of the fighters' wounds. One ambitious second even combed the blond's rain-soaked hair. Each bruise was given a hopeful final dab just before the bell.

Last round. The boys came up. The referee extended his arms between them and, over his arms, they touched gloves. He stepped aside. Both rushed rather clumsily. They fell into a clinch. With lumbering punches they chopped at one another's kidneys. Standing apart, they jabbed weakly. The great offensive each had supposedly planned never came off. Neither had a good spurt left.

They pushed and hauled, and rubbed gloves over each other's abrasures. Their tights slid down below their belts, dis-

closing navels and supporters. Their faces were smeary. Each deposited some of his blood on the other's shoulders, and the rain washed trickles of it down their backs.

They labored against the ropes near the sporty spokesman, who informed his friend under the ring, "Jesus Christ, they smell like goats!"

From the grandstand a muffled voice called out, "Who's winnin'?" Some one drew a mob-laugh by replying, "Ol' Man River!"

During the final minute of the bout both fighters floundered ineffectually. The crowd began to boo. In response the fighters slugged each other with labored punches. But the fast pace, heavy punching, soggy floor, pelting rain and loss of blood had robbed them of their amazing stamina. Their attempts to fight were becoming pathetically comic.

The mob continued to boo. Ever willing, the blond pug lowered his head as a preliminary to another charge. The tall fighter backed against the ropes and braced himself as best he could to meet it. At that moment the bell rang. The fight was over.

III

The contestants' arms dropped to their sides. Painful, broken-mouthed smiles of relief appeared on their harassed, pulpy faces. They trudged wearily to their corners.

A draw.

Berobed and swathed in towels, they walked weavingly to the center of the ring. They put their arms around each other and kissed impulsively.

Then they climbed from the ring and made for their dressing-rooms, while the wet fans skeltered toward the exit.

THE FARMERS SEE RED

BY WALTER W. LIGGETT

CONFISCATION of privately owned land for public purposes is considered by the 100% American business man to be one of the cardinal sins of the Soviet government. The very word "confiscation," indeed, has a horrific sound to him, and scares him into conservatism. Comparatively few persons, especially among those living in the larger cities, have the remotest realization of how rapidly almost the same process is going on in the United States.

Here, of course, any mention of "confiscation" is sedulously avoided. We call it "foreclosure", a much more soothing word; and, instead of being nationalized, the land is concentrated into the hands of a few insurance companies, mortgage companies, bankers and other absentee landlords. However, the results are much the same as in Russia, for they separate the farmer from his farm with equal effect, though our method is probably the more painful, for we make no provision for the farmer after he loses his farm. Already we have gone perilously far toward transforming the United States from a nation of independent, home-owning farmers into one of hired men and renters.

Some time ago, happening to be walking down the corridors of the Senate Office Building in Washington, bound on some casual errand, I was distracted by the unusual size of a crowd collected in the meeting-room of the Committee on Agriculture. I stopped out of curiosity,

looked through the half-opened door, listened a moment, and then tip-toed in and stood behind the rear row of spectators. Ordinarily, the stale farce comedies staged by publicity-seeking legislative investigating committees do not interest me, but here, unexpectedly, I was witnessing stark drama—and drama, it seemed to me, that epitomized the tragically swift processes by which the American Republic is being changed.

The setting seemed symbolic. Amid the gaudy magnificence of the great marble-panelled committee chamber—its gilded ceilings, blazing crystal chandeliers and purple plush hangings make it curiously reminiscent of a ballroom in a better grade *maison de joie*—sat some seventy-five stern-faced farmers, ill at ease but angry, and grimly determined that Congress should at least hear the recital of their grievances.

They had come from Oklahoma, Nebraska, Kansas, North and South Dakota, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Montana, but they had not come in Pullmans. Instead, all of them had driven to Washington—some in open cars—and although the magnolias were then blooming on Capitol Hill, back on the Western prairies the roads had been drifted deep with snow and they had bucked blizzards in their passage of the Alleghenies. Most of them were dirt farmers, though the leaders of various agricultural organizations also were present, and the funds to

buy gasoline, oil, food and tourist-camp lodging for their pilgrimage had been raised by the voluntary donations of their neighbors.

They were there to demand a hearing on Senate Bill 1197, "an act to liquidate and refinance agricultural indebtedness . . . by establishing an efficient credit system through which the unjust and unequal burdens placed upon agriculture . . . may be lightened by the refinancing of farm mortgages and farm indebtedness at reduced rates of interest." Having read of the \$2,000,000,000 which Congress had so promptly voted to rehabilitate the bankers, the railroads and industry in general, these simple minded sons of the soil had flivvered to Washington in the hope of getting some aid in the refinancing of their mortgaged farms.

A white haired old man was in the witness chair when I entered. Of the American frontier type, his aquiline features made him oddly resemble the cartoons of Uncle Sam. He was telling of his experiences as a dairy farmer in Northern Wisconsin.

"Before the war," he said, "it took one month's milk check to pay my taxes. During the war it took only half a month's. But last year it took the gross income from all my cows for *four* months."

He went on to say that his farm had cost him during the year \$500 more than he had received in income, and that finally he had rented it to his hired man for \$365 a year.

"When I got home last Christmas I got a tax statement of \$395," he continued. "It was just \$30 more than the rent I am receiving. I want to say that for the last two years I have not paid a cent of interest, and I do not intend to pay any more interest until something is done whereby I can get a cheaper dollar to pay it with."

He paused for a moment as he scanned the faces about the committee table, then added: "I want to tell you gentlemen that today there are more Reds among the farmers of Wisconsin than you dream about—men who see red. I know of thousands of farmers in my position who have worked all their lives, hoping to have a farm when they got along in years, something to fall back on, to make a living —"

"What do you mean by 'seeing red?'" a Senator demanded.

The old man gazed squarely at his interrogator.

"The farmer is naturally a conservative," he replied, "and I was once as conservative as any man could be, but any economic system that has it in its power to set me and my wife in the streets at my age—well, what else could I do but see red?"

There was a hush in the committee-room as he finished. Nor was he interrupted again.

An official of the Oklahoma Farmer's Union told the committee that in many counties of that State there was an agreement among the farmers not to pay taxes. He added:

Oklahoma is usually second in Winter wheat production and second in the number of bales of cotton produced. All our wheat, all our cotton and all of the oil produced in Oklahoma in 1931, at the present prices, would not pay the tax bill of the citizens of Oklahoma. I know of one county in which three-quarters of the farm land—not including land already taken over by the mortgage companies—was sold for taxes last year.

Then he cited census reports showing that forty years ago no farms were mortgaged in Oklahoma, but that the number under mortgage had reached 22.9% in 1910, had grown to 26.8% in 1920 and to 39.8% in 1925, and was approximately 50% in 1930.

The Colorado Farmers' Union spokesman produced waybills showing that in many instances the prices received by farmers for carload shipments of fruit had failed to equal the freight to market. He also cited figures showing that wheat was bringing an average of thirty-five cents a bushel on the farm; corn, twenty-three cents; oats, eighteen cents; cotton, five cents; and potatoes, fifteen cents; that 200-pound hogs were selling for \$6 or \$7; fat cattle at from three to four cents a pound; horses and mules at from \$15 to \$20 apiece; butter fat at from fifteen to eighteen cents a pound; and eggs at nine cents a dozen.

"There is not a farm commodity today," he went on, "that is selling at the cost of production. The new wealth created in all the agricultural States of this nation will not pay the interest charges and tax bills of this past year. That can only mean an additional mortgage or a foreclosure. Bankruptcy stares us in the face."

The Nebraska Farmers' Union representative had an even more harrowing story.

"We have," he said, "in the grasshopper area, five counties, and in them 90% of the farmers are without either money or feed. No banks are available to finance them. These people are being supplied by charity from other parts of the State. The live stock are perishing by the thousands for want of food."

Iowa is the richest agricultural state in the Union—"first in the production of corn, first in hogs, first in poultry and eggs, first in horses, second in beef cattle, third in milch cows—and *first in farm mortgages*," as a farmer from there told the committee. He said that 65% of its 214,000 farms were mortgaged for a total of \$450,000,000, and that since 1900 no less than 29,000 farmers had lost their homes

by foreclosure. The debt increased \$135,000,000 between 1920 and 1925, though the value of farm property decreased 34% during the same period.

In Wisconsin it was shown that the State's 181,767 farms were mortgaged for \$355,000,000; while in Illinois, with fertile land and nearby markets, more than 47% of all the farm land was mortgaged for approximately \$400,000,000. In Montana, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and Washington, the Red Cross has 110,471 persons on its relief rolls.

II

But perhaps a better idea of the situation can be gained if we consider a single State. Let us take North Dakota. I happen to be familiar with its history for the past twenty-five years, have been in every one of its fifty-three counties, and know hundreds of its farmers.

North Dakota is the most predominantly agricultural State in the Union. Seventy-seven percent of its total area is classified as farm land under cultivation; 58% of its people actually live on farms; and nearly 30% more are residents of villages or small towns of less than 2,500. The population of Fargo—its biggest city—is only 28,000, and less than 100,000 persons live in the eight largest centers of the State. Of its 650,000 inhabitants, 87% can be classified as rural, and practically all the rest are dependent upon the farmers for their livelihood.

Its level and fertile prairies—the Red river valley undoubtedly has richer soil than any other region of the same size in America—seem especially designed for large scale grain growing with modern machinery, and North Dakotans boast that their State is "the bread basket of the nation." It is first in the production of Spring

wheat, leads in its output of rye, and grows more flax seed and barley than any other State. It also ranks high in live stock and dairy products. The value of its combined farm crops places it twelfth among the States of the Union, and none other of equal size produces so much. In 1920 it was rated seventh in *per capita* wealth—a truly remarkable record for a region so recently settled.

For North Dakota was not admitted to the Union until 1889 and a decade before that it had barely 35,000 inhabitants. Not a few of its older residents remember the campaigns of Generals Sibley and Sulley, which drove the hostile Sioux into the Bad Lands west of the Missouri river. The completion of the first railroad from the east to its eastern boundary, in 1872, was marked by the wiping out of Colonel George Custer's command. Two decades later successive waves of Scandinavian, German and Russian settlers swept westward, dotting the dreary prairie with sod shanties.

They braved real perils and hideous hardships. There were no roads across the treeless, unfenced prairies. Often the nearest village was twenty miles away. In Winter, for days on end, swirling blizzards raged so violently that it was almost suicide to venture abroad. Men often strayed away and were frozen to death going from their houses to their barns to feed their stock. In case of sickness or child birth, the only available aid came from the nearest neighbor—frequently several miles distant. Fuel always was a problem, and the cold was so intense that commonly whole families slept together to keep from freezing. Many women went insane from sheer loneliness.

The first settlers were afflicted by all the plagues of the Egyptians. In the Spring the wind blew so violently that seeds were

whipped out of the ground and carried away in blinding clouds of dust. Later, grasshoppers descended upon the growing crops in swarms that darkened the sun. What was not devoured by these pests would be withered away in the long continued droughts, when for weeks at a time the sun would blaze out of a brazen sky until the stock perished for lack of water. In other seasons, when rain was more plentiful, a fungus known as rust would destroy the grain. "Giants Out of the Earth", by the late O. E. Rolvaag, is the only saga of these pioneers—and it tells but part of the story.

But despite all their discouragements they persevered. They *did* raise crops, and behind ox teams or straining horses painfully hauled them over almost impassable roads to the grain buyers at the railroad centers. There these farmers and fishermen from the Old World, all of them used to its kindlier coöperation, encountered one of the best organized and smoothest functioning systems of exploitation which modern society has produced.

The nearest primary grain market was in Minneapolis, and it was wholly controlled by a close corporation of grain speculators, chartered by the State, and known as the Chamber of Commerce. Their elevators extended throughout the Northwest, and they had, to all intents and purposes, absolute control of the market. Prices changed from day to day, according to the quotations from Chicago or Liverpool, and could be manipulated by the big operators, but the nub of the racket lay in the grading.

There were some 132 grades of grain, based on slight and highly technical differences, but with sharply varying values, and the farmer was in no position to dispute the arbitrary decrees of the grain buyers, who naturally resolved every doubt

in their own favor. A farmer who had laboriously hauled to town a load of wheat either had to accept the price offered, or haul his grain back to the farm. Many, many million bushels of wheat, graded at from one to twenty-five cents a bushel under its honest value, were purchased from North Dakota producers every year, later to be regraded and sold by the dealers at materially increased prices. This lucrative graft ran close to \$10,000,000 in a normal year on the wheat crop of North Dakota alone.

Dockage was another adroit device whereby money was diverted from the pocket of the farmer. Sometimes a load of wheat would contain eight or ten bushels of flaxseed. The farmer would be docked for the weight of the flaxseed, which would be separated by the elevator, though often it was worth more than the wheat from which it was taken. The farmer, however, was not paid a cent for this "wastage."

Impelled by seasonal necessity, the farmers all harvested their grain at approximately the same period; and, since no storage facilities were provided except those controlled by the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, they were compelled to market their crop immediately after it had been threshed. This gave the market manipulators their opportunity. Declaring that the "heavy rush of grain had unsettled the exchange," they would depress the price until the farmers had disposed of their grain. Then the price would soar, and the speculators would profit accordingly.

If some individual farmer tried to hold his crop off the market, pressure would be brought to bear upon him by the local banker. Most such Shylocks had been set up in business by the Minneapolis gang and played its game. They charged 10%,

12% and even 14% interest during the pioneer days, and they saw to it that notes—as well as farm mortgages—invariably came due immediately after the threshing season. This made it impossible for any considerable proportion of the farmers to hold their crops for higher prices. Moreover, as I have said, few of them had anything like adequate storage facilities on their farms.

Excessive railroad rates took a toll of from ten to twenty cents a bushel on all grains, and hail insurance—virtually a necessity in that storm-swept clime—cost as much as seventy cents an acre. It has been estimated by competent economists that all these burdens—extortionate interest, high freight rates, hail insurance, and unfair grain grading and dockage—cost the farmers of North Dakota at least \$50,000,000 in an average year—or approximately \$650 a farmer.

It is not strange, considering all the circumstances, that, as time went on, more and more North Dakota farmers found themselves unable to make both ends meet. They were bucking a brace game. So early as 1910, some 19,000 farms in North Dakota were mortgaged for a total of \$47,000,000, and 14% of the farms were being operated by tenants—this in a new State where virtually all the arable land had been homesteaded but a few years before.

The farmers were so isolated and scattered that it seemed next to impossible to organize them that they might meet their exploiters on anything like equal terms. Nevertheless, there were men willing to attempt the impossible, and from 1908 until the present day the history of North Dakota has been the story of an unsuccessful effort by her farmers to emancipate themselves from outside exploitation.

III

Their first effort was to form a State-wide coöperative marketing society. There was nothing revolutionary about the scheme—hundreds of similar coöperatives are working everywhere in Europe—but the grain gamblers whose profits were threatened filled the newspapers with denunciations of “Socialism.” So the Equity movement, as it was called, was looked upon as an attack upon the established order, and officious small town merchants—most of them now being wiped out themselves by chain stores—broke up the Equity meetings and escorted their speakers out of town. The Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce refused to sell the Equity a membership, and a complaisant North Dakota attorney general brought suit to seize its funds and to dissolve the organization as a combination in restraint of trade.

The farmers replied by boycotting the towns which had denied them meeting places and 5,000 of them surrounded the courthouse where the suit to dissolve the Equity was being heard. That apparently proved effective: at least the judge decided the case in their favor. Then a delegation, several hundred strong, journeyed to the State capital to ascertain why the Legislature had not carried out a proposal—thrice given a majority vote at successive elections—to build a State warehouse which the farmers believed would help them thwart the Minneapolis combine.

The delegation presented its petition and repaired to the legislative galleries to hear the answer. It was not long delayed—and very explicit.

“You farmers go home and slop your hogs,” the administration spokesman declaimed, turning his face to the packed galleries. “We legislators will attend to making the laws.”

In that picturesque phrase was born the Nonpartisan League, the very memory of which is still a nightmare to the politicians of the Northwest.

The insult, coming on the heels of many injuries, convinced the farmers that they must solidify their political power to protect themselves economically. The preliminaries were completed before the delegation dispersed. Twenty-four hours later a dozen organizers were scattering through the State, going from farm to farm in Ford cars, signing up members and collecting \$16 in advance for two years' dues. In six months 40,000 members had joined and their dues constituted a mighty campaign fund.

A State-wide weekly was started, scores of speakers took the stump, and at the 1916 election the Nonpartisan League swept its whole ticket into office, including a controlling majority of the lower branch of the State Legislature. The conservatives, however, had a holdover majority in the Senate and blocked immediate action on the League's legislative programme.

Two years later, while the World War was raging, the League candidates again swept the State by top-heavy majorities, and this time they controlled both branches of the Legislature and the State Supreme Court as well. Then, in a single short session, the entire Nonpartisan League platform was enacted into law—probably one of the few times in history when a political party actually proceeded to carry out all its pre-campaign pledges in perfect good faith.

A State bank, in which all taxes collected by every political subdivision had to be deposited, State elevators and flour mills, State hail insurance (at about one-third the rates private concerns had charged), a State home-building law, new grain grading regulations, sharply reduced

railroad rates, and a number of social and labor laws constituted the principal features of the League's programme. Its leaders triumphantly proclaimed the dawn of a new day.

But it was not so easy as that. Human nature still had to be reckoned with. The success of the League attracted a swarm of sordid camp followers. Its leaders were foolishly persuaded to endorse a far-flung string of chain banks, chain stores and other more questionable promotions, all on insufficient capital. When the post-war deflation came in 1920—it was especially severe in the West—the whole topheavy structure came crashing down in ruins. The banks failed and the chain store system went into a receivership.

But it was really the question of Prohibition which directly brought about the downfall of the League machine. Most of the liquor going into Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri at that time was run down in automobiles from Canada through North Dakota. The State attorney general, a Prohibitionist, created a State enforcement squad, mounted machine-guns on the hoods of automobiles, and proceeded to attack the traffic. Several killings followed and at the same time it was generally known that certain members of the liquor squad were selling stolen booze. Finally, the particularly wanton double murder of two pursued bootleggers aroused widespread indignation, even among drys. So recall petitions were circulated, and the Governor and the attorney general were summarily thrown out of office in mid-term.

But this smashing of the Nonpartisan League political machine by no means put an end to its industrial programme. The rank and file of the League farmers were able to distinguish between personalities and principles. They stuck stubbornly to

their convictions, retained control of the Legislature and refused to allow their public-owned institutions to be put out of business.

The State bank, the State mill and elevator, and State hail insurance are still functioning today and very satisfactorily. The State mill has not been a conspicuous success, although it undoubtedly has more that justified the cost of its upkeep by increasing the price of North Dakota grain at least one or two cents a bushel. The State bank has had some losses through frozen loans—what agrarian bank has not?—but it has reduced interest rates in North Dakota to 6%, where they formerly averaged 8.7%, and an interest reduction of 2.7% is not to be sneezed at when farm mortgages aggregate more than \$200,000,000. The State Hail Insurance Act, in cutting excessive rates more than half, has saved the farmers of North Dakota at least \$6,000,000 annually. Nor have these State enterprises materially increased taxes. Altogether, the present plight of North Dakota cannot be blamed upon the Nonpartisan League.

But despite the savings brought about by the State-ownership programme, despite the growth of rural coöperative buying and selling agencies, despite the tendency in recent years to diversify products and not to rely upon a single grain crop, the condition of the North Dakota farmers ever since 1920 has gone steadily from bad to worse. After all, no industry can prosper over a long series of years when its selling prices fail to return the cost of production, and this is precisely what has happened to American agriculture—in the Eastern, Southern and Pacific Coast States as well as in the Middle West.

The farmer is the one manufacturer who has nothing at all to say when it comes to fixing the selling price of his

product. The price of wheat, for instance, is determined at Liverpool as the result of world-wide competition. Bumper crops from the steppes of Siberia, India, Australia or the Argentine Republic always depress the price for the American farmer. His costs, however, are controlled by purely local conditions, and are predicated upon relatively high standards of living. Protective tariffs increase the cost of the machinery he buys and of the labor he hires, yet he is expected to produce wheat in competition with Russian peasants. In the long run this is ruinous.

Furthermore, even the price of domestic wheat is fixed by what is paid abroad for the exports. Year in and year out we export less than one quarter of our crop. Yet the prices paid at Liverpool for the exported portion regulate what shall be paid for the three-quarters consumed at home.

The cost of farm labor, machinery, gasoline, harness and the thousand and one other materials which the farmer and his family consume have not decreased materially since the World War. Agricultural prices, however, have been falling almost continuously since the post-war deflation in 1920. Under the stimulus of war production, many farmers mortgaged their property in 1917-18 in order to raise more wheat. Others purchased additional land at inflated prices for the same purpose. But prices have gone down, and it requires at least six bushels of wheat now to pay a debt which one bushel of wheat would have paid in 1918. The same applies to corn, cotton or live stock.

It is not the fault of the individual farmer if he is bankrupt today. Nor have sloth, wastefulness or poor farming methods caused his downfall. It is simply a case where he has been caught in the cogs of a vast, inexorable and illogical machine. He

has been crushed by low prices and high production costs, and exploited by an archaic system of marketing, whereby unnecessary and parasitical middle-men take too many tolls on his industry, until he is left in the end with only about one-third of the selling price of his product. The farmer has made a gallant fight but he has been beaten. Today American agriculture is a bankrupt industry.

IV

But let us return to North Dakota to get a concrete illustration of the appalling rapidity with which the farmer is being dispossessed. Remember, first, that forty years ago practically every farm in the State was owned outright, without encumbrance of any kind.

According to the latest available statistics, of the 77,975 farms in the State, 28,462 are now being operated by tenants. Of the 49,513 farms still being operated by their owners, 64% are mortgaged, and in most cases the property if sold today would not bring the face of the indebtedness. But even this sorry picture does not tell the story, for these figures are several years old, and the foreclosures have been going on at a greatly accelerated rate during those years.

More illuminating as to existing conditions was a questionnaire circulated among the county auditors of North Dakota and read into the record at the recent Senatorial hearing. The auditors of twenty-four of the fifty-three counties of the State—these are official figures, mind you—reported that between January 1, 1922, and December 31, 1931, there had been 21,438 foreclosures of farms. Of this total, only 854 farms had been later redeemed by the mortgagors.

If less than half the counties in North

Dakota (and not the most populous counties, in many instances) report 21,438 foreclosures, then it is safe to assume that at least 60% of the State's farmers have lost their homes. But even these shocking statistics do not give the whole truth, for thousands of farms have not been seized merely because the mortgage-holders do not want them at any price and so allow the occupants to stay on them after they have defaulted in interest or principal. Meanwhile, thousands of other farmers have voluntarily relinquished their property to their debtors without waiting for the formality of a sheriff's sale. Furthermore, thousands of other foreclosures are now pending—and so are thousands of tax sales.

The North Dakota delegation filed with the Senate committee copies of official county-seat newspapers from twenty-nine counties, and these papers contained 636 columns of notices of land sales for delinquent taxes. One paper, in a drought-stricken county on the Missouri slope, carried seven solid pages of tax notices set in nonpareil type. In one county it cost \$2300 to publish the notices of delinquency and the sheriff's sale brought in only \$600.

Several North Dakota counties have collected practically no taxes except from the railroads and public utility corporations. Schools in many parts of the State have been closed or now run on part time because no funds are available to pay the teachers. Many farmers have refused to pay taxes and several Eastern mortgage holding companies are also letting taxes go by default.

In Montrail county 1200 families are receiving relief from the Red Cross, and in McKenzie county, where the census shows approximately 2400 families, 918 are on the relief roll. Ten Northwestern counties suffered a drought last season and the

destitution is acute in all of them. In addition to receiving aid from the Red Cross, these counties have been shipped seven cars of clothing, 200 cars of potatoes and 50,000 bushels of wheat by the Farmers' Union, which has also provided \$40,000 worth of feed for live stock.

In some sections farmers are driving to town in ancient buggies because they have not money enough to buy gasoline. Whole communities have gone back to barter. The farmer trades butter, eggs, potatoes or other products for clothing, store food, and whatever else he needs. Several Middle West colleges are accepting wheat, pigs, poultry and other farm produce in return for tuition. More than fifty-five students in a Kansas college are paying for their education by this primitive form of exchange.

The farmer, of course, does not suffer alone. The smaller towns of North Dakota—the cities, too—are wholly dependent upon the farmers' production. Probably their condition can be best illustrated by recalling that of the 1050 banks which were listed in North Dakota in 1920, only 255 have their doors open today. In some communities business is practically at a standstill, and to all intents and purposes there is a moratorium on all forms of indebtedness. Stores keep on extending credit because they can't get cash, and neighbors share their slender means because they may soon be on the breadline themselves. The general distress has brought about a condition closely akin to communism.

Thousands of farmers in North Dakota will be unable to plant crops this year unless they get some outside help. Congress appropriated \$50,000,000 for seed loans, but the Department of Agriculture's regulations set a limit of \$400 for each farmer. It costs at least \$3 an acre to seed a crop of

wheat and the North Dakota farms average 452 acres. Manifestly it will be impossible for most of the farmers to put in a full crop. Furthermore, no seed loans will be made unless the mortgage holders and other creditors waive their prior rights. Inasmuch as tens of thousands of North Dakota farms are already plastered with governmental seed-loan liens, next season's crop is certain to be sharply curtailed, and this can only mean more foreclosures. So runs the vicious circle.

Statistics, of course, are utterly inadequate to convey any impression of what is taking place in North Dakota, or of the misery and heart-break, especially among the older generation. Many of the foreclosed farmers came to the State before it was admitted into the Union. They lived in sod shanties, braved the blizzards, drank alkali water from shallow wells, and broke the virgin prairie with their ox teams.

Many of them have since built handsome homes and substantial barns. I know personally farmers in North Dakota who have accumulated plants worth from \$25,000 to \$50,000. Now, because of a series of cruel circumstances, they are being sold out for taxes or foreclosed for a mere tithe of what their property is actually worth. As a class they are sober, literate and law abiding. But now, their life's savings gone, penniless, knowing no trade except farming, they are turned adrift in their old age. One wonders if they will be able to grasp the fine distinction between confiscation and foreclosure?

Some economists look with complacency upon the wiping out of the individual farmer because they entertain the belief that the future of farming lies in large scale operations. (This also is the theory of the Soviet leaders.) It has yet to be proved, however, that large scale farming is economical when conducted by the State,

or that it can be carried on successfully by individuals.

The largest single operator in the United States—who farmed two units of 80,000 and 130,000 acres respectively—lost \$5,000,000 over a period of thirteen years, and is not even attempting to raise wheat at present prices. He would have been bankrupted long ago were it not for the fact that he leased land on Indian reservations under extraordinarily favorable terms. The Russians, too, apparently are discovering that large scale farming works out better in theory than in practice.

After all, a large scale operator must offer the prevailing wages for labor and he can only work his employes for limited hours—unless he pays overtime—whereas the individual farmer customarily works himself and his whole family from twelve to fourteen hours a day. Also, it is well to remember that seasonal time limitations keep down the acreage that can be handled by a single machine, so that the overhead of the large scale operator cannot be reduced below a certain point. If the individual farmer fails, under what can best be described as sweat-shop methods, it is folly to suppose that factory methods can succeed—at least at present price levels.

V

What is left? As I see it there are only three possible alternatives. The first is to allow large areas to lapse back to their original status as grazing land. This seems to be favored by President Hoover and the so-called experts in the Department of Agriculture: at least, their whole policy tends in that direction.

The second alternative is to have agricultural production carried on by the proper system of tenantry, such as now prevails in several Southern States. This

means that the farmer will be reduced to virtual peonage and barely subsist in a perpetual state of semi-starvation. Such a system would hardly be conducive to the national welfare. It would mean that the United States was returning to the feudal system while Russia forged ahead industrially. Moreover, peons haven't sufficient purchasing power to maintain mass production.

The remaining alternative is to take intelligent steps to restore agriculture as a profitable industry. This will have to be done, in my opinion, before we have any return to permanent prosperity. Despite the over-development of our factories, farming still remains *the* basic industry of the United States, and 44% of our population depend upon it for a livelihood. We cannot start the wheels of our factories turning so long as such a large proportion of our people are deprived of their normal purchasing power.

But how can we restore agriculture without enormous subsidies? The problem presents difficulties, certainly, but they are by no means insuperable. France and Germany have not found it impossible to protect their farmers from ruin. If the \$500,000,000 which the Farm Board has squandered in thinly disguised campaign bribes had been intelligently applied to a sensible programme, agricultural conditions today would be materially better. This was not done, however, so the problem remains. No other problem more gravely concerns the whole future of the country. It must be settled soon—and settled right—or we shall find ourselves facing very dangerous social consequences.

As the Senatorial committee was told by the old farmer from Wisconsin, the pioneers and sons of pioneers, dispossessed from their land after decades of back-breaking labor, are likely to see red. Well, who can blame them?

SURNAMES IN THE UNITED STATES

BY HOWARD F. BARKER

A CLEAR indication of the immaturity of the United States is found in our family nomenclature. Compared with England, where the same language is spoken, we are still in the Seventeenth Century. About the time that the first settlers came to Virginia and Massachusetts, England attained to a state of fixity in surnames that we have still to match, though we like to think that we have done so. That fixity was the result of hundreds of years of evolution and was attained only by disposing of factors for change that are still in operation here.

In England the use of family names became customary after the Norman Conquest. Up to that time the Anglo-Saxon people had used only single appellations. Their nearest approach to indicating relationships by names lay in assigning to children names closely similar to their fathers'. The Conquest resulted in a redistribution of the land and many adjustments in human relations. A new freedom prompted the people to stir about and made the towns grow. In the towns the old single names were insufficient for identification, and so the bearers of the more common ones came to be known by additional designations, indicating where they had come from, what they did, or something about their appearance.

The propertied class solved the problem by adding the names of their estates or castles to their other names. Because property usually involved a practically perma-

nent association this suggested the designation of all the members of a family by one name. From this beginning came a new system of double names, with one used as a general family connective. Its application to common people soon followed. That economic and social conditions inspired it is made evident by the fact that it came into use at about the same time in nearly all the parts of Europe where people were stirring about or congregating in towns.

But in some parts of England, and in some classes, the new system of double names met with resistance. Surnames had become common in the South by the beginning of the Twelfth Century but were not generally used in the North until the Fourteenth. In Wales their development was even slower than in the North, as was also the case in Scotland and Ireland.

The first important source of surnames was place-names. These generally denoted residence, but sometimes showed where distinction had been won. Similar place-names were available to the merchants and traders, who quickly adopted the system. But when the obscure country folk who lived where they were born finally began to use family designations they were limited to such simple place-names as *Hill* and *Dale*, *Field* and *Wood*. It was, in fact, more natural for them to base their surnames on their father's names and to become *Robertson* and *Richardson* or simply *Roberts* and *Richards*. Names of this type

are the true patronyms. Two other good sources of surnames were soon discovered. Occupation or office often provided identification, as in *Smith*, *Taylor* and *Chamberlain*, and what we now call nicknames—from the old eke-name, or additional designation—were another source: they account for such names as *Brown*, designating complexion, and *Long*, designating stature.

But even after the plan of giving every man a surname was generally adopted time was required to make it function smoothly. Misunderstandings on account of diversities of language caused much confusion. The Normans favored French names, the older English stocks Anglo-Saxon and Norse, and the outlying peoples Cymric, Gaelic and Celtic. Furthermore, dialects abounded and literacy was unusual. Consequently, there was a long period in which both modification and complete change of names were frequent. On the one hand single roots gave rise to variants as distinct as *Raleigh* and *Rawley* and, on the other, such intrinsically different names as *More* (big) and *Moor* (barren land) merged into a compromise form (*Moore*). Thus there developed a fifth class of names—arbitrary but convenient symbols without apparent meaning or with several meanings. Although every English surname originally signified place, father, trade or characteristic, those that survived included many in this fifth class. By the Sixteenth Century the more popular names acquired definite spellings.

In the latter part of the Seventeenth Century a substantial immigration of Huguenots introduced many new names. They were naturalized in the course of time as had been the names of various Flemings, Germans and Swiss arriving in earlier years. With the dying down of this immigration the stabilization of the nation's family names was soon completed.

II

America cannot expect to have the stability of nomenclature which England has because she has not the background of hundreds of years without significant immigration. Nor does she have England's homogeneity in habits and culture. Here Englishmen, Germans, Scots, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Bulgarians and Armenians have moved in together. The English were not the only immigrants to import the custom of fixed surnames, but all, even they, found difficulty in maintaining it. The Scotch and Irish were less mature from the nomenclature standpoint than were the English, but they did speak English or kindred dialects and thus avoided having to fortify their names against any strong pressure of Anglicization. That a difference in language has a great bearing in unsettling names may be very well illustrated by the experience of the Germans.

The use of surnames as family connectives developed in the German speaking area of Europe under much the same circumstances as it did in England. The custom was first in evidence in the South and along the Rhine; later in the North and East. While only the region from Cologne to Switzerland reports that double names were regularly used before 1150, they were almost universal by 1350. As in England, they were taken up first by the nobility, quickly thereafter by the tradesmen, then by the craftsmen, and finally by the country people.

Although the first German immigration to America—that of the Eighteenth Century—was from the area where surnames had been used the longest it did not maintain exact surname practice, for the names were still variable in spelling and readily susceptible to further change. The early

German-Americans were easily swayed in the use of vowels, converting from one to another. They also shifted from one consonant to another within limits, as from *p* to *b* or *f* and from *d* to *t* or *vice versa*. L. Oscar Kuhns, who has investigated their nomenclatural propensities, has found instances of changes proceeding through several generations like a daisy chain, starting from a natural variability and working out to forms whose antecedents are scarcely suspected by the modern clerk.

The second wave of German immigration, coming within the last hundred years, brought in people with the complete surname concept, recognizing hereditary family names of definite spelling. But in spite of this their names were soon subjected to many changes. Distinctly German sounds were modified for our tongue, even when the spelling was retained, and in the majority of cases the spelling was altered. Only the force of numbers represented in the German migration saved their nomenclature from more complete disturbance.

Even if all of our immigrants had had the Englishman's reverence for surnames, the double-name custom would have been considerably weakened here by mixture of peoples and by the melting action of a single language. In addition came the influence of arrivals who either did not recognize the custom or accepted it with reservations. Among the most important of these were the Scandinavians, the Welsh, the New Netherlands Dutch, the Irish and the Jews.

The Scandinavians constituted our largest group of immigrants not giving full recognition to the principle of surname inheritance. Among Scandinavian-Americans are still many instances of fathers and sons, likewise of brothers, of different names—one *Larson*, the other *Lie*; one

Johnson, the other *Aberg*, etc. This is caused by a double system of names, jointly patronymic and descriptive. One man has chosen the patronym or father-name, the other the descriptive. Each of the first two men cited might have been a *Larson Lie* and each of the second two a *Johnson Aberg*. A friend of mine, *George Hansen Fries*, is *Mr. Hansen* to some people and *Mr. Fries* to others.

Yet another nomenclatural irregularity was supported by the Scandinavians, for they were also believers in circulating patronyms. According to this convention the children of a *Carl Johnson* become *Carlsons* rather than *Johnsons*, and the children of a *Hans Peterson* *Hansons* rather than *Petersons*. Forty or fifty years ago, when Scandinavians were arriving here in large numbers without having any considerable body of Americanized fore-runners to guide them, Norse, Swedish and Danish families often split off into as many sub-groups as there were possibilities of variation in their scheme of names.

The Welsh, like the Scandinavians, once favored circulating patronyms. Within the last hundred years they have pretty well come to the English viewpoint at home, but there are many Welsh-Americans whose paternal grandfathers had different names. The older Welshman indicated his pride of family by reciting all the sires he knew. He gravely stated that he was *Evan ap Richard ap Hugh ap Howell ap Hugh ap Humphrey*, using *ap* as *of* to mean *son of*. When he recognized the need of a surname he made his choice from the list and even then had options in its expression. *Ap Hugh* could become either *Hughes* or *Pugh*, *ap Richard* either *Richards* or *Pritchard*, *ap Howell* either *Howell*, *Howells* or *Powell*. When *ap* sounded like *ab* he went to *B* for an initial, choosing between *Evans* and *Bevan*, or *Owen* and *Bowen*.

One must also mention the New Netherlanders. This means going back three hundred years, but it touches a large number of our people, for the few thousand settlers in and near New Amsterdam have many thousands of descendants today. Pearson, a close student of their lives and customs, has written that up to 1675 the variations in their names involved both of the factors which later made those of the Scandinavian-Americans unstable. They wavered from patronym to descriptive, as from *Jansen*, *Cornielson* or *Hendrickson* to *Blauvelt*, *Ten Eyck* or *Van Buren*, and back again, as well as from patronym to patronym. When twenty years of English rule had influenced them to adopt the English manner, they generally settled on the descriptive, but without any unanimity regarding spelling or the retention of the *van* if this was involved.

To the Irish, unvarying family names were not attractive because they were fostered by the hateful English law. True, their belief in clan and sub-clan names kept them fairly well within the fold, but they took delight in creating complications.

Their original resistance may be read between the lines in such statutes as the one passed in 1465 ordering

that every Irishman who dwells betwixt and amongst Englishmen in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Vriell, and Kildare . . . shall take to him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Corke, Kinsale; or color, as white, black, brown; or art or science, as smith or carpenter; or office, as cook, butler . . .

Their vagaries in later times are disclosed by Sir Robert Matheson, assistant Registrar General for Ireland, in a book entitled "Varieties and Synonymes of Surnames and Christian Names in Ireland," dated 1890. He says:

None but those actually engaged in registration work can have any idea of the practical difficulties which are encountered by persons searching the Indexes, owing to the great variations in names in Ireland. These variations are not only in spelling and form, but entirely different names are used synonymously by the same person or by members of the same family. Many of these cases are direct translations of Irish names into English, or *vice versa*, while in others they are equivalents, modifications, or corruptions of them. In a country where two different languages are spoken, it might be expected some such changes would occur, but in Ireland the practice is much more widespread than is commonly supposed. In addition to the changes attributable to the difference of language, time has a powerful effect in altering names, which have also a tendency to assume various forms in different districts. Illiteracy also operates in corrupting names, while they are also frequently varied in spelling and form at pleasure.

All of the factors for change persisted as the Irish migrated to America and matters were simplified only to the extent that they voluntarily did here what the English could not force them to do at home. Here the easy use of the English translation often disposed of argument. American Irish include many *Smiths* and *Johnsons* who would have insisted in Ireland that they were *McGowans* and *McShanes*, respectively, unless they were under the eye of an English official. Similarly *Cleary* there is often *Clark* here, *Breheny* is *Judge*, *O'Dea* is *Godwin*, and so on.

Aside from such translation, respellings and abbreviations account for most of the variations of Irish names in this country. The reader will recognize the connection between *O'Connor* and *Connors*, *Fraser* and *Frazier*, *Findlay* and *Finley*. The bonds between *Cockburne* and *Coburn*, *Colquhoun* and *Calhoun*, *Corcoran* and

Cochrane are not so apparent. Still less natural seem the changes from *Kerr* to *Carr*, *Quiddihy* to *Cudahy*, and *Phelan* to *Whelan*, *Whalen*, or *Heelan*.

The Jews, like the Celtic Irish, were often named by force. When they resisted strongly they received such unattractive designations as *Eselskopf* (ass's head), *Ochsenschwanz* (oxtail), and *Kanalgeruch* (canal smell). Again, they felt the play of sarcasm and were dubbed *Armenfreund* (friend of the poor), *Wohltäter* (well doer), *Veilchenduft* (perfume of the violet), and so on. They took revenge by renaming themselves upon migration, and such changes were numerous. In most cases there was a play on meaning, for to a Jew the meaning is important in a name. But often the object of change of name is not to make the old meaning or a newly chosen one apparent, but to preserve it *sub rosa*. *Aaronsohn* thus gives way to *Harris* and *Levinsky* to *Lewis*, which according to the immigrant philology better represent "son of Aaron" and "son of Levi" in English. Sometimes the Jews will take any simple English name, preferably a familiar one, irrespective of its connotation, substituting, for example, *Winston* for *Weinstein* and *Winthrop* for *Weintraub*. On account of the commonness of German names in this country familiarity has led many of the non-German Jews to take German names.

All of these nomenclatural opportunists among Jews, Irish, Dutch, Welsh and Scandinavians constitute only a minority of our people, but their influence outruns their numbers. They are the bearers of the flag of adaptability. Many who follow the banner know nothing of nomenclatural philosophy. What they want is not a patronym, a designation of origin or a generic emblem, but simply a convenient name.

III

What changes names most is the abrasion of common speech. This works in two ways: first in changing sounds and taking away syllables to fit the ordinary tongue, and, second, in setting name against name.

Thousands of instances of the first type of change could be cited. One can begin with the name of the President—*Hoover*, once *Huber*. This suggests an array of other changes in the old Pennsylvania German and Swiss names—*Swope* from *Schwaab*, *Sweetser* from *Schweitzer*, *Wanamaker* from *Wannemacher*, to mention only a few. When the first slight change injected an element of confusion the result was sometimes far from the original, as when *Bachmann* evolved into *Bowman*. *Bachman* was first "improved" as *Baughman*, promptly misunderstood as *Boughman* (pronounced to rhyme with *ploughman*), and then more easily spelled *Bowman*, which made possible one more shift in pronunciation.

Similar changes have taken place in German names in later years but so far in more moderate degree. In small and remote German settlements in the United States the most decidedly Teutonic names bear up with ease, but not a city in the country is German enough for that. Even in Cincinnati, Milwaukee and St. Louis, where German blood gives complete familiarity to such names as *Meyer*, *Mueller*, *Schmidt*, *Schneider*, *Schroeder*, *Schultz* and *Weber*, there is a continual easing and softening of other German appellations.

French names, to take a few examples from another nationality, are similarly affected by the abrasion of our speech. *Blanc* becomes *Blank* and even *Blong*. *Petit* becomes *Petty* and perhaps *Poteet*. *Langlois* emerges as *Langley* and *La Rivière* as *Larrabee*, while *Noël* becomes *No-*

well. When the spelling stands, there is still great change in pronunciation, as with *Albert*, *Du Bois*, *Leroy*, *Lesage* and *Perrin*.

Speech changes show great diversity. In colonial times some of the *Hubers* remained as such, but most changed to *Hoover*, some to *Hover*, others to *Hoober*, *Hoeber* and even *Hoofer*. Yet that is not an especially variable group. In most cases a series of foreign variations works over into a series of accepted domestic variations, such as is illustrated by the range from *Schultheiss* and *Schulz* to *Shultes* and *Sholes*.

The abrasion of common speech takes away syllables as well as letters, tending toward a standard of from five to seven letters and only one or two syllables. The Irish have put over more long names here than any other people. Witness the *Fitz*-names and *Cavanaugh*, *Connelly*, *Gillespie* and *McDonough*. Among the more popular American surnames there are only five of three syllables, *Anderson*, *McCarthy*, *O'Brien*, *Peterson* and *Sullivan*, three of them distinctly Irish. The heavy grinding of common speech trims even English names, being known, for example, to cut *Desborough* to *Disbrow*, *Haynesworth* to *Haynes*, and *Cadwallader* to *Cadwell*. Certainly it will get in its work on *Augustyniak*, *Bartoszewicz*, *Capitumino* and their sort.

Common names gain in usage because rarer ones are compared unfavorably with them. To the lay American mind *Schmidt* is simply a German name that should have been *Smith*, *Müller* is a hard form of *Miller*, *Braun* is a misspelling of *Brown*, and *Wilhelm* is a Dutchy variety of *Williams*. Outside of German communities these reactions produce a pressure for change that can hardly be resisted. Within the German community the same sort of pressure operates in favor of the simplest

or most familiar name in each group, favoring *Schmidt*, for example, over *Schmitt*, *Schmitke* and *Schmitz*.

Illustrations of the interaction of name on name could be drawn from the appellations of each nationality represented here. The strength of the process is indicated by its effect on *Davies* and *Byrne*, two names which were really common in immigrant use. *Davies*, the Welsh favorite, here gives way to *Davis*; and *Byrne*, the Leinster Irish darling, bows to *Burns*, quite a different name. How many are the ramifications of the process is shown by listing a few of the surnames *Johnson* has downed. Many a *Johnson* who traces his ancestry will find himself a Scotch *Johnston*, an Irish *Johnstone* or *McShane*, a Swedish *Johansson*, or a Dutch or Danish *Jansen*. By reason of these conversions *Johnson* has become our second most popular surname and the only name besides *Smith* to be borne by over a million Americans. In England, whence it sprung, it was only a fairly popular designation.

A schedule of leading American names is quite out of joint from the European standpoint. Take the leading ten in order: *Smith*, *Johnson*, *Brown*, *Williams*, *Jones*, *Miller*, *Davis*, *Anderson*, *Wilson* and *Moore*. *Smith* inherits its leadership from the British Isles but not its ratio. One in every eighty-eight Americans is now a *Smith*, but only a little better than half could trace their ancestry to the British Isles. *Johnson* is a ringer, as I have noted. So is *Miller*, which is not among the fifty most common names in England. A large proportion of our *Millers* would be more exactly known as *Müller*, *Mühler* or *Möller* and another substantial group as *Millar*.

The position of *Davis* here is remarkable because it was a successor in only a mild way to *Davies* in England and Ireland, whence the two forms early spread from

Wales. *Moore*, starting with fair backing in England and Ireland, has proceeded to acquire most of the usage belonging to the English *Moor* and *More*, the Scotch *Muir* and the German *Moor*, *Mohr* and *Möhr*. On account of their gains in frequency here, the five surnames, *Smith*, *Johnson*, *Miller*, *Davis* and *Moore*, are now Class A American designations.

The great Class B names are *Brown*, *Williams* and *Anderson*, characterized by a high frequency with a little greater emphasis on heredity than prevails in Class A. Each has an area of commonness abroad, *Williams* in Southern Wales and England, *Brown* in Eastern England, where the early Scandinavian invasions made a brunette complexion a matter of note in the surviving population, and *Anderson* in Northern England and Southern Scotland. Each is a quick translation of a host of other names, for every tongue has its son of William, its son of Andrew, and its Brown.

Few people are aware of the superiority of *Williams* here over *Jones*, which is accounted for by two main factors. Both are great Welsh patronyms, but *Jones* is substantially more common in the homeland. The Joneses center abroad in Northern Wales and the Williamses in the South; and it happens that Southern Wales, overlooking the Severn and hard by the port of Bristol, has furnished us with more people than the North, to the ultimate benefit of the representation of *Williams* here. Ease of translation is the other factor in favor of *Williams*. *Jones*, with the same meaning as *Johns* and hence of the more obtrusive *Johnson*, gains but slowly by translation, while *Williams* is quickly earmarked as a good substitute for *Wilhelm*, *Willems*, *Wilms* and *Guillaume*.

Anderson is a striking example of a surname with a broad background. It occurs

all around the North Sea, over into Ireland and up into Sweden. Its development from related names is simple too—merely change a letter or so and *Andresen*, *Andriessen*, *Andersson*, *Andersohn et al.* become *Anderson*.

The Class C American names are *Jones*, *Wilson* and *Taylor*, the latter being in eleventh position for frequency here. Compared with Class A and B names they seem mere duffers. Yet they are not duffers at all, for it can be shown that, if all British names prevailed here on the scale they do, more than 100,000,000 of us—over four-fifths—would have British names. This means that at least three out of eight bearers have borrowed their name. Even after deducting Negroes the number of such borrowers is still remarkable.

The existence of our 12,000,000 Negroes, who once were quite without surnames, helps to explain the trend toward familiar names in America. Anyone having the inclination to choose a name will quite naturally select from among those he knows and admires, and this is what the Negroes did. That the white man has a greater number of options than the Negro had does not alter the principle.

IV

Evidently there has been great flux and change in American nomenclature. But is not the process of change slowing down? Are not modifications thwarted by the formal registration of births and marriages and the ownership of property? Does not increasing literacy stabilize spelling?

So far as can be ascertained, change of name is proceeding here as rapidly as it ever did. The changes of colonial times which now appear so pronounced took years to complete. It is a matter of generations rather than of years, but each year plays

its part. Today changes are somewhat hampered by written records but they continue nevertheless, as the recorders in our credit bureaus, employment offices, social agencies and public hospitals will all testify.

There is still no general bar to change of names, either gradual or abrupt, and in the rapid goings and comings of our present-day life there are additional incentives to adopt familiar and convenient appellations. Working out by the day or week places a greater premium on a facile symbol than did the landbound life which was our forebears'. The city life in which most of our recent immigrant stocks find themselves favors the simple and commonplace moniker over the stranger nationalistic cognomen. Moving from job to job gives a slight fillip to a difficult name, and from city to city a greater one.

The only real bar to change of name is ownership of property, particularly real estate. The recognition of a court is necessary to confirm a change which affects title to real property. Equity may not permit the adoption of a name which has been generally recognized as limited to a blood group, e.g., *Cabot*, *Winthrop* or *Jefferson*, but the usual procedure of an American court is to berate the applicant mildly and then confirm his desire.

In the main a person's name is simply a question of fact. If *Angus McTavish* suffers from his name and announces that he has become *Robert McDonald*, so he is. If another Scot born *Auchinachee* hires out as *McKee*, so he is. The process of change is not limited to Eastern and Southern Europeans, even though it does affect them most strongly. An *Auchinachee* in strange company may have quite as much trouble with his mail and pay check as a *Papadopoulos*, a *Pasquariello* or a *Pietraszewski* does. Each one can announce to-

morrow that he is something else, and he will be.

Most people are conscious that a principle of limitation is operative among surnames. They recognize it in the dying out of variants within name groups but they may not be aware that it carries on to the elimination of whole groups of names. Certainly few people at present realize how relentless is the force for simplification and that it dictates continuous popularization of the names which already have some advantage in numbers, reputation or fame.

With well over 100,000 different surnames in our records, we have at least three times the variety of any other civilized people, and that spread is probably a fair indication of the large number to be eliminated in the course of time. Disposing of two-thirds of the current appellations does not mean a sixty-six percent change because uncommon names will mainly be affected, but it does mean a major social operation.

It is time that we recognized the Americanization of names as a mass movement as great in its way as the settlement of the West or the more recent migration cityward. We should appreciate the naturalness of the yearning for agreeable names and set up an agency to deal with it. A body of public-spirited citizens, properly constituted, could do a good work in advising and consulting with people laboring under burdensome names. These advisers could point out the slight modifications which might save the situation. They could make positive suggestions which would put to shame the wisecracks who now stand like toy sentinels guarding their own nomenclatural premises from invasion. And they might temper the situation by educating the native-born to the good qualities of names now misunderstood and disdained.

THE STECKLEY GIRLS

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

AFTER teaching an eight-months' term in the sandhills, I took a country school in the lower Platte valley to teach the last three weeks for a girl who had whooping cough. That was how I came to know the Steckley girls.

There were two of them, Kate and Emma. They gave me the room off the front room and made me feel at home from the first. The girls were about the same size, with medium brown hair and gray eyes. Kate was quick moving and a talker. She did almost all the housework and helped her renter and his two half-grown sons with the farming.

"I wear the pants around here," she explained to me. "Emma's just twenty-two months younger than I am, but she seems a lot younger to me. She's awful light, and she's no hand to manage. I let her dust, and set the table, and do things like that but I wouldn't think of lettin' her put out a wash. She'll not have to strain herself workin' when she moves down to Link Kemble's place, neither. The Kembles are good managers, and they're awful good to their women. I've give Link to understand that he can keep his housekeeper right on, after him and Emma are married. She's a good housekeeper, Mrs. Berry. I picked her out for Link myself the Spring his mother died. She's not much to look at, but she's the best hand at bringing a baby out of the croup I ever seen.

"You want to have Emma show you her chests. She's got three, chuck full of

fancy work she's done. I give her the first one that's up in us girls' room. Aunt Cissy, that lives in town, give her the little one on the stair landing, and Link give her the big carved one in your bedroom. I set him on to get it for her myself. A man don't always know what a woman needs if he aint got someone to tell him. Link comes over Thursday nights."

Emma was better looking than Kate. Her skin was smooth and pink and her mouth was like a child's. She was plump, so that the flesh of her upper arm drooped when she put up her hands to touch her hair. She seemed willing to let Kate work and talk for both of them. Until my last morning in their home I did not hear her say a dozen sentences. After supper she always embroidered while Kate and I talked. Kate told me everything during those three weeks that would have come to me piecemeal over a year of boarding with them. Two people she made me see clearly, Link Kemble, who had played with them when they were little and had been engaged to Emma for fourteen years, and Miss Cox, the steam cooker girl, a newcomer, who put on cooking demonstrations, an "awful thin woman" with "hips like a spade" and red hair. There was no doubt that Kate felt a hearty dislike for Miss Cox.

Thursday evening I came in to find Emma setting the table with the pearl handled silverware and the "good" dishes. I went out to the kitchen, where Kate was

making gooseberry pie, and learned that Link had been asked to supper.

"Mrs. Berry said when I 'phoned that Link wasn't feelin' very good," Kate called to her sister. "I bet that steam puddin' that woman made Saturday upset him."

"I didn't think it was so bad," Emma said gently.

Kate smiled at me, the pie poised on the tips of her strong fingers, and motioned toward the dining-room with the knife she was using to cut away the pie crust.

"She's just that soft hearted!" she said fondly. "She knows as well as I do that there's nothing extra about that woman's cookin'. I wish she'd get done with her demonstratin' around here and move on. Oh, the cookers is all right, I guess, but I just can't stomach that woman. Would you answer the 'phone, Teacher? That's our ring."

It was Mrs. Berry telephoning to tell the girls that Link could not come for supper but that he would be up "around eight." I told the girls and Kate said, "Now don't that beat all?" and Emma smiled.

We were all in the front room when Link came. He was a lean, broad-shouldered man with thinning sandy hair. After Kate had introduced him to me he sat down near Emma and began to finger her embroidery silks. "Is this the one I unsnarled for you last week?" he asked, and Emma looked at him gravely and shook her head.

"That was a darker blue," Kate reminded him.

After a little Kate said, "Well, I guess my yeast is ready. I better go set my sponge." I went out to the kitchen with her.

"Mrs. Berry's right. Link aint hisself," she told me while she was sifting the flour. "I got an idea what's wrong with him, but

I aint goin' to say anything until I am sure there's a need."

In my room I corrected the day's arithmetic papers and then went to bed. From time to time Link's and Emma's voices came to me through the wall, faint and meaningless. I thought of all the Thursday nights they had sat there like that, Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter, with the everlasting embroidery between them, and fell asleep wondering why they had not married.

I was awakened by talk outside my window. Link's voice, full of tenderness, and something that sounded to my school-teacher ears like sorrow without repentance, was saying, "I'm awful sorry, Emma. You know this aint no fun for me." He was standing in the wedge of light from the living-room door,

"It's all right," Emma said softly.

"You'd better let me tell Kate for you, like I said. It don't seem right to leave you to do that alone."

"I can tell her. She's likely asleep. It's all right," Emma said and closed the door. A moment later the light disappeared from the crack under my door, and I heard Emma's soft step on the stair.

II

Kate and I always breakfasted alone. Friday morning she greeted me with a nod and a jerk of the pancake turner toward the cakes on my plate. She poured my coffee for me and sat down across from me and buttered three cakes for herself. "Somethin's happened," she said. I looked at her encouragingly.

"You're a stranger, and I think you got sense enough to keep still outside the house, and I got to talk to somebody. Link's gone and broke it off with Emma!"

"Why?" I asked.

"He didn't say. Just told her he wanted to quit. Didn't give no reason at all. He's been actin' queer and I think I know what's got into him, but I didn't think he'd do a fool thing like that."

"What does Emma say?" I asked.

Kate blew waves across her coffee cup. "Nothing," she said. "I declare, if I wasn't here I think she'd let him go without a word. She just set there, brushin' her hair, and lookin' in the mirror, and smilin', and tellin' me about it. She said he was awful sorry! He'll be a lot sorrier when I get through with him!"

"What can you do?" I asked.

"I aint made up my mind yet what I will do, but I'll do somethin', and I won't fiddle around about it. No Kemble is goin' to keep a Steckley settin' on a doorknob fourteen years and then yank her off the nest! I'm goin' over to have a talk with him and if he don't come 'round, I'll do somethin' on my own. I aint helpless." She got up from the table and went into the pantry to put up my lunch.

Emma was alone when I came in that evening. She was standing at the dining-room window, listlessly picking the dead leaves from the geranium plants. She smiled me her distant smile and said, "Kate's in town." It was almost supper time when Kate came in with her arms full of packages. She was pleased that I had started supper. Emma had set the table and gone up to her room.

"Well, I done it!" she told me while she was tying on her apron. "I went over to see Link, like I said I would, and he got down off the tractor and come to the fence to meet me when he seen me comin' down through the orchard. I asked him right out what he meant by breakin' it off with Emma, and he said he meant just what he said, and that he knew Emma hadn't sent me down there to ask him what for. He

was pretty uppity. I was ready for him. I said, 'Link Kemble, you can't keep a girl waitin' 'round fourteen years for you to get your stock and machinery paid for, and a new barn built, and then throw her over like that without no reason, now she's thirty-three and the men she could've had the pick of, when you started goin' with her, with kids goin' up to take the eighth-grade examinations! You aint goin' to throw a girl like Emma over for no skinny, redheaded, steamcooker woman you aint seen but twice, and get away with it.'

"He fired up at that. 'Maybe you know what you're talkin' about,' he said, 'I don't!' Lord, I told him!"

"Why, Teacher, anybody with one eye in their head could've seen he was gone on that woman. A horse could've seen it! When she was puttin' on that cookin' demonstration show at his house, he come in three times while the demonstratin' was goin' on and stood there drinkin' and lookin' over the edge of the dipper, watchin' her all the time. Just as if they aint got a dipper out at their pump-house!"

"He wasn't the only one that was took in by her. Emma let on that she liked her. All them women stood 'round a-gappin'. Mrs. Berry was runnin' and fetchin' for her like a retriever, and old Mrs. Shultz, that was cookin' for threshers before us girls was born, sit there on the edge of the cob-box just droolin' to watch that girl learn her how to crack an egg."

"Lord! I told him, Teacher, and then I said, 'Link, you're goin' to marry Emma, like her and me and everyone who knows you has been waitin' for you to get 'round to do for fourteen years, and you've fooled 'round all you're goin' to! I'll get you up a good wedding and two weeks from Sunday, you'll come over and marry her!'"

"What did he say to that?" I asked.

Kate stirred the fried potatoes and fixed the fire before she answered. "I don't remember, rightly, what all he said. He cussed a little and said I couldn't run him and that he'd took all he was goin' to off a' me. 'No, you aint,' I said, and I turned around and went straight up home and got in my good clothes and went to town and told Ed Hodgeman to print up the invitations and put the notice in this week's *Bugle*, and then I went over to the Mercantile and bought the satin for Emma's weddin' dress, and a bolt of goods for underthings, and some white satin slippers, and I told everybody I saw. I guess by now everybody in town and most everybody out on the lines knows that two weeks from Sunday is Link's and Emma's weddin' day. After supper I'll show you what I bought. Do you want to call Emma down while I dish up?"

We had only sat down at the table when the telephone rang.

"That's our ring," Emma said.

Kate was already on her feet. "I'll answer it," she said, and went to the telephone with her coffee cup in her hand. "That's right, Mrs. Tate," she said. "Two weeks from tomorrow. . . . Ya, it'll keep me hustlin'. I'm sure glad I got my house-cleanin' out of the way. I'm goin' to 'phone Mrs. Jacobs and have her come over and help with the sewin'. I think I'll get a girl . . . there's a lot to do before a wedding! How's the baby?"

Emma was looking at Kate, her eyes round, and her nostrils quivering. She got up and started toward the stair door. Kate hung up the receiver and went to her and put her free hand on her shoulder, and took a swallow of coffee. "I had to do it, Emma," she said, "and you got to be good about it. It's goin' to be all right."

"I won't have it!" Emma said in a loud whisper. "I won't have it!"

III

I went out in the kitchen and put some cobs in the stove, to be out of the way, and when I came back Emma's place was empty and Kate was pouring herself a second cup of coffee.

"She'll be all right," she said. "This ain't very pleasant for her, but she knows I've always looked after her and that I'll see this through for her. Tomorrow I think I'll send her into town to stay with her Aunt Cissy for several days. She can play with the cats, and have it quiet. Emma likes cats and Aunt Cissy's deaf and won't have heard nothin' to bother her about."

The next morning was Saturday, so I slept late. I woke once to the sound of Kate's voice welcoming the sewing woman, Mrs. Jacobs, and again when she was telling one of the Haggerty girls who had come over to help "up to the wedding" which way to sweep the living-room rug. At last the rhythmic creaking of a porch rocker made it impossible for me to sleep, and I raised up on an elbow and looked out of the window, to see Kate's sturdy shoulders above the back of the rocker. She was sewing on something white. I heard a car coming up the driveway, and a moment later Kate sang out, "Hi, Link! Come on up and sit down!"

"I want to see Emma," Link said coldly. "Is she up yet?"

"Sure, she's up," Kate said. "She went into town an hour ago." Kate leaned forward in the rocker toward the bay-window of the front room and called, "Toss me out that spool of white fifty, will you, Mrs. Jacobs?" and put up a quick brown hand to catch it when the spool came flying through the air.

"Howdy, Link!" the old woman's voice cracked. "Don't you peek at what we're makin'."

"Good morning, Mrs. Jacobs," Link said. Then, "Kate, come here, will you?"

"I can't," Kate said. "I'm breakin' in Emma's weddin' shoes, and I'd get grass stain on them."

"I want to talk to you," Link said impatiently.

"Well, come on up and sit down. I asked you, didn't I?"

"Link, you're bashfuller than Emma," Mrs. Jacobs cackled, "and she's so bashful she won't stand up to be measured for her own weddin' clothes. I declare, you old ones could learn from the young ones!"

"Leave him be!" Kate said sharply.

She took off the slippers and put them in the rocker with her sewing and went out to the car in her stocking feet. Through the net curtains, from where I lay, I could see her straight back, and Link's sun-burned face. Their voices came up to me, but nothing of what they were saying. At last Link struck the wheel, hitting the horn, and two pullets that had hopped up on the fender flew down, squawking. Kate whirled away from the car and came toward the house. Link was turning his car around, driving it carefully between Kate's little trees.

Before I was dressed Kate rapped at my door.

"What do you think he wanted to say to me?" she burst out. "He didn't want to talk out there because he was afraid Mrs. Jacobs would hear us, and so I said, 'Move over and I'll drive you 'round by the barn', and he said if his car was goin' any place he was drivin' it, and what was the idea, and I said, 'I don't want any more of my little trees run over, that's all, like they was Club Day,' and he just set there stubborn, so I said if he had anything he wanted to say he'd better get it said, because I had a lot to do, and he said, 'Aw, I want you to cut this out, all this wedding

business! And stop makin' a fool outa Emma.' 'If you didn't have me to watch out for you a little, look what an awful fool you'd be makin' outa yourself! Link', I said, 'that cooker girl ain't no woman for you. Even her cookin', and that's all she can lay any claim to knowin', is just trick cookin' like a stunt in a carnival. Her hair ain't really that color. When you see a woman with hair that red-pig color, you can know good and well she uses some kind of dip on it. And look at her! They's no meat on her bones! If you was engaged to somebody else beside Emma, or to nobody at all, I'd do somethin', Link, before I'd let you go larruppin' after that woman. You got to get the notion of her outa your head,' I said. 'Two weeks from tomorrow is your weddin' day and I'm goin' to see you through it.'"

Kate sat down on the bed and spread her hands on her knees.

"What did he say?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I don't remember," she said. "It's hard for me to remember what anybody says when they're tellin' me they won't do somethin' I know they are goin' to do. Last he says, 'Go ahead and have your old wedding! I ain't goin' to be in it!' She laughed suddenly. "It's goin' to be all right. He's got a fine farm, and a lotta stock, and I don't think he could bring hisself to pull up and go off and leave 'em, and that's the only way he could get outa this that I can see. Everybody knows how long they been engaged, that he never went with any other girl. Plentya folks musta been congratlatin' him already, and I ain't hearda him gettin' up the spunk to tell any of 'em that he ain't all for it. If he'd said anything it would've got to me before this. Once they're married it'll be all right. I picked Link out for Emma when we were just kids and I ain't seen any

other man I'd as soon see her married to, and I'm goin' to see that she gets him.

"Come on out and have your breakfast. I'd like another cup a' coffee, myself."

All day the telephone kept ringing. Everyone wanted to talk with Kate about the wedding. In the afternoon Mrs. Berry came. She was a thin, stooped woman with broken front teeth that made her lisp and spit a little through the gaps, when she talked.

"Ain't that Link the greatest one for keepin' things to himself?" she lisped. "I was tryin' to get the 'phone to ask Mrs. Tate if that worm medicine I had my niece send out to her was doin' her baby any good, and I heard somebody talkin' or I wouldn't 've knowed yet! Now was he goin' to keep still about it, and let things go on right up to the wedding with his house like it is? I haven't done a lick o' housecleanin'. I was waitin' for school to be out in town so I could have one of the Schultz girls to help, and now I suppose I'll have to get one of the Haggertys and get right at it. Don't you think the front room and the dining-room ought to be papered over, and his mother's room upstairs?"

"What does Link say?" Kate asked.

"Oh, you know Link. He don't say much. I asked him if I hadn't better have you go in to town with me and pick out the paper samples and he said he didn't care what we done." She turned to me and smiled apologetically. "Men are funny about gettin' married and all that's got to do with it," she explained. "Women take to it like ducks to water, but a man, just any man, acts like there was somethin' foreign about it or somethin'."

"We'll pick out the paper," Kate said. "Now come look at the satin and see if you think they give me a good piece. I paid enough for it."

Sunday morning, Kate said, "Emma took a notion not to get up this morning. She don't look good. I took her up a trayful of breakfast, and put a little tonic in her coffee. I know she can't help feelin' kinda worked up about this, but I'd sure hate to see her get down sick. She keeps startin' every time we're by ourselves to try to talk me outa what I'm doin' and I just don't listen to her. Some people was made to be took care of and she's one of 'em. She knows, too, that I ain't goin' to do nothin' that isn't good for her. Tomorrow I send her into town again, and I think I'll keep her there with Aunt Cissy until Thursday or Friday. I can't stand it to see her draggin' around like she is. She'll be all right there."

IV

Monday evening I drove into town. I had told Kate that I wouldn't be home for supper, that I might stay in and go to a show.

"That's nice," she said. "When I get this wedding off my hands I've a great notion to go to Omaha and see about five shows myself."

In town, I finished my shopping and went to the Coffman Hotel and had supper there. Mrs. Coffman, the hotel keeper's wife, a big woman with fluffy hair and crystal earrings, placed a chair for me under the rubber plant where I could read or watch her nephews play ping-pong until time for the show to begin. She stood behind the glass case that served as a desk and talked with two traveling men. I was sitting with my back to the door. Someone came in and Mrs. Coffman sang out, "How'd'do, Mr. Kemble! I know who you're lookin' for!" I heard Link clear his throat. "That so?" he asked.

"Freddie," Mrs. Coffman called to one

of the boys at the ping-pong table, "run upstairs and tell Miss Emma Steckley that there's a young man down here to see her. She's in 29, Miss Cox's room." She tucked down her chins and smiled her pink smile at Link. "That girl of yourn and Miss Cox are up to something," she said playfully. "They been up there since two o'clock. Miss Cox sent down and had their supper sent up to her room. I bet it's somethin' for the weddin'."

"Then don't bother her, please," Link said, and made for the door.

Mrs. Coffman called up for the boy "not to mind" and came over to where I sat. "I get so tickled every time he comes in here," she said. "I think it's pretty good. Kate set me wise. You see, Link's took a notion he wants to get Emma one of those highest priced steam cookers, and Kate has got aheada him and bought her one a'ready, so when he comes in askin' for Miss Cox, he's been in three times, I just tell him she's out. I would like to know, though, what Emma and her are up to. A woman like that has likely seen a lot of really swell weddings."

The next few days Kate was too busy to talk much. She bossed the Haggerty girl about the housework and helped Mrs. Jacobs with the making of Emma's wedding clothes. "It's a good thing I had that paste patoo dress form made on Emma, a couple of years ago, when the club was makin' 'em and had a woman out from the State Farm to show 'em how," she told me one evening. "I don't think I could have got Emma to stand for the fittin's, not without carryin' on about it anyhow. I'm glad she's in town."

When Saturday morning came, Kate said at breakfast, "Well, we got the house to ourselves today! This morning, when I finally got that Haggerty girl up outa her bed and down stairs, I took one good look

at her millin' around the kitchen like she does with her hands drippin' out in front of her, and I knew I couldn't stand her an hour longer and I went to the door and hollered up one of the boys to come take her home. She was pretty much put out. I guess she thought she'd stay on right up to the wedding and I'd have kept her too, if she'd been any earthly account. I'm glad it's rainin'. Maybe people'll let me be and I can get somethin' done. I tell you, Teacher, I'm gettin' jumpy, and that's somethin' new for me."

I asked for something to work on and the two of us sewed a long time without talking.

About half-past ten I looked out the rain-streaked window and saw Mrs. Berry coming up from the highway. She had a black shawl over her head, and she was clutching it under her chin with both her thin, liver-spotted hands. Kate sighed when she saw her and went to let her in.

"Don't she look like the Devil's own, with them teeth and all?" she said before she opened the door. "She's a good woman, though."

"Them Haggertys is tryin' to do Link dirt!" Mrs. Berry sputtered while Kate was urging her to sit down and take off her wet shoes. "I heard 'em on the phone. Susie Haggerty was tellin' someone that she's heard Link wasn't aimin' to marry Emma, that he'd not been over to see her since the day the notice was in the paper, and that her cousin that was workin' up here for you had heard you say to Emma that if Link held out and didn't marry her, you'd go see Judge Pritchard and get him sued for preacher promise."

"What's preacher promise?" I interrupted.

Mrs. Berry looked from me to Kate, uncertain whether she had been indiscreet in talking "in front" of me, and Kate nodded

for her to go on. "Preacher promise? It's gettin' the law on him to make him marry her, like actresses. The idea of her sayin' a thing like that about Link! I couldn't stand it. I cut in and told her that if she didn't believe they was goin' to marry she'd better stop in and see how he'd had the house papered over, and she come back real smarty, 'Is that so? Then why ain't he got his weddin' suit, or his ring, or nothing, if he's goin' to marry this Steckley girl he's so gone on?' So I says, 'Where he gets his wedding outfit and his ring ain't none of your concern, Susie Haggerty, and what's more, if Kate said anything that was anything at all like what your cousin is tellin' she said, she was jokin', and there ain't a Haggerty in the lot of you who could get a Steckley joke and tell it right. Your cousin got laid off up at Steckley's this morning and none of your family, or none of you Haggertys, got invitations to the wedding. That's what's stickin' in your craw, Susie Haggerty. You're mad, that's all, and I hope everyone on this line is hearin' me say so.' Then I hung up on her."

"Did you tell Link about it?" Kate asked.

"Yes, I did. I went right out to the barn and told him. He was settin' there on a manger mendin' an old halter."

"What did he say?"

Mrs. Berry hunched her thin shoulders. "I guess I didn't give him a chance to say much. I just lit into him, it made me so mad to see him settin' there fiddlin' away with an old halter when he ought to be in town, just crackin' his shirttails to get the things done he's got to do before the wedding. No suit! No ring! No one hired to help the boy look after the place while he's away on his trip! He ain't seen to a thing. With all the time he's had to get used to it you wouldn't think gettin' married would addle him like it has."

"Link's all right," Kate soothed. "He'll get everything and have it ready when the time comes. The Kembles takes pride in doin' things up right."

"But he's doin' such fool things!" Mrs. Berry went on. "The other morning I heard him rummagin' around upstairs and after he'd gone out I went up to see what he'd been up to and there under his bed I found one of his dad's old telescope valises, half-filled with shirts and socks, and that steel box he keeps his farm papers in. I sure was disgusted. I went right out to the barn where he was and told him he had to buy a new suitcase, that he wasn't goin' to take a battered old thing like that along on a honeymoon trip with one of the Steckley girls, and that he had to get some new clothes too, if I had to burn his old ones to make him do it. 'You leave my suitcase be!' he says, real mean, and climbed up in the mow. I think you'd better come over and talk with him, Kate."

"He'll be all right," Kate said again. "You better put on my rubber boots to go home. It looks awful sloppy."

V

Sunday was a truly peaceful day. It rained and no one came to see us.

At supper Monday evening, Kate said, "You know, we barely missed havin' some-thin' like this happen six years ago. It was a school-teacher that time, a chuckle-headed little one with dimples. Link saw her at a box supper and began to shine up to her a little that night. Oh, he bought Emma's box, of course, but he hung around the teacher a lot. About two weeks later he come over on a Monday night, and come out in the kitchen where I was, and beat around the bush a little, and then got it out that he wasn't sure him and Emma was the ones for each other, and that they

maybe hadn't ought to go ahead countin' on gettin' married. He was sure enough by the time I got through with him! I'll sure be glad when I can quit nursin' this thing along and set back a little.

"I went to town today and while I was there I thought it wouldn't hurt to go down and see Pete Allison in the depot. I told him I wanted some of those folders they give away about trips to take, different places. He give me some and said they'd have some more in tomorrow, he thought, and I told him that Link would likely be in, and he was to give him the new folders and tell him where he thought would be a real nice place for him and Emma to go on their honeymoon. I guess, now, if Link should make up his mind to bolt outa here it would take more nerve than he's got to buy one ticket for any place when Pete Allison sticks them folders up in his face and begins to tell him where to go on his wedding trip.

"I'm lonesome for Emma. I'm goin' in Thursday and bring her out to stay 'til the wedding."

Thursday evening I came in and found Emma standing in her favorite place beside the geraniums. I spoke to her and she nodded and smiled past me and pulled a green leaf from a plant and rolled it slowly between her palms and held it to her face to smell its fragrance. She was thinner and she seemed more sad and remote than usual.

"Everything is done. Come on upstairs and look at it!" Kate urged us both. "I got it all laid out on the bed with tissue papers under it. I can't make as little stitches as you can, Emma, but I think my seams'll hold. The dress is so pretty!"

Emma shook her head and Kate went to her and caught her by the wrists and said, "Have I got to carry you, Honey? Come on," and Emma went with us.

Kate insisted that I stay for the wedding. All day Saturday I helped her decorate the house. The ideas were all Kate's. We swung a big white bell from the light in the middle of the dining-room with pink streamers that went out to the four corners of the room and hung clear to the floor. The corner of the front room where the bridal couple were to "stand up" was banked high with blooms from the orchard. Mrs. Berry came while Kate and I were getting supper. Emma had gone back upstairs after setting the table.

"I'm worried sick about Link!" the old lady began at once. "He went to town early this morning and he ain't back yet. And that old suitcase is gone from under his bed. Kate, do you suppose the story them Haggertys started put ideas into his head, and got him all outta the notion of gettin' married, and made him run away? Here it is the day before, and he ain't got nothin' ready!"

"He'll have everything," Kate said. "You just stop worryin'. I got to go down cellar and get up some peaches."

Mrs. Berry looked after her and shook her head and wiped her mouth.

"I'm scared," she said to me. "If anything happened to this wedding I'd hate to think of what it'd do to Kate. She's been countin' on it too many years. Fire, or 'fiction, or anything else happen and I know she'd stand up and take it like a clock, but anything happen to this wedding and I think it'd just ——"

We heard Kate's step on the cellar stair. "You better skin for home, Mrs. Berry," she called. "That's Link's car on School House Hill this minute. Give him a good supper and make him get to bed. He's had a hard day."

At supper Kate announced to Emma, "Well, the bridegroom's ready. He's got the ring and the license and everything."

"How do you know?" Emma asked faintly.

"I done a little 'phonin' and found out. I 'phoned in to jog Pete Allison's elbow, Teacher, about them trip folders, and he told me Link had been in all right, and he'd give him a bunch of them. Then I 'phoned Judge Pritchard and asked him if he'd send a boy out to find Link, wherever he was, and tell him that Emma wanted her full name, Emma Mae, on the license, and not just Emma. He said he'd just seen Link go in the Mercantile and he'd watch for him when he come out and holler across to him and have him come over and he'd see to the license himself.

"I want to get these dishes done and get to bed. I got a hundred things to see to in the morning."

Mrs. Berry's voice woke me on the wedding morning. She and Kate were having coffee together when I got out to the kitchen. "What I can't understand is him takin' that old suitcase to town and back," she was saying. "I found it in the car when I was sweepin' it out this morning. He's got a dandy new cowhide bag. It looks like awful good leather. Two suits. A dark one and a light one. Socks and shirts, and pajamas, and handkerchiefs, even! He's thought of everything! He brought one of the Shultz boys out to look after things while he is away. There isn't anybody I'd rather have on the place."

"Me neither," Kate said. "I 'phoned his mother day before yesterday and told her I thought he could have the job if he'd ask for it."

"He was just real tired like you said he'd be. He come in from the garage with his arms full o' that stuff and dumped everything down on the table and took the ring box outa his pocket and said, 'There they are! The license is in the car pocket. Better ring a general and tell everybody I got

'em,' and stomped off upstairs, and wouldn't even answer me when I hollered up to ask him if he'd had his supper. He wasn't awake yet when I come up here. I give the boys their breakfast and set the alarm for eleven and put the clock outside Link's door. I had the boy wash his car up nice for him. Ain't Emma up yet?"

"No," Kate said. "I want her to rest right up to the time to get dressed. I got all her clothes ready for her to get into. I'll run up and wake her when it's time and I don't want anybody goin' up there and botherin' her after folks begin to come, neither."

Mrs. Berry took charge of the freezing of the ice cream. Kate had borrowed the big club freezer. The renter's boys took turns at the crank.

The cake sat in the middle of the dining-room table, a splendid, towered, "town" creation, that Mrs. Berry surmised must have cost Kate a "pretty".

Shortly after ten the guests who were relatives began to arrive. Kate took up her stand in the front doorway where she cautioned drivers to mind her little trees, told people where to put their things and their gifts, and admonished mothers to keep an eye on their children and not let them get at the cake. She was wearing her blue linen dress. Her cheeks were glowing and she looked almost pretty, and very happy.

A little after eleven I saw her motion to me and when I went to her she said, "It's Aunt Cissy in that fool electric. Will you run out and take either your car or mine outa the garage? She always wants to put that thing inside, and when she wants somethin' she stands and hollers, 'I can't hear you! I can't hear you!' till she gets it."

"I'll take mine out," I said.

"And run it around on the north side, will you, Teacher? So many cars sawin' around out here—I won't have a tree left."

VI

I backed my car out and ran it around on the north side of the house and was getting out when I heard someone call, "Teacher," and there was Emma, standing on the kitchen roof in her navy blue taffeta, wringing her hands and sobbing to be helped down. I climbed on the radiator and from there to the top of the car and held up my arms and she slid down, and stood clinging to me, crying, "I can't stand it! I want to go away."

"All right," I said, "if I can get you out, but I'm afraid we'll never make it to the highway."

"You could go through the orchard," she said, "and take the hay road down past Link's place. Maybe nobody'd see us."

"We can try it," I said, and helped her down to the ground. I started the engine and Emma sat beside me, trembling, while I turned the car around and headed for the orchard.

Once well out of sight of the house and on the hay road, I began to repent. "Where do you want me to take you?" I asked.

Emma looked at me tearily over her wadded handkerchief, and nodded.

"I got someone to meet me in Omaha," she said.

"And have you money?"

"Yes, here," she said, and pressed a pink hand to her bosom.

The hay road led through Link's farmyard and down to the highway. Emma surprised me by asking me to stop when we neared the Kembles back porch. "I got to see Link," she explained.

"Then you'd better hurry," I said.

I pulled up beside the house and Emma got out and rapped at the screen door. Link came to the door in his shirt sleeves. He had put on one of his wedding shoes and was carrying the other in his hand.

"Goodbye, Link," Emma said. "I'm going away."

Link blinked at her. "Away? Where to?" he asked.

Emma made a wide, embracing gesture with her hands. "Everywhere. Miss Cox said if I'd come she'd get me a job like hers."

"You don't have to do that, Emma," Link said patiently. "I got the ring, and the license, and everything."

Emma backed away from him.

"No, please!" she cried. "I want to go away. I just stopped to tell you so you wouldn't go on up there."

"What does Kate say?" Link asked, following her with the shoe in his hand.

"She don't know yet. I ran away."

"I guess you'll have to come back and marry me, Emma," Link said. "Kate's got everything ready, and I got the license."

"Oh, no! No! No!" Emma sobbed, her fists raised above her head. "I just can't! I don't want to! It ain't my wedding! I been so tired—these last ten years, every time you drove in the yard—I wanted to yell. When you told me you wanted to break it off, I was so glad I could've clapped. You're all right, Link, but I want somebody different. Thirty-three ain't old when you get away. Miss Cox is thirty-six."

Link sat down heavily on the step and began to pull on his other shoe.

Suddenly Emma remembered me and her manners. "I got to go," she said. "Don't you want to come speak to the teacher? She's takin' me to town."

Link shook his head. "I ain't got time," he said.

"You ain't goin' up there—to our place?"

"I guess I am," Link said, without looking up. "Kate'll need somebody. All those cars driving in and out amongst her little trees."

HILL SPEECH

BY FRANCES FROST

SCHOOLED by hills, I have learned the speech of rock
Above the timberlines: the granite gutturals
Against a falling moon, the syllables
Sharp on green mornings, cut on yellow noons
With heavy harshness. I have learned the sound
Of hemlock, and the tongue of cedars rooted
On black slopes where the roots are fed by rain
Mated with loam unturned by any plough.

A bird on an apple bough asks for a warm Spring storm;
Brown mold on years of ground becomes a language
Of Autumns slanting earthward, leaf by leaf,
Dwindling to a crumbled scent of rust;
The whitened fern that breaks at a breath of wind
Is a word of slight foam for the death of Summer;
And mountains are riven by furious tall waters
Crying forever down the breast of stone.

I have learned the language of bronze wild grass and rivers,
And the hunched dark speech of boulders, and the long
Slow consonants of rain; but under the bird
And the leaf and the rock and the water there is silence . . .
I shall lie down in the mountains at last and speak
The final shape of beauty in that deep word!

THE MUSIC ROOM

THE GENESIS OF THE NEGRO SPIRITUAL

BY GEORGE PULLEN JACKSON

WHEN, in the early 70's a chorus of colored students from Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., set out on a concert tour of the North to raise money for the institution, the songs they sang were mainly such popular pieces as "John Brown's Body" and the common gospel hymns of the time. Both at Fisk and on tour they avoided what they knew as slave songs, for these slave songs were an uncomfortable reminder of their late bondage.

But after a while, apparently at the urging of some of their hearers, they waived their reluctance, and at once the slave songs made an extraordinary success. In a short while, indeed, the Fisk singers were specializing in them, and the musical public was hailing what seemed to be a new song form.

Before long the first collections of these Jubilee Songs, as they were renamed, appeared. The Northern compilers and commentators knew, of course, little if anything of the background of the songs beyond what the Negroes told them. The easiest assumption was that they were the Negroes' own, sprung into life among the slaves, "ready-made, from the white heat of religious fervor." This view was generally accepted.

In the following decades, however, some doubts arose. One commentator, Wallaschek, declared them to be nothing but rehashes of European music. But pres-

ently skeptics were silenced, for a time at least, by a supposedly authoritative word from the well-known critic, Henry E. Krehbiel.

Krehbiel's argument began with the thesis that there was no such thing as a folk-song-breeding environment anywhere in the South aside from that of the slaves. He then analyzed a large number of spirituals, shelling out their characteristics, such as modes, harmonies, pitch intervals, rhythms and stanzaic structure. His conclusion was that the whole showed a style learned in Africa and developed in the land of the Negro's enslavement.

The first to reply to Krehbiel with any considerable force was Newman I. White in "American Negro Folk-Songs." His chief contribution was in the matter of the spirituals' texts. Even before his book appeared most competent students agreed that the Negroes had borrowed some "textual fragments" from the hymns of white folks, but Professor White, going further, pointed directly to the camp-meeting hymn-books of a century and more ago as documents which, he was sure, revealed the sources of the spirituals' texts. And he marshalled a formidable array of stanzas and parts of stanzas to prove his contention.

The musical side of the argument, untouched by White, was taken up last year by Guy B. Johnson in his "Folk Culture on St. Helena Island." Dr. Johnson found, in two early books of song—with some camp-meeting songs among them—melodies which were clearly the sources of a round dozen tunes or parts of tunes now

generally looked upon as Negro melodies. He did more. He searched his camp-meeting books for those melodic characteristics which Krehbiel had labeled as purely African, and he found them in generous measure.

But in the face of this proof of the essential identity of the camp-meeting songs and the Negro spirituals there were some who still questioned. The inertia of faith prompted them to dissent from the conclusion that the direction of the influence was from white to black; they felt that it should be the other way around. The Negroes, these objectors contended, were in the South long before the poor whites arrived in any number. What did they sing all that time, if not their own spirituals? In answer to this question a little history may be offered.

Mass revivals were from the start the Methodists' favorite means of combating the devil. In the American hinterland the business got completely out of control, even of its denominational over-lords. Sects became less important than salvation at the hands of any wandering revivalist. Churches were less needed and less available than camp-meeting sites in the wilderness.

As for the songs these revivalists brought in, one may begin with the statement of America's most distinguished hymnologist, the late Louis F. Benson, that "it is of the very nature of revival enthusiasm to develop its own song." The first Methodists in England had done this. John Donald Wade tells us, in his biography of John Wesley, that they used tunes of salacious popular songs and Scotch ballads. Thus the tradition of the sect was established. In America the authorized "hymns and psalms," even though approved by the very church fathers in England who had already gone so far down

toward the folk level, were discarded in favor of a homespun musical whoopee that either grew on the spot or was cobbled for the purpose by the preacher or his song leader.

In the making of these songs a favorite custom was to take a line or couplet from some older hymn, follow it with a hallelujah or a glory hallelujah, add more borrowed lines and hallelujahs, and then subjoin a chorus of still further ejaculations. The following stanza, based on an Eighteenth Century hymn by Samuel Medley, may serve to illustrate:

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
Oh, glory hallelujah!
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise,
Don't you love God? Glory hallelujah!

Chorus:

There's union in heaven and there's
 union in my soul,
Oh, glory hallelujah!
 Sweet music in Zion's beginning to roll,
Don't you love God? Glory hallelujah!

Compilations of such patchwork texts, without music, multiplied in the camp-meeting period proper, that is, from 1800 to 1830. A volume of the type, printed in Newbern, N. C., in 1806, bears on its title page the scriptural injunction: "Speak to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." The title of that collection, "Spiritual Songs," became the generic name of the then new sort of songs created in the revival atmosphere, and it was used by the rural whites of the South for perhaps a century before the programme leaflets of Negro concert groups brought it to the ken of Northern audiences.

The tunes to which these spiritual texts were wedded were likewise the product of revival conditions. All that was demanded by preachers and singers was simplicity and swing. I am inclined to believe that their musical debt to the long-drawn-out

psalm tunes of the colonial period was small. The following examples may indicate this limited borrowing. A widely used song of the traditional staid type is called "Albion." Its words are attributed to Watts. Here it is:

And am I born to die? To lay this body
down? And must my trembling spir - it fly in -
to a world unknown, in- to a world unknown?

Some camp-meeting tune cobbler seems to have given this born-to-die text a happier turn, and to have speeded up the tune and introduced the customary revival ejaculations. The result was a song usually called "Burgess":

I'm glad that I am born to die, and we'll
From grief and woe my soul shall fly, and we'll
all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.
In that morn - ing, in that morn - ing, and we'll
all shout to - geth - er in that morn - ing.

I am sure also that the camp-meeting folk, like the Salvation Army of yesterday, drew largely on secular music, both the popular tunes of the times and the still-sung tunes of other days. Let us take, as an example of the former, the revival song called "The Beggar":

I'd rath - er live a beg - gar while here on
earth I stay, than to pos - sess the rich - es of
all A - mer - i - ca; And to begging I will go.

Here it is easy to see a parody on some ballad which ended with "and a-hunting I will go." I add an example of a tune borrowed from earlier times. It appears in a song which the camp-meeting folk called "Saint's Request":

Young peo - ple all at - ten - tion
give, and hear what I shall say.

This, obviously, is a close relative of the traditional ballad, "Barbara Allen."

From the above the deduction must be made that the camp-meeting song, a true product of the Methodist revival movement, could not have begun to develop on these shores before the last quarter of the Eighteenth Century, when that movement began here. It should be clear also that it developed *in* the revival environment and did not come into it from without. It developed in America as a similar body of song had developed in England, and as similar types have developed in the years since among the Moodys and Sankeys, the Gypsy Smiths and Rodeheavers, and other such revivalists.

In the early days these essentially white man's revivals thrived best where fugitives from all over-lords, temporal, spiritual and traditional, were most numerous—that is, in the upland South. The camp-meeting

was born in Kentucky in 1800. It first spread to Tennessee and the Carolinas and then to the rest of the nation. It was in the settlements of the Middle South, among Scotch-Irish-English-German newcomers, that Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians amalgamated their various theologies, under the "white heat of religious fervor," into a true folk religion, and that this folk religion begat an equally folkish type of religious song.

How did this song get to the Negro? Easily enough. The Negroes were already there. The upland South was, as Johnson has pointed out, the center of the domestic slave traffic. And readers of his book or of White's can easily learn how the revival movement infected the blacks. It appealed to them mightily, and they soon adopted its preaching and praying methods, its shouting and hand-clapping, its jerks, barks, dancing and holy rolling, its speaking in unknown tongues, and all the rest of its manifestations of crowd emotionalism. The songs went along with the rest.

But if we accept all this as reasonable proof of the source of the Negro spirituals, we may still wonder why its discovery was so long delayed. Or, as Professor Johnson expresses it, why did it take so long for "the reading and writing world to discover what the illiterate folk knew all along?" The first factor making for delay was doubtless the will *not* to discover. This will was apparent in three distinct factions: (1) those who had a vested interest in the perpetuation of the *untruth*; (2) the professional Southerners of big-plantation presumptions who would do anything to lower the stock of the poor white trash, and were thus willing to discount their black retainers' indebtedness to their upland white neighbors; (3) the Southern urban church folk, who have always been eager to forget and disown

the camp-meeting songs, the illegitimate children of their own early hymnody.

A second reason for the delay in the discovery has been that students of the tunes have been confronted by what amounted to an all but complete absence of recorded camp-meeting music. The revival crowds of a century ago were not provided with tune books. If they had anything better to go by than an instinct for imitation and a good memory, it was a scant supply of books with words only. But eventually the tunes were recorded, and by the very "illiterate whites" whom Johnson mentioned. These were the singing-school folk, the only purveyors of musical culture to a pioneering people from the times of the first settlements on to comparatively recent days. It is to their tune books of religious songs that we must turn for practically the only records of camp-meeting music.

But such singing-school books—and especially the Southern-made ones, which were uniquely hospitable to the kind of tunes in question—have been hard to find. The list of them in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, American Supplement, offers the titles of but two volumes which contain camp-meeting tunes in any considerable quantity. The two tune books consulted by Johnson, "The Millennial Harp," 1843, and "The Christian Lyre," 1830, also contain some of these spiritual songs, and the latter, in its day, was very popular in the upland South.

I have been lucky enough to uncover, during the past few years, quite a number—thirteen, to be exact—of these practically forgotten books, all of which were compiled and used in the Southern camp-meeting belt during the generation preceding the Civil War. The list of them begins with "The Kentucky Harmony" from the Valley of Virginia, 1815, and

ends with "The Social Harp" from Andersonville, Ga., 1855. The earlier ones include but few of the songs we are seeking, but in the later books they are the rule. So here at last is offered rich material for the student interested in the genesis of Negro spiritual tunes, and texts too.

I have examined this material to find which songs were taken over by the Negroes. It has not been hard to establish the forebears of twenty-one Negro songs: "In the Kingdom," "Roll the Old Chariot," "Stand the Storm," "My Soul Wants Something That's New," "Pilgrim's Song," "I Fold Up My Arms," "I'm Just A-going Over Home," "Poor Pilgrim," "I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound," "Weeping Mary," "Old Ship of Zion," "Let Us Praise Him," "Keep A-Inchin' Along," "I'm A-Travelin' to the Grave," "I'se Got a Mudder in De Promis' Lan'," "Wonder Where is Good Ole Daniel," "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Few Days," "Don't Get Weary," "Dust an' Ashes," and "Good News de Chariot's Come." These, plus the songs whose white prototypes have been found by others, will tally, after allowing for all duplications, about a third of a hundred.

The Negro versions show varying degrees of fidelity to their originals, as those originals appear in the singing-school books. Those in the early post-Civil War Negro song collections—"I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound" and "Weeping Mary," for example—are comparatively close to the forms in the white people's books. The ancestors of the more recently recorded Negro songs are less obvious but still recognizable to the discerning eye and experienced ear. The reasoning for this variation is clear enough. Up to the Civil War period the rustic whites and Negro slaves must have sung exactly the same body of old-time revival songs, and as

long as this condition persisted there could not be any radical difference between, let us say, "Weeping Mary" as sung at a revival meeting of whites, and the same song at a meeting of whites and Negroes or of Negroes alone. Hence the greater similarity of the earliest recordings of Negro-sung versions to the singing-school versions.

But that condition did not persist. Beginning with the period of conflict between the North and South, the love of the rural Southerner for his camp-meeting songs began to wane. New times, new ideas. Melodeons, parlor organs and the above-mentioned Gospel Hymns began to put the old "wild chants" on the shelf. But among the Negroes they were still sung, and this continued singing, *in the absence of the pristine matrix* and without control of printed word or notated tune, was bound to result, in the run of two more generations, in just the divergences which we find.

When the Negro went over, in some measure, after the Civil War, to the Gospel Song side he found there some material for further borrowing—material which has been worked into another batch of spirituals. His "Out of the Wilderness" and "Old-Time Religion," and his many "Gospel Train" songs are probably of this later vintage. But that is another story which I shall not follow further.

I have not yet gone as far as I hope to into my study of the parent songs in comparison with their Negro offspring. But my findings thus far justify the assertion that the former show most of the ear-marks observable in the latter. To illustrate, let us take those supposedly purely African vestiges, the gapped scales, and especially those of the five-tone and six-tone sorts. Krehbiel found them in 53% of a large number of Negro spirituals. The

songs in Johnson's two source books showed 30%, and I have found, in a group of eighty songs selected from my Southern rustic singing-school books solely for their great popularity during the ante-bellum times, no less than 50%. And among the twenty-one white man's tunes which, as I have said, the Negroes have borrowed, fifteen are either pentatonic or hexatonic.

I may mention in closing the chief remaining argument of the die-hards for the Negro source of the Negro spirituals—the artistic merit of these songs. How could any, the argument runs, but a natively musical and sorely oppressed race create such beautiful things as "Swing Low," "Steal Away," and "Deep River"? No reasonable person denies that the Negroes made *some* songs, and I shall not, until I find concrete evidence to the contrary, deny that they made the three songs just mentioned. But were not the whites of the mountains and the hard-scrabble hill country also "musical and oppressed"? Cecil Sharp said their secular songs would "challenge the very finest of the folk-tunes that have been found in England." I can say as much also for their religious tunes. Perhaps it may be pertinent to note here that their "Morning Trumpet," taken over by the Negroes and sung by them with but slight change as "I'll Hear the Trumpet Sound," called forth the following endorsement from the late John W. Work: "If there is in all the collections of folk song a pure melody, this is it." Yes, these whites were musical, and oppressed too. If their condition was any more tolerable than that of the Negroes, one certainly does not get that impression from any of their songs of release and escape.

One may even admit that the specific Negro spiritual is in some instances more beautiful than its known white ancestor

and still ask how much of this superiority is due to the difference between the recording ability of the singing-school master of a hundred years ago and that of the skilled folklorist or caterer to the concert singer of today. To be sure, the Negro *seems* to have loosened up the white man's metrical patterns, limbered up his harmony-determined pitch intervals, and injected a wealth of emotion which was not there before. But who can prove that he really did so? Who knows how the rustic whites actually sang four generations ago? Do we quite realize the width of the chasm which yawns between the recorded, arranged, harmonized, piano-broke and printed composition which goes by the name of Negro spiritual today, and the actual "wild chant" of the remote Southern Negro camp-meeting? The Aframerican's contribution to the white man's primitive song cannot be appreciated until the student crosses that chasm. Maybe not even then. For there is still that other chasm of a hundred years of elapsed time.

BOOKS

MOZART.

By Marcia Davenport.

Charles Scribner's Sons
\$3.50 9½ x 5½; 400 pp. *New York*

In this very readable biography Miss Davenport sometimes employs the rather dubious device of "reconstructing" conversations. Fortunately, she does not resort to it often enough to damage the plausibility of her narrative. She has given hard study to the Mozart literature, and the picture of Wolfgang that she presents is probably sufficiently accurate. Her incidental discussions of his music are always sound. Obviously, she admires it wholeheartedly, but who doesn't? In all the history of music only one other composer, Schubert, had a greater natural talent than Mozart, and in the matter of training Mozart was clearly Schubert's superior.

Miss Davenport's book has sixteen illustrations and a good index. She is the daughter of Alma Gluck and the step-daughter of Efrem Zimbalist.

AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL in Bad Homburg. Under patronage of the American Ambassador at Berlin.

By Irving Schwerké. *Berlin*

This is a programme book of the concerts that took place from July 6 to July 8, 1931, under the patronage of Ambassador Frederic M. Sackett, at Bad Homburg. There were compositions by Jacobi, Sessions, Sowerby, Porter, Griffes, Still, MacDowell, Hanson and McKinley,—Americans all, interpreted to the foreign listeners by the sympathetic and generally well informed spirit of Mr. Schwerké. In his two page introduction Schwerké seeks to dispel prevalent misconceptions of American music: that it has no past, that it is a by-product of the modern dance, that it is jazz, that it is composed by aliens. In fewer than nine pages he covers its history from 1579 to 1931. He has the sense to ask why, when the rest of the world is praised for using jazz, America, its home, should be blamed for that same use. Yet in his account of the new American writers he achieves the affectation of leaving out the name of George Gershwin. The programme book is printed in German and in English. The programme itself is hailed as a pioneer venture in the field.

LIBRETTI

MERRY MOUNT.

By Richard L. Stokes. Farrar & Rinehart
\$2 8¼ x 4½; 133 pp. *New York*

The author of this libretto, which has been set by Dr. Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, was music critic of the now defunct *New York Evening World*. The time is 1625 and the scene is the New England coast. The action revolves around the struggle between Puritan and Cavalier. The text seldom rises above the level of the commonplace. Here, for example, is a passionate outburst:

Marigold!

When all the morning stars together sang,
Less was the joy in Heaven
Than in my heart triumphs to welcome thee.
No sheen of stars, no dawn-fire on the hills,
No tide of noonday spears along the sea
Burns half so blinding bright
As thy fair form divine,
O maid beloved!

And here is a chorus:

Dancing here so lightly
In our jolly play,
Let us braid the maypole
In the month of May!
Fa la la la, lal lal,
Fa la la la la. [laughter]

NEW AND ORIGINAL EXTRAVAGANZAS

By W. S. Gilbert. John W. Luce & Company
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 180 pp. *Boston*

Gilbert began writing for the London theatres in 1866, and his first work seems to have been a burlesque of Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore", prepared for Miss Herbert, then lessee of the St. James. During the two years that followed he did four other such burlesques—on Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment", Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil", Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," and Bellini's "Norma." His five libretti are here reprinted, with an introduction by his biographer, Dr. Isaac Goldberg. They are, of course, extremely old-fashioned, but there is no escaping their Gilbertian flavor. No other burlesque writer of the time was so resourceful in versifying or so ingenious in wit. Many of the wheezes, polished and refined, were afterward used in the Savoy operettas. Dr. Goldberg's introduction is learned and illuminating.

JUVENILE

BEETHOVEN: Master Musician.

By Madeleine Goss.

Doubleday, Doran & Company
\$2.50 5¾ x 8½; 290 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

A storified treatment of the great Ludwig which, if not indicative of deep research, makes for easy and pleasant reading. The references at the end are but seven in number. It is recommended chiefly for younger readers.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Believing Mind

HOUDINI & CONAN DOYLE, by Bernard M. L. Ernst & Hereward Carrington. \$3. 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$; 249 pp. New York: *Albert & Charles Boni*.

MR. ERNST is president of the parent assembly of the Society of American Magicians, and presumably represents Houdini in the combat here reported; Mr. Carrington, who is a well-known writer on table-tapping, slate-writing, thought-reading and other such ghostly marvels, is apparently in Doyle's corner. Just what hand each of them had in the book I do not know, but to me at least it seems to lean toward the transcendental side, despite a somewhat elaborate show of impartiality. Doyle, who was an indefatigable spook-chaser, gets nearly all the breaks. Even when his bovine credulity is exposed in the most patent and painful manner, and on evidence supplied fatuously by himself, he is yet represented to have been a sagacious and even scientific fellow, with no appetite save for the truth. By the same token poor Houdini is patronized rather heavily, and his weaknesses—for example, his vanity—surely get sufficient notice. Nevertheless, it is plain from the chronicle that he had all the better of Doyle, and that there can scarcely be two opinions as to which was the more intelligent.

The relation between the men was a curious one, and it is worth something to have this record of it. They began exchanging letters in 1920, and during the four years following met many times. Doyle, in those days, was busily whooping up spiritualism, and it was his obvious

hope to convert Houdini, whose celebrity as a stage magician would have made his conversion a notable victory for the holy cause. But Houdini, though he was always willing and even eager to examine Doyle's "evidence", was never so much as flustered by it. Every time he came to close quarters with it he found that it was full of holes. Most of the tricks of Doyle's mediums he could do himself, and far better than they could; as for the remainder, he saw every reason to believe that they would yield in the same way to a more careful approach. Doyle bombarded him with challenges and persuasions, but he never came into camp. When he died in 1926 he was fully convinced that spiritualism was buncombe. Few men ever had a better opportunity to judge it, or as much competence.

Though, as I have said, Doyle is treated very politely in this book, the fact that he was an almost fabulous ass cannot be concealed. It may sound incredible, but it is a simple fact that he passed to his brummagem Other World in 1930 thoroughly convinced that Houdini himself had been a medium! Houdini, while they were both alive, protested against this nonsense with great earnestness, and offered the most solemn assurance that all of his tricks—getting out of handcuffs, reading minds, staying under water for long periods, and so on—were tricks and nothing more, but Doyle kept on insisting idiotically that some "psychic" power was involved in them. I commend the fact to connoisseurs of human imbecility. It is, in its way, a superb measure of the intel-

lectual dignity of the whole psychical research movement. Doyle was undoubtedly one of its great stars, and maybe it would not be too much to say that he was the greatest of them, yet he continued to believe that Houdini was infested by spooks in the face of the most direct and unanswerable evidence to the contrary. No wonder it was easy for professional mediums to fetch him! And no wonder he seemed a master mind to the dolts who sit trembling in dingy back parlors, listening to the banal chatter of Wah-wah the Indian chief and Little Brighteyes.

Once, at Atlantic City, he undertook to get a message from Houdini's dead mother, with Lady Doyle as the medium. The message turned out to be the usual maudlin stuff—"Oh, my darling, thank God, thank God, at last I'm through! . . . Why, of course, I want to talk to my boy—my own beloved boy", and so on. Houdini was polite, but it must have been hard for him to contain himself, for the whole message was in the ornate spiritualist dialect of English—and his mother, a Hungarian rabbi's widow, had only the most imperfect knowledge of the language, and never used it in speaking to him. When the seance was over he made some idle scratches on a sheet of paper, and presently wrote the name Powell. Thus Doyle described the episode in "Our American Adventure", printed a bit later on:

Now, Dr. Ellis Powell, my dear fighting partner in spiritualism, had just died in England—worn out, I expect [*sic*], by his own exertions, for he was a desperately hard worker in the cause. I was the man he was most likely to signal to, and here was his name coming through the hand of Houdini. "Truly, Saul is among the prophets," said I.

In brief, another "proof" that Houdini was a medium—and didn't know it. Un-

fortunately, Houdini himself also left a record of that sitting, and from it we learn that the Powell whose name occurred to him was not Dr. Ellis Powell at all, but one F. E. Powell, a fellow magician, at that moment stranded in Texas! Later on, Doyle protested against this and similar exposures of his fantastic credulity on the ground that he regarded spiritualism as a religion, and that his opponents ought to respect it as such!

This last contention, it seems to me, revealed very neatly the disease which afflicts the whole tribe of spook-chasers. What they suffer from is simply the religious diathesis: they are consumed by an implacable will to believe. It is all one whether the specific object of their belief be spiritualism or the Mosaic cosmogony, Christian Science or chiropractic, astrology or infant damnation: the essential thing is that they believe it as an act of pure faith, and without any regard for the apparent facts. Most such believers, as everyone knows, switch facilely from one tinpot revelation to another. Years ago I called attention to the protean and wholesale credulity of advocates of the Single Tax, then somewhat in fashion. Canvassing a long list of eminent American Single Taxers I found that there was not one among them who did not also believe in some other palpable flubdub. Some were anti-vaccinationists, some were anti-vivisectionists, and others were vegetarians. One was a crusader for osteopathy, and another engaged in umbilicular contemplation. A third was one of the first to hail jazz as a new art form.

Later on many of these brethren went over to Socialism, and became parlor pinks of the vintage of 1912. Others joined the Bull Moose harlequinade or became Prohibitionists. The Socialists have always shown the same colossal capacity for em-

bracing the preposterous. Practically all of their leaders swallowed the Wilson hooey in 1917 and became saviors of democracy, and one of the most distinguished of them subsequently succumbed to Dr. Albert Abrams, the San Francisco Cagliostro. This seer is now an ardent Prohibitionist, and also believes in fasting and in mental telepathy. I have heard of another who is convinced that cancer may be cured by eating raisins and nuts, and of a third who was converted to the Marxian gospel by the Ouija board. Large numbers of them are trusting pacifists, and nearly all are eugenists.

What lies under all this is simply the religious diathesis aforesaid: an irresistible and perhaps pathological impulse to believe and cherish the incredible. One finds it in all truly pious folk, and one finds it also in many who regard themselves with innocent sincerity as agnostics, or even as atheists. For example, I point to the young Communist intellectuals who now make the first pages so regularly, warning old Andy Mellon, the Pittsburgh Belshazzar, of the wrath to come, and getting their noses bloodied in the Bible Belt. If these troubled young men had lived in 1743 they would have joined John Wesley as eagerly as they now join Stalin and company; if they had lived a century later they would have been pearls and rubies of the Oxford Movement. For in all such minds, whatever the actual object of their hysterical devotion, there is the same deep craving for a rock and a refuge, the same hot yen to escape this "sorry scheme of things entire." Reality affrights them. Science is their natural enemy, and they never cease to revile it. What they need above all things is an arcanum to reassure them, a hand to guide them, a priest in front of them to tell them in solemn, soothing tones that black will presently turn into

white, that the corruptible will inevitably put on incorruption, that there is pie in the sky—or in Russia, or somewhere else far away. They are operated by faith alone, as a motor-car is operated by gasoline or a dry Congressman by bootleg gin.

To men of this kidney the appearance of "The Origin of Species" in 1859, followed by "The Descent of Man" in 1871, was a cruel blow. Before Darwin's time there was always Christianity, but afterward it was too disreputable intellectually, at least in its Anglo-Saxon forms, to give them any comfort. They could not embrace it save at the cost of becoming downright comic, and that was too much for them. So they passed into a period of *Sturm und Drang* and are just getting out of it. Some of them, made desperate by the need within, sought escape in poetry, mainly bad—which is to say, in religion purged of authority, in faith without church or creed. Others, bothered also by their hormones, rushed off to Paris or some other such Gomorrah, and there tried to find forgetfulness in alcohol and venery. Yet others, as the bitter years rolled on, discovered relief if not cure in Liberalism, parlor Socialism, the Single Tax, Rotarianism, the New Humanism, the Boy Scout movement, and other such non-Euclidian theologies. Finally, there were bold spirits, tortured beyond endurance, who shut their eyes tightly, heaved Darwin into the fire, and leaped into the arms of the Roman Jezebel, or, as in the sad case of Ludwig Lewisohn, upon the Sinus Abrahæ. But the majority kept on sweating. They yearned with a great yearning for a secure and well-furnished sanctuary, but there seemed to be none open. Their agonies, as everyone knows, made a considerable noise in the world, and produced some very pretty writing.

The invention of Communism, a sort

of *reductio ad absurdum* of Socialism, was a godsend to these unhappy spirits. At one crack they had precisely what they had longed for all the while: a new religion that did not collide with Darwinism, and was yet magnificently consoling—and preposterous. Like all other really satisfying religions it came from afar, and was thus strange, rococo and romantic. Had it been hatched in Arkansas even Greenwich Village would have hooted it, but it arrived with exotic Russian spangles upon it, and to the tune of lascivious music by Peter Ilyitch Tschaikovsky. Its ideology was inordinately convincing to the believing mind. Its cure for chickenpox was a massive dose of smallpox. It fed the hungry by cutting down their rations. It promised a Ford to every true believer, and ran up gigantic factories to make them, and then let the factories rust. It opened grandiose railroads, and then forgot to grease the axles of the rolling stock. It brought in liberty for all by making slaves of all. Not since the Seventh Century had a new religion of greater imbecility and hence greater charm been unloosed upon the world. It reduced the whole of Protestantism to the flabby level of trigonometry. As religions go it was almost perfect, for it promised everything without delivering anything.

Moreover, there was steam behind it: it had force, authority, bellicosity, moral enterprise. It did not carry on its propaganda in the banal manner of Methodists gurgling at a revival; it had a sword in its hand, and knew the smell of blood. Over in its Holy Land its grand goblins and imperial wizards rammed it into the poor Russian *muzhiks* in a manner worthy of the Spanish Dominicans of the Thirteenth Century. A whole horde of hangmen labored with heretics; even the loftiest personage, if he allowed a doubt to bemuse

him, had to flee between days, like an intellectual detected in Kentucky. Thus the new religion made a double appeal, first to the will to believe and then to the will to power. The convert not only saw a mirage of a wholly modern New Jerusalem, with shoe factories operated by a reformed Holy Spirit and transcendental Little Theatres open day and night; he also saw himself as a very puissant figure in it, with passes on all the railroads, a publisher bound on penalty of death to print everything he cared to write, a comfortable cabin on what used to be J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht, and the run of the girls. No wonder so many debamboozled Liberals and other such bedevilled spirits stepped up to the box-office! The gates of Zion had opened at last! Here was a religion with a real kick in it!

Well, let us not laugh too loudly or too long. The spectacle has its humors, but so has every other performance of *Homo sapiens*, that most melancholy of clowns. The will to believe, alas, is not confined to Young Intellectuals *geb*. Presbyterians, though they may suffer from it more than most. All of us are touched with it to some extent, for all of us are the descendants of very recent persons who believed faithfully that hydrophobia could be cured by prayer, that Eve was fashioned from Adam's rib, and that Jonah swallowed the whale. Let us not expect such habits of mind to yield too easily to better ones. It will take long years and much agony to breed them out of the race. We are all, in our several ways, religious still. We all believe more or less, some boldly and some blushfully, in things that are palpably not true. The concept of the inexplicable continues to baffle most of us, and so does the concept of the irremediable. Almost unanimously we tend to believe, with a sort of inescapable fatuity, that whatever seems to

need curing can certainly be cured—if not tomorrow, then next week or next year. Our whole thinking, whether we be metaphysicians or bootleggers, is based upon this assumption that there is an answer to every riddle, a balm for every wound, and surcease for every sorrow. And if, by some accident of heredity or environment, we are beyond believing that Stalin or Mussolini or some other such sorry mountebank has every such answer, balm and surcease in his hand, then we are yet usually foolish enough to damn poor Hoover for not producing them.

At bottom, this universal human impulse to embrace the illogical is probably no more than a sign of an underlying yearning for the logical. We find the world intolerable, and hence try to refashion it in a more rational manner. Superficially, of course, such things as Communism seem to be merely silly; they are as little supported by the known facts as astrology, say, or spiritualism. But under them there is a plain reaching out for order and design. Even orthodox religion, once a few postulates are accepted, becomes magnificently logical; the theologians, in truth, are the most accomplished of logicians. I have frequently argued in this place that if Christianity be true at all then there is no conceivable answer to the case of the Fundamentalists. In the same way, if it be true at all that the human race is capable, by pure reason, of devising an ideal government, then certainly the Bolsheviks deserve to be heard politely, for they are the first wizards since 1776 to attempt it. But I doubt very seriously that it is true. The problem of government seems to me to be inherently and incurably insoluble, just as the problem of evil is insoluble. One has sufficiently convicted any man of quackery, I suspect, when one shows that he says he can solve it.

Wisdom Up to Date

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA.
Edited by A. H. McDannald. \$120. 10 x 5½; 30 vols., 22,500 pp. New York: *The Americana Corporation.*

THE Encyclopedia Americana, in its present form, first appeared in 1918. It was revised in 1920, 1922, 1924, 1927, 1929 and 1931, and the present revision brings it down to the current year. It thus offers serious competition to the Encyclopedia Britannica, the fourteenth edition of which came out in 1929, and to the New International, the second and last edition of which was completed in 1916, and the latest supplement to which stops with 1930, too soon to include the census returns of that year. The Americana gives those returns at all appropriate places, and is rich in other new stuff, not to be found in any similar work. The article on J. Ramsay MacDonald, for example, comes down to his betrayal of the Labor party and the beginning of his administration as a Coalition Prime Minister, and the articles on Thomas A. Edison, Dwight W. Morrow and Arthur Schnitzler record their deaths, though all died so recently as last October. These revisions have been made very skillfully, and without resetting the work. In the same way space has been made, always without any apparent damage to the standing text, for notices of men and women who have lately come into the public eye, and for events of the last few years.

The Britannica, as everyone knows, runs to long articles, and the New International to short ones. It was the idea of the late Daniel Coit Gilman, who planned the latter, that it should offer as many different subject headings as possible, to save the reader the trouble of searching for what he wanted in general articles. He carried this division and sub-division very far, and

the New International thus contains more articles than any other encyclopedia ever published. Under Ga, for example, I find no less than 757, as against but 345 in the Britannica. The Americana strikes a median note, with 544. It is interesting to compare the three encyclopedias at a given point, noting what appears in each that the others omit. If one examines, for example, Ga, the English provenance of the Britannica is at once apparent. It has a longish article on the Ganda, a Bantu people of British East Africa, but the New International dismisses the tribe with two lines and the Americana does not list it at all. Contrariwise, both the Americana and the New International notice Gandara, a town in the Philippines, but the Britannica omits it. The Britannica gives James A. Garfield 120 lines, but the New International gives him 235 lines, and the Americana gives him 143 lines and a full-page portrait. Under Garden Cities the Britannica devotes two columns to English examples, and then dismisses the United States as without any or much significance, but the Americana, which gives more than four pages to the subject, lays its chief stress upon American and German examples, though it does not forget the English. The New International, curiously enough, has no article at all on the topic.

If I were put on oath it would be hard for me to say which of these encyclopedias is the best. I use them all almost daily, and find them all valuable. The Britannica,

physically, is far better than the other two. It is printed in large type on superior paper, and its illustrations are beyond compare. Its maps, however, are generally inferior to those of the New International, and they are not placed where they ought to be, but grouped in an atlas volume at the end. Its scientific articles are excellent, but many of them are beyond the grasp of the average reader: this is especially true of its articles on physics and on mathematics. It is, in some ways, oppressively English, and it does not sub-divide subjects sufficiently to make reference easy.

The New International, having far more different articles than any other encyclopedia, is the most convenient to use. It has excellent maps, and most of its illustrations really illustrate, whereas many of those in the Britannica are merely pretty. Its chief defect is that it has gone out of date, and that its two-volume supplement is inadequate. The Americana presents a huddled type-page, and is rather badly printed, with many inferior illustrations, but it is up-to-date, its articles are succinct and sufficiently accurate, it shows little pedantry, and the volumes are pleasantly light in weight. Its maps, which are new, are mainly bad: compare, for example, its map of Georgia with those in the Britannica and New International. But its completeness and its simplicity make up for such defects. At the moment it is the most useful encyclopedia in English on the market.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

HOWARD F. BARKER *was born in Wisconsin and educated at the Universities of Minnesota and Wisconsin. His work on the national origins of the Americans of 1790, prepared for the Committee on Population of the American Council of Learned Societies, will be published this Summer.*

ALBERT TRUMAN BOYD *was born in Philadelphia in 1901. He attended high-school there and then came to New York, where, for the next three years, he studied at the Art Student's League. The following four years he was with the Neighborhood Playhouse and the Theatre Guild. For the past six years he has lived in New Hampshire, dividing his time between farming and writing. He has just completed a novel.*

MOE BRAGIN, *who is a New York school teacher, is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

BOB BROWN *is an American journalist who has spent most of his time abroad. He is now living in Paris.*

MITCHELL DAWSON *is a member of the Illinois bar. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago and of the University of Chicago Law School.*

FRANCES FROST *is the author of two books of verse, "Hemlock Wall" and "Blue Harvest."*

GERALD HOLLAND *is on the copy desk of the New York World-Telegram.*

GEORGE PULLEN JACKSON, PH.D. (Chicago), *is professor of German at Vanderbilt University. He founded the Nashville Symphony Orchestra in 1920. A more extended account of him is in Editorial Notes.*

ROBERT JEANS *is twenty-six years old. He has bummed around the country and worked at odd jobs that brought him into*

contact with the prize-ring, carnivals and race tracks.

WALTER W. LIGGETT *was born in Minnesota, and has worked on newspapers all over the country. His latest book is "The Rise of Herbert Hoover."*

CARL L. W. MEYER *was born in Germany in 1880 and came to the United States in 1905. He is a member of the legislative reference staff of the Library of Congress.*

FREDERIC NELSON *was born in Windsor, Conn., and was graduated from Harvard in 1916. He taught at Dartmouth for two years after graduation, and since then has worked on various newspapers, including the Hartford Courant, the Boston Post, the Hartford Times, and the Baltimore Sun. He was until recently London correspondent for the last-named.*

LAURENCE SCHMECKEBIER, PH.D. (Munich), *was born in Chicago, and took his B.A. at the University of Wisconsin. His doctoral dissertation, "Ueber die Erscheinungsweisen kleinflächiger Farben," was lately printed in the Archiv für die Gesamte Psychologie at Leipzig. He is now lecturing on the history of art at Wisconsin. His German thesis, done into English, is to be published soon.*

ELELA STRONG-WOLFE *was born in this country of English parents. At four she became a child of divorce, and was brought up in institutions ranging from fashionable boarding schools to Catholic homes. She is married and is living in Hollywood. Her article in this issue is her first published work.*

DOROTHY THOMAS *was born in Kansas, but has spent the greater part of her adult life in Nebraska. She was educated at Cotner College and the University of Nebraska.*



AT THE TOP OF THE HILL

A LONE figure in overalls surveys the fields of his labor. Freshly planted rows point their even lines around a gently rising hill. Seemingly the world and its people are far away. But this man is not alone!



ready for instant use, costs only a few cents a day. With your telephone, you are never alone. It is an investment in companionship, convenience, and security. Through it you can project your personality to the faraway places of the earth, or bring familiar voices to the friendliness of your fireside.

His home is at the top of the distant hill. And in his home is a telephone. Eighty-five million miles of wire lead to it. His call is a command to one or more of several hundred thousand employees. Day or night he may call, through the Bell System, any one of nearly twenty million other telephones in this country and an additional twelve million abroad.

And yet, like you, he pays but a small sum for a service that is frequently priceless in value. The presence of the telephone,

Undoubtedly a great factor in the continued progress and improvement of telephone service is the intangible but real spirit of service that has become a tradition in the telephone business. This spirit expresses itself daily and in any emergency. And behind the army engaged in giving service is the pioneering help of a regiment of five thousand scientists and technical men, engaged in the sole task of working for improvement. This group devotes itself exclusively to seeking ways and means of making your telephone service constantly better and better.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



EDITORIAL NOTES

DR. GEORGE PULLEN JACKSON, author of "The Genesis of the Negro Spiritual" in The Music Room, gives the following account of himself:

Born among the Puritans and Impuritans of a New England village (Monson, Maine, August 20, 1874), I migrated after sixteen



Dr. G. P. Jackson

Hofbräuhaus to "Parsifal."

Again in America, my headquarters became Chicago, my bread and butter the trumpet, the first goals of my ambition a couple of degrees from the University of Chicago. These goals attained, after some more study—this time in German universities—music receded as a profession and German teaching took its place. But in each of the six institutions where I taught successively (the Kansas State Agricultural College, the Case School of Applied Science, the University of Chicago, Oberlin College, Northwestern University, and the University of North Dakota) it was my great fun to pitch in and help develop glee clubs, bands and, best of all, orchestras.

I have been on the faculty of Vanderbilt University at Nashville since the Autumn of the Armistice. The Nashville Symphony Orchestra, a child of my free love of music, became anemic after twelve years and died. This bereavement released me for the study

years as part of the impedimenta of a big family to Birmingham, Ala. The Jacksons were a home-singing race. My musicality led me early to a cornet, to orchestras, to a European conservatory and thus to a burning interest in cultural things, from the Munich

of a phase of native music (I stumbled upon it by accident: it is still unknown to all the rest of the priests and sacristans of urban music) which, in the remote stretches of the South, is called Sacred Harp song. The results of my delving into this tradition, and into the story of the "lost tonal tribe" in whose environment it thrives, are embodied in my book, "White Spirituals and Their Singers" which the University of North Carolina Press is to bring out during the present Summer.

MR. MOE BRAGIN, author of "Journal of a Tour in America," sends in the following autobiographical note:

I was born thirty years ago in a Russian village. At the age of four I was taken to America. I learned the language with difficulty; more easily, street games, shooting craps in the tenement basements, and how to puff like cock-sparrows before the little Mollys of the crowded curbs. I went to the public schools of New York and to the university on Morningside Heights and submitted to the snipping scissors of earnest teachers and professors. Beyond their hands now, I still feel like one of those trained vaudeville dogs, clipped here and there, so that they resemble neither wolf, fowl, nor good fat herring. I have wanted at various times to be a chiropractor, a veterinary, a doctor, a writer, a farmer, and a revolutionist. I am teaching at present.

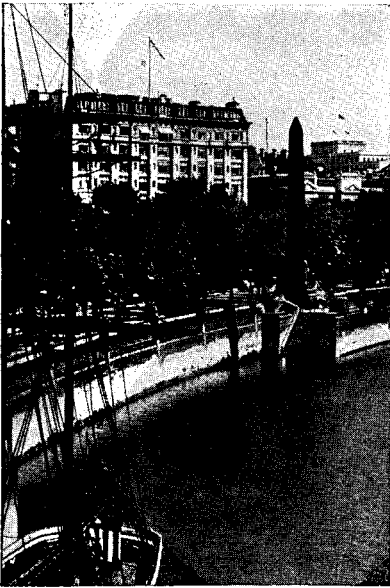


Moe Bragin

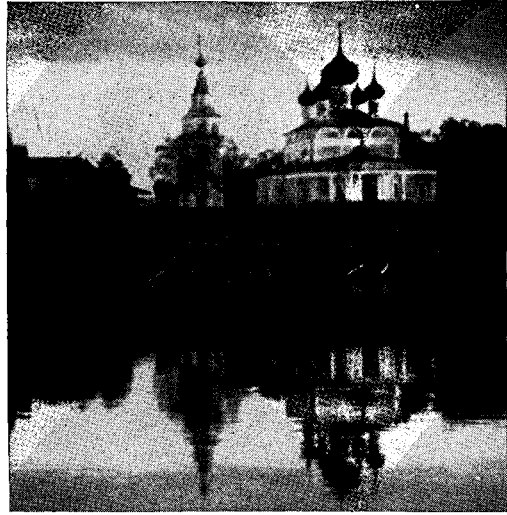
I started my literary career with poetry.

Continued on page xx

THE RIVER ROOMS
OF THE
SAVOY
LONDON



PROVIDE THE MOST
LUXURIOUS ACCOM-
MODATION AND THE
MOST IMPRESSIVE
RIVER PANORAMA TO
BE FOUND IN EUROPE



The Volga

VOLGA

*4 days cruising the longest
river in Europe; and 12 days
visiting mighty cities in the
SOVIET UNION*

You are welcome to visit the gigantic new projects and awakening life that are transforming a land in the forefront of world discussion. *Leningrad* . . . city of science, labor, foreign trade, and beautiful palaces. *Moscow* . . . center of social planning, building, communal life and new factories. *Nizhni-Novgorod* . . . maintaining the largest automobile factory in the U. S. S. R. The *Volga* . . . rippling past ancient cities, quaint villages, and national cultures. *Stalingrad* . . . with its colossal tractor factory . . . and then return by rail to *Moscow*.

This Tour \$160—16 Days

Price covers travel in the Soviet Union, including first class hotels, all meals, railroad and sleeper, river steamer, autos, guides, interpreters, theatre tickets and visa. Price does not include round trip passage to the Soviet Union.

Other unusual tours: *Ukraine Tour*, 10 days, \$110 up; *Dnieper River Tour*, 14 days, \$140 up; *Industrial Tours*, 25-32 days, \$375 up; tours to *Turkestan*; Round the World in 60 Days . . . leave Chicago July 6.

Travel in the

SOVIET UNION

Write for Booklet No. F6. INTOURIST, Inc., U. S. Representative of the State Travel Bureau of the U. S. S. R. 261 Fifth Ave., New York; 110 Boylston St., Boston; 304 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago; 756 S. Broadway, Los Angeles. Or see your own travel agent.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

My first poem was written when I was sixteen. I had just received a catalogue from a Western college which had opened a department of chiropractic. I intended devoting my life to the backbone. On the cover of the catalogue was a picture of a spinal column big enough for a buffalo or an elephant. In an inspired mood I dashed off several stanzas in which I apostrophized science and sang that it wasn't mere pelf I was after.

My second bit of poetry was written during the critical war days. It was printed by the school magazine. It was a plea to all good patriots to "buy a liberty bond to help the boys across the pond". Then for ten years nothing but rejections. I had to chirp to myself like a cricket under a stone. Five years ago it seemed to me I had versified enough to write prose. I started writing stories, and have been making enough ever since to pay for stamps and stationery.

During the war, hysterically patriotic, I volunteered as a farm cadet and went out to spread manure to save the world for democracy. Frankly, like many another patriot, I had more profitable reasons,—I wanted to be exempt from taking the regents' examinations, the bugbear of most high-school students. I had six such scheduled for that Summer. On my return from the farm I was called down to the office of the dean ("Parsnips" we used to call him), and told that though the regents had promised to exempt me from all my examinations, six were too many. I nearly lost my graduation because of that.

Undiscouraged, I hired out next Summer on a tobacco farm. I have since worked on other farms. I have pulled calves out of cows and shelled peas Sunday mornings on the kitchen porch. On the farm I became acquainted with the two great masterpieces of American farm literature—the Bible and the Sears-Roebuck catalogue. Their influence on my style is still noticeable.

The farm has affected me in other ways. I have written so many cow and calf stories that people have called me Moo.

xx

Check List of NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page xiv*

LITERATURE

THE EUROPEAN CARAVAN. *Part I. France, Spain, England & Ireland.*

Edited by Samuel Putnam, Maida Castelhun Darnton, George Reavey & J. Bronowski.

Brewer, Warren & Putnam
\$4 8¼ x 5½; 577 pp. New York

Mr. Putnam, who is editor of the *New Review* in Paris, is probably more familiar with the newer literature of Europe than any other American, and he gives evidence of it in this collection. The field covered is very wide, and the selections are interesting and significant. They do not all belong to the Modernist schools by any means; some of them, especially in the Spanish section, actually seem very old-fashioned. But they show clearly the battle of doctrines that is going on in the four countries dealt with, and all of them are accompanied by useful explanations and commentaries. The French section takes up more than half of the volume. Among the authors represented in it are the following: Guillaume Apollinaire, Jean Cocteau, Francis Picabia. Paul Morand, Paul Valéry and Jacques Rigaut. The Spaniards include such well-known names as Unamuno, Azorin, Baroja and Madariaga, and the Englishmen and Irishmen include James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Richard Aldington, T. S. Eliot and D. H. Lawrence.

THE NEGRO AUTHOR. *His Development in America.*

By Vernon Loggins. The Columbia University Press
\$5 8¼ x 5¼; 480 pp. New York

Dr. Loggins, who is instructor in English at Columbia, has here written a useful book. Though not exhaustive, it is surely the most comprehensive study of American Negro authorship in print. He discusses more than 200 writers, and deals with every aspect of literature, including biography, poetry, history, theology, sociology, fiction, and folk-lore. There are numerous excellently chosen quotations from the originals, and the comments are always well-informed. Dr. Loggins realizes what every impartial man must admit, namely, that the Negro "has not yet written an enduring masterpiece." He ends his study with the year 1900. It is to be hoped that he will bring it down to date in another volume: surely there is enough material. More worthy Negro literature has been written in the last twenty-five years than ever before. An excellent bibliography and index are appended.

Continued on page xxii

TAKE A TRIP THIS SUMMER

STEAMSHIP LINES

In New York:

CANADIAN PACIFIC
344 Madison Avenue

CLYDE-MALLORY LINES
Pier 36, North River

COSULICH LINE
17 Battery Place

CUNARD & ANCHOR LINES
25 Broadway

DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINES
25 Broadway

FRENCH LINE
19 State Street

FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
34 Whitehall Street

GRACE LINE
10 Hanover Square

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
39 Broadway

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
24 State Street

ITALIAN LINE (N. G. I.)
1 State Street

LLOYD SABAUDO
3 State Street

MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES
67 Wall Street

NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA
25 Broadway

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
57 Broadway

NORWEGIAN-AMERICAN LINE
8 Bridge Street

ROOSEVELT INTERNATIONAL
MERCANTILE MARINE
1 Broadway

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES
165 Broadway

SPANISH TRANSATLANTIC LINE
21 State Street

SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE
24 State Street

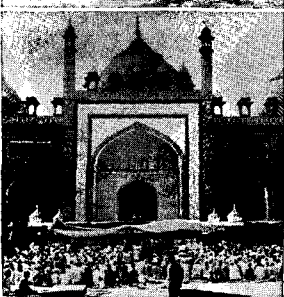
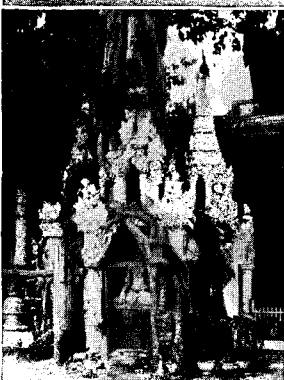
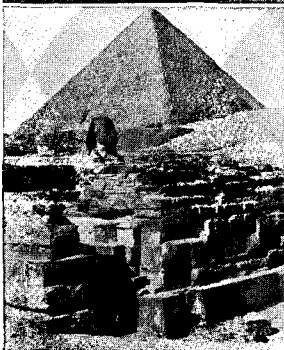
WARD LINE
Pier 13, East River

In Boston:

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
1 Federal Street

In San Francisco:

MATSON LINE
215 Market Street



Photos courtesy of
Canadian Pacific Steamships

TRAVEL AGENCIES

In New York:

AMALGAMATED BANK
11 Union Square

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
65 Broadway

AMEROP TRAVEL SERVICE
400 Madison Avenue

BENNETT'S TRAVEL BUREAU
580 Fifth Avenue

JAMES BORING COMPANY
642 Fifth Avenue

CALDWELL TRAVEL SERVICE
665 Fifth Avenue

FRANK CLARK TOURS
Times Building

THOMAS COOK & SON
587 Fifth Avenue

FRANK TOURIST COMPANY
542 Fifth Avenue

FRAZER-McLEAN CO.
15 East 58th Street

GILLESPIE, KINPORTS & BEARD
8 West 40th Street

HEATH BUREAU, INC.
521 Fifth Avenue

INTOURIST BUREAU—U.S.S.R.
261 Fifth Avenue

KELLER TRAVEL CLUB
551 Fifth Avenue

MARTIN TRAVEL BUREAU
377 Fifth Avenue

NATIONAL TOURS
561 Fifth Avenue

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
670 Fifth Avenue

SIMMONS TOURS
1350 Broadway

WONDERLAND BUREAU
603 Fifth Avenue

In Chicago:

TRAVEL GUILD, INC.
180 North Michigan Avenue

In Boston:

ALLEN TOURS, INC.
154 Boylston Street

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

ANTHOLOGIES

A TREASURY OF IRISH POETRY IN THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

Edited by Stopford A. Brooke & T. W. Rolleston.

The Macmillan Company

\$3 8 x 5 1/8; 610 pp. New York

The first edition of this anthology was issued in 1900. Since then both of the editors have died, Dr. Brooke in 1916 and Mr. Rolleston in 1920. Who undertook the present revision is not stated. It consists mainly of the addition of a new section, including poems by Joseph Campbell, Padraic Colum, James Joyce, Emily Lawless, Francis Ledwidge, Thomas MacDonagh, Alice Milligan, Seumas O'Sullivan, Padraic Pearse, Joseph Mary Plunkett, James Stephens, and John M. Synge. In the older sections of the volume the sketches of poets have been brought up to date. The collection, though it is decidedly conservative in tone, is interesting and useful. It is, however, somewhat startling to note that Oscar Wilde is still excluded, though his mother, Lady Wilde, is represented.

FOLK-SAY: *A Regional Miscellany.* 1931.

Edited by B. A. Botkin.

The University of Oklahoma Press

\$5 9 1/4 x 6 1/8; 354 pp. Norman, Okla.

This is Dr. Botkin's third annual volume of his regional miscellany. The number of States covered this year is somewhat larger than that covered in 1929 or 1930. The contributions are also more ably selected. Two or three of the poems and one or two of the stories are quite feeble, but the rest of the twenty-nine pieces show a high degree of skill. Perhaps the best of them are "Happy Riley: A Hero for the Hot Afternoon," by Pat Morrisette; "Witches and Witch-Masters," by Vance Randolph; "Told in Ozarkia," by Robert L. Morris; "Lonesome Valley," by Sterling A. Brown; "Oilfield Idyls," by Daniel M. Garrison; and "Five Men and a Horse," by Paul Thompson. Brief notes about the contributors appear at the end of the volume.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

WHAT I REALLY WROTE ABOUT THE WAR.

By Bernard Shaw.

Brentano's

\$3.75 9 1/2 x 6 3/8; 371 pp. New York

Here Shaw has brought together, with extensive comments, the best of his war articles in the English press. The period covered is roughly 1914-1924, and

xxii

the papers and magazines quoted from are the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *New Statesman*, the *Times*, the *New Age*, the *Morning Post*, and *Today*. The articles created a considerable stir when they were first published, and they still make good reading. Shaw, as is well known, was one of the few writing Britons who not only kept sane during the World War, but did battle with the blood-thirsty patriots in his midst. He kept on repeating that the war was like all other conflicts before it: a senseless butchery, in which the masses had nothing to gain; that it was brought on by a greed for markets in all the belligerent nations; that the English and the French were as guilty as the Germans in bringing it about; and that the only peace worth talking about should be based upon these facts, and not upon any bogus claim of moral superiority on the part of the Allies. On more than one occasion he hinted quite openly that the best thing the soldiers could do for their respective countries would be to shoot their officers. He also had some sharp words to say about the silly glory of the battlefield, and about the dubious mentalities of generals. The book suffers greatly from the lack of an index.

THE SECRET OF THE WEST.

By Dmitri Merejkowski. Brewer, Warren & Putnam

\$7.50 9 1/4 x 6; 449 pp. New York

Precisely what Merejkowski is trying to say here it is very difficult to make out. His writing is so involved, so mystical, and so full of apparently irrelevant historical and theological allusions that whole pages of his book, even after a third reading, defy the intelligence. He seems to think that within the next fifty years there will be a second and last World War; "there shall be no third—at least not in the history of existing humanity." The cause of all our troubles lies in the fact that "the thirst for divine ecstasy remains unsatisfied." Because of this all nations have been sliding "into satanic ecstasy, a terrible malady, madness. We have just seen its first paroxysm, the World War. It has been followed by an attack of lethargy." But the nations keep on "seeking [divine] ecstasy, each in its own corner: . . . in speculating on the exchange or in theosophy, in Communism or in patriotism, etc., etc.—unquenchable ecstasies; but 'culture of demons' has 'salt waters' in plenty." The second World War can be averted only if the world will "awake and recall what Christianity is. . . . Above all it is necessary that they should understand that Christ is, perhaps,

Continued on page xxiv

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Hotel Ambassador ATLANTIC CITY

ANNOUNCES

An Innovation in Rates

Rooms with meals Daily	Rooms without meals Daily
\$8. for one person	\$5. for one person
\$14. for two persons	\$8. for two persons

All guests staying weekly will be charged at the rate of six days

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY

published monthly at Camden, N. J., for April 1, 1932

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE AMERICAN MERCURY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Editor, Henry L. Mencken 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Charles Angoff 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: The American Mercury, Inc. (Owner).
Stockholders—Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 730 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Henry L. Mencken, 704 Cathedral Street, Baltimore, Md.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more or total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

SAMUEL KNOPF
Business Manager

Sworn and subscribed before me this 9th day of March, 1932.
J. W. FERMAN

My Commission expires March 30, 1933.

EUROPE 29 DAYS \$195
ALL EXPENSES
Weekly sailings via Canadian Pacific, June 3 to August 19. Ask for details; also our free book of 200 House Party and Collegiate Tours.
THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 N. Michigan 521 Fifth Ave. 308 Boylston St.
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

EUROPE 25 DAYS \$147
slash!
Go Rates on Student Tours
6 COUNTRIES \$175 ALL EXPENSES LAND AND SEA. Send for New Booklet
9 COUNTRIES \$245
ALLEN TOURS, 154 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
23,000 SATISFIED GUESTS

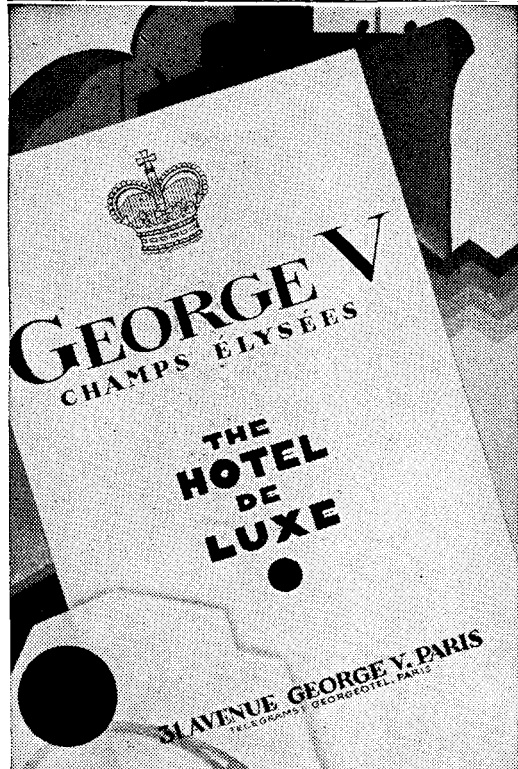
You will find THE AMERICAN MERCURY abroad at

INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., LTD.
5 Breems Bldg., London, E. C. 4, England.

SHAKESPEARE & CO.
12, Rue de L'Odeon, Paris, VI, France.

GEORG STILKE
Georgsplatz 6, Hamburg, 1, Germany.

and in many of the important libraries throughout the world.



THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

not what He appears to them to be." What Christ really is Merejkowski does not say. The translation is by John Cournos.

THE THEATRE

THE THEORY OF THE DRAMA.

By Allardyce Nicoll.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 261 pp. *New York*

Mr. Nicoll is professor of English language and literature at the University of London and a recognized authority on the history of the English drama. His present book is, in some ways, a revision of his "Introduction to Dramatic Theory," published in 1923, but the revisions are so drastic and the additions so numerous that it is practically a new book. "My principal aim," he says, "is to provide a general guide or introduction to the subject [of dramatic theory]. I have tried to eliminate unnecessary detail and confine myself to the major problems, discussing these in the light both of major theories and of modern practice." His book has the usual text-book classifications, but his discussion of them is far from dull or conventional. There is an extensive bibliography, and also an index.

THE ITALIAN THEATRE.

By Joseph Spencer Kennard. William Edwin Rudge
\$12 9¾ x 6¼; 2 vols.; 243+313 pp. *New York*

Volume I carries the story of the Italian theatre from its beginning to the close of the Seventeenth Century. It takes into account the Medieval Church theatre and the Humanistic one of the Fifteenth Century, and also has chapters on the comedy, tragedy, and pastoral drama of the following century. Then come discussions of the Italian Renaissance and of the theatre in the Seventeenth Century. Volume II continues the narrative down to modern times. The older dramatists treated include Metastasio, Goldoni, Carlo Gozzi, Alfieri, and Niccolini. The more recent ones include D'Annunzio, Monti, Foscolo, Benelli, Giacoso, Rovetta, and Pirandello. There are many illustrations and notes. An index appears in each volume.

MARRIAGE

ENDURING PASSION.

By Marie Carmichael Stopes. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$2 7¾ x 5; 181 pp. *New York*

So recently as the Spring of 1931 the wowers of the New York Society for the Suppression of

Vice were trying desperately to suppress Dr. Stopes's "Married Love", a handbook for the newly wedded. They met a crushing defeat on April 6 of that year at the hands of Judge John M. Woolsey. Now one of the most active of them, William Jay Schiefelin, provides a blurb for the present book, saying gravely that "it would be a crime to prevent the sale of such a helpful work." Obviously, even wowers are capable of learning by experience. Dr. Stopes, in "Enduring Passion", addresses herself particularly to the married couple of mature years and experience. As in her former works, she is full of highly dubious medical advice. She believes thoroughly in the efficacy of glandular extracts, including even "a general mixture" of them, and also recommends such discredited drugs as ichthyol. There is a bibliography of her own writings at the end, but no index.

THE SEXUAL SIDE OF MARRIAGE.

By M. J. Exner. W. W. Norton & Company
\$2.50 7¾ x 4¾; 252 pp. *New York*

Most books on this subject get little beyond a furtive pornography. But Dr. Exner makes a serious attempt to discuss the subject soberly, and in the light of the somewhat meagre scientific data. He leans heavily upon the investigations of Dr. Katharine B. Davis, Dr. Robert L. Dickinson and Dr. G. V. Hamilton, and also makes free borrowings from Dr. Knight Dunlap, the psychologist, and other authorities. Dr. Exner believes that happiness in marriage is predominantly a psychic matter, but he shows that a satisfactory psychic situation depends to a large extent on physical adjustment. He puts forth his ideas modestly, and usually very plausibly. At the end he asks for comments and additions from readers, with a view to improving his book in a future edition. It lacks an index.

HISTORY

SOUTH CAROLINA DURING RECONSTRUCTION.

By Francis Butler Simkins & Robert Hilliard Woody.
The University of North Carolina Press
\$8 9¼ x 6¼; 610 pp. *Chapel Hill*

This volume, which in 1931 won the John H. Dunning Prize awarded by the American Historical Association for the best essay in the field of American history, is a mine of apposite detail, and is likely to remain the authority on the period and place for many years to come. The authors have rounded out,

Continued on page xxvi

Complete Book Manufacture

A SURPRISINGLY large percentage of the books reviewed and advertised in this number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY were manufactured complete in our plant.

This comes as a natural result of our many years of experience in manufacturing books of the highest quality for the most discriminating publishers

The **VAIL-BALLOU PRESS**

The Efficient Plant

Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.
New York Office: 200 Fifth Avenue



**TAKE HOME A
BORZOI BOOK
FROM ANY BOOK SHOP**

Borzoi Books on Science



UNINVITED GUESTS

*A short account of the animals living
on or in us*

by **DAVID CAUSEY, Ph.D.**

Do you know that thousands of parasites obtain free board and lodging within your body? This witty, interesting and scientifically accurate book acquaints you with them and their strange habits. As Dr. Causey admits, his subject, like bachelors' children, is nothing to speak of, but in his hands it makes magnificent reading just the same. With 44 illustrations. cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 120 pages & Index. \$2.00



CANCER

What Everyone Should Know About It
by **JAMES A. TOBEY, Dr. P. H.**

*With Introductions by H. L. Mencken and
Joseph Colt Bloodgood, M.D.*

No one ignorant of cancer is secure from it. And "no one can read this book without obtaining a comprehensive realization of the whole cancer problem and his own personal part in it. Applications of the reliable facts so ably set forth here should result in a real decrease in the mortality and suffering from cancer . . .", says Dr. Bloodgood of Johns Hopkins University. With 17 illustrations. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 304 pages, \$3.00



A DIABETIC'S OWN COOK BOOK

by **STELLA H. LYONS**

With a Foreword by Logan Clendening, M.D.

Appetizing recipes for everything from soups to salads, to say nothing of desserts, that remain strictly within the dietary rules prescribed by the most exacting physicians. Dr. Logan Clendening, author of *The Human Body*, says: "Her book should have a place in every diabetic's technical library." cloth, $5 \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 92 pages & index. \$2.00

Wherever books are sold.

Alfred A. Knopf • Publisher • N.Y.



CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

in particular, the social and economic history that has been so long neglected for the political; there are chapters entitled "Public Debt and Taxation," "Railroads and Transportation," "Agricultural Problems," "Compromise and Progress in Agriculture," "Towns," "Credit and Commerce," "The Status of Manufactures," "Darker Phases of Social Life," "Brighter Phases of Social Life," "The Church in Transition," "Aspects of Social Life," and "Progress in Education," in addition to a discussion of the political forces. The book is admirably printed, and bound in buckram with gilt top in a limited edition of 1,000 copies; it contains numerous illustrations, an appendix giving General Gary's Plan, an exhaustive bibliography and an index.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC.
By Harold Archer Van Dorn. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 3/4; 309 pp. New York

Dr. Van Dorn, who is associate professor of political science at Rutgers, taught for a while at Nankai University, and during the Civil War of 1922 served in the volunteer force organized for the defense of Tientsin. He then returned to the United States to get his doctorate at Columbia, but in 1929 he made another visit to China. Thus he writes with a considerable first-hand knowledge when he discusses the changes that have taken place in the political, educational, religious, social, and economic affairs of the land since the revolution of 1911. His book is packed with figures, names and dates, and has value as a reference volume. If any criticism is to be made, it is regarding the lengths to which Dr. Dorn goes in exonerating the missionaries and the Y. M. C. A. of the charges of ignorance, tactlessness, and meddling, which have been made against them. His bill of explanation is not altogether convincing, though it must be admitted that he has brought forth many facts in their favor which have been generally overlooked. There are several illustrations, and an index.

THE DECLINE OF THE I. W. W.
By John S. Gambs. The Columbia University Press
\$4.25 9 x 6; 268 pp. New York

The I. W. W. was founded in Chicago in 1905, and less than ten years later achieved a membership of more than 20,000. The World War, with its high wages, dealt it a serious blow, and a bit later the spreading revolutionary philosophy of Communism reduced it to the feeble and somewhat ludicrous thing that it is today. The standard history of the movement from its founding un-

til about 1917 is "The I. W. W.: A Study of American Syndicalism," by Paul F. Brissenden, published in 1918. Dr. Gambs continues the story down to the present. His book, like that by Brissenden, is a fair academic job and full of useful information, but it misses completely the grand, virile emotion that was the very life of the wobblies. In the appendix Dr. Gambs gives some valuable documentary material, including a partial list of strikes engaged in by the I. W. W. and selections from the wobbly songs. There is a long bibliography, and also an index.

YEARS OF TUMULT. *The World Since 1918.*
By James H. Powers.

W. W. Norton & Company
\$3 8 3/4 x 5 3/4; 345 pp. New York

As a rapid survey of the major developments in world politics since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles down to the Japanese attack upon Shanghai in the latter part of January, 1932, this book leaves almost nothing to be desired. It is accurate, it is reasonably comprehensive, it is well written and organized, and it is intelligently oriented. Mr. Powers is foreign editor of the *Boston Globe*. There are three good maps, a chronology, and an index.

REFERENCE BOOKS

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK, 1931.
Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart & William M. Schuyler. The American Year Book Corporation
\$7.50 7 7/8 x 4 7/8; 937 pp. New York

This "record of events and progress" is published annually under the auspices of a committee representing forty-six American learned societies, and at the cost of the *New York Times*. Its list of contributors is rather heavily weighted with young college instructors and professional propagandists, and as a result many of the articles lack plausible authority. Certainly a more impartial man than Dr. Irving Fisher of Yale might have been found to report on Prohibition. Moreover, some of the articles that do not offend on this score seem too trivial to be included in such a work—for example, Professor Milton Conover's on "The Personnel of Congress." Dr. Conover tells us solemnly how many members of Congress are college-bred, how many are college trustees, and how many are Methodists, but he does not tell us how they voted in 1931 upon the salient measures before them. The volume is full of irritating minor errors, such as the ascription of Senator Hawes to Kentucky (p. 85) and the conversion of

Continued on page xxviii

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Save 24%

THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers a saving of from 12% to 27%
on subscriptions with any one of the magazines listed below.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
50c the copy \$5.00 by the year

THE AMERICAN MERCURY and	Regular price for both	Special price	SAVING
Arts & Decoration.....	\$11.00	\$8.00	\$3.00
Asia	9.00	6.80	2.20
Atlantic Monthly, The.....	9.00	6.80	2.20
Country Life	10.00	7.60	2.40
Current History	8.00	6.00	2.00
Golden Book, The	8.00	6.00	2.00
Harpers	9.00	6.80	2.20
House & Garden.....	8.00	6.00	2.00
Hygeia	8.00	6.50	2.50
Judge	10.00	7.60	2.40
Life	10.00	7.60	2.40
Literary Supplement of London Times	9.50	7.00	2.50
London Mercury, The.....	13.00	10.00	3.00
Manchester Guardian Weekly, The...	8.00	6.00	2.00
Midland, The	8.00	6.00	2.00
Nation, The	10.00	7.50	2.50
New Masses, The	6.50	5.75	.75
New Republic, The.....	10.00	7.60	2.40
Scribner's	9.00	6.80	2.20
Spur, The	13.00	11.00	2.00
Vanity Fair	8.00	6.30	1.70
Vogue	11.00	8.00	3.00

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City

6-32

Please send me **THE AMERICAN MERCURY** and.....

at the special price. I enclose \$.....

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Additional postage for a Canadian or foreign address on request.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, into H. H. Atterbury (p. 31), but despite its defects it is useful for reference.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES, Vol. VI.
Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman & Alvin Johnson.
The Macmillan Company
\$7.50 10½ x 7½; 713 pp. New York

Among the more important articles in this volume are those on the Family, by Margaret Mead and Carl Brinkmann; Farm Tenancy, by A. W. Ashly and Leon E. Truesdell; Fascism, by Erwin von Beckerath; Feudalism, by Marc Bloch, Albert H. Lybyer, O. Franke and K. Asakawa; Fire Insurance, by S. S. Huebner and Alfred Manes; Folkways, by Maurice R. Davie; Food Industries, by nine authors; Fortunes; Fraternal Orders; Frontier; Gambling; and Geography. Altogether, more than 300 authors are represented, and among them there are not only Americans and Englishmen, but also many Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Swiss, Czechs and Japanese. The articles, as in the previous volumes, are admirably succinct. The bibliographies, though short, are well selected. The excellent quality of the printing and binding has been remarked in earlier notices.

THE ARTS

BERBER ART.

By Jeanne D'Ucel.

The University of Oklahoma Press
\$4 9 x 6; 227 pp. Norman, Okla.

The Berbers, the Barbari of the Romans, are found all over Northern Africa, but especially in Morocco. They live under the shadow of the Arabs, and have been much influenced by Arabian ideas, but they still maintain their racial identity. Their art is crude but very ancient, and in certain of its elements seems to go back to prehistoric days in the Eastern Mediterranean. Mme. D'Ucel, who has travelled in their country, presents separate chapters on their domestic architecture, pottery, jewelry and textiles. One of their curious forms is the *thibuk'alín*, a vessel made of several jugs linked together. It seems to have a religious significance, but its history remains doubtful. Mme. D'Ucel has done a useful piece of pioneering; there is no other work on Berber art in English. Her book has forty-four illustrations, and thirty-six drawings of Berber motifs. At the end there is a glossary of native terms.

xxviii

THE QUEST OF THE PRINT.

By Frank Weitenkamp. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$3 8¾ x 5¾; 286 pp. New York

An idea of the scope of the book may be gained from the following chapter titles: "Why Collect?," "What to Collect," "Specialties," "Prints on the Wall," "How to Collect," "Finds," "From Copies that Are Honest to Frauds that Are Not: A Miscellany," "Some Notable Collectors," and "The Care of Prints." Mr. Weitenkamp, who is curator of prints in the New York Public Library, writes ably and with the proper professional fervor. There are several illustrations, and an index.

FICTION

BRIGHT SKIN.

By Julia Peterkin. The Bobbs-Merrill Company
\$2.50 8 x 5¼; 348 pp. Indianapolis

Blue, the little blue-gum Negro boy who comes to live at the river plantation with his Gramma, loves Cricket, his bright-skinned cousin, from the moment he lays eyes on her. Cricket's father was a white gentleman, and "she holds her little head high and walks like a proudful somebody," in spite of the sneers of the black girls, Cooch and Toosio. Blue asks Cricket to marry him when they grow up, but she turns him down for the yellow-skinned stranger-man, Mr. Caesar Weeks, from town. Her wedding day arrives, all fine and fair, the cakes are baked, the guests gather round, but the groom does not come. His heart torn for her, Blue stands up with Cricket instead, and saves her from "disgracement." When the stranger-man's baby is born to her, some weeks later, everybody thinks it is his. After the stranger-man's body is found in the cornfield Cricket and Blue settle down to the hum-drum life of the plantation. But the plantation can't hold Cricket. In the end she runs away to New York, where her cousin Man Jay—Blue's rival—has gone before her, and becomes a dancer in a Harlem nightclub. She returns to the plantation to "deevoc" Blue, bringing Man Jay and Mr. Brown, Man Jay's lawyer. Blue meanwhile has taken up with black Cooch, she is "birthin' him a fine pair of twins, but his heart remains with Cricket. He starts off toward the Quarters, after telling her goodbye, but when he gets to the fork in the road he turns back. "Goodbye, lil Cricket," he whispers softly. "Goodbye, my lil star-lily." It is all most beautifully done, and a finer work, in detail as well as in structure, than Mrs. Peterkin's "Black April" and "Scarlet Sister Mary."

Continued on page xxx

SPECIAL ELECTION OFFER:

Obtain each week the real facts about the nominating conventions and the Presidential campaign as presented by such masters of political reporting as Oswald Garrison Villard and Paul Y. Anderson, and save \$1.90 as compared with the news-stand price of the magazine, by ordering

26 issues of 26

Says

George Bernard
SHAW:

"IT IS certainly curious that so outspoken a journal as *The Nation* should have survived for 67 years in a country where Truth is tarred and feathered, lynched, clubbed, imprisoned, and expatriated as undesirable three times a week or so."

FOR sixty-seven years THE NATION, distinguished weekly journal of criticism, has been telling the people that they can rule, if they will. Today, edited by Oswald Garrison Villard, THE NATION is doing more to keep America's eyes open and point the way out of disaster than all the florid spokesmen of Bloat that helped boost prosperity into the grave.

CURRENT features include A Practical Program for America; a series on Conditions in Leading Industrial Cities; a series on the Presidential Candidates. The May 18 Special Recognize Russia Number of *The Nation* will be sent you in conjunction with your subscription.

THE NATION

for only

\$2

TAXATION
UNEMPLOYMENT
WORLD AFFAIRS
THE CANDIDATES
RUSSIA
FINANCE
LITERATURE

"Recognize Russia!"

urges *The Nation*, as a vital first step toward reviving commerce and industry, providing work for the desperate unemployed, and pegging business against continued decline.

Standardize the chaotic state banking laws which have made possible the impoverishment of millions of depositors.

Pass the Wagner bill providing for unemployment insurance and an adequate system of unemployment exchanges.

Frankly admitting that Prohibition is a failure in operation, if not in principle, repeal the Eighteenth Amendment without further ruinous procrastination, and let the government realize hundreds of millions in added tax revenues.

SPEND \$2—SAVE \$1.90

SEND only \$2 with the coupon below and read *The Nation* throughout the twenty-six critical weeks just ahead, thus saving \$1.90 as compared with the news-stand price of 15c a copy.

THE NATION

20 VESEY STREET

NEW YORK

For the enclosed \$2 enter my 26-week subscription, and include the May 18 Special Number on RECOGNITION FOR RUSSIA.

Name Street
City State

A.M. 6-32

xxix

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

YOUNG LONIGAN.

By James T. Farrell. *The Vanguard Press*
\$3.75 8 1/4 x 5 3/8; 308 pp. New York

The dust-cover announces that "this novel is issued in a special edition, the sale of which is limited to physicians, surgeons, psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, social workers, teachers, and other persons having a professional interest in the psychology of adolescence." All of this sounds like nonsense. There is, in fact, little in the story to inflame the concupiscence of wowsers. Some of the natural and inevitable incidents of adolescence are dealt with frankly, but not more frankly than in other current books. Mr. Farrell is a man of skill. His hero, Studs Lonigan, a boy of fifteen, is well imagined. Stud lives in a decaying neighborhood in Chicago, and runs with a trashy gang, but there is enough virtue in him for young love to move him profoundly, and the story closes with every indication that he will end his earthly days as a good Catholic and a highly respectable husband and father. The book shows close observation, and is well written.

THE KNIFE OF THE TIMES & Other Stories.

By William Carlos Williams. *The Dragon Press*
\$1.50 7 1/2 x 5; 164 pp. Ithaca, N. Y.

Dr. Williams, who is a veteran of the *Tendenz* magazines which come and go, writes very "advanced" verse, but in these stories and sketches his prose is quite conventional. In some of them, to be sure, he omits quotation marks in the dialogue, but elsewhere they appear. The pieces vary considerably in merit. The one which opens the book is a banal story of a homosexual woman, with the principal scene laid in a pay-toilet at the Pennsylvania Station in New York. The second and third, "A Visit to the Fair" and "Hands Across the Sea", are similarly pointless: they suggest that the author found himself with a desire to write but had no ideas. After that, however, the merit of the stuff increases, and the final sketch, dealing with a drug-sodden country doctor, is a really excellent piece of writing. The edition is limited to 500 copies, and is very competently turned out.

THE SIEGE OF PLEASURE.

By Patrick Hamilton. *Little, Brown & Company*
\$2 7 1/2 x 5; 246 pp. Boston

This is the story of Jennie Maple, the pretty but loose young woman who was first heard of in Mr. Hamilton's "The Midnight Bell". Jennie, whose real name is Jane Taylor, works in a factory; then she

becomes the maid of all work in the household of two decrepit sisters. Here she is regarded as a treasure, until her downfall one night, all because of a glass of port. There is much charm in Mr. Hamilton's narrative, and there is something more than charm, for he sees the whole of Jennie's world with a probing satirical humor. The book is the second volume in a trilogy. The third, upon which Mr. Hamilton is now working, will deal with Ella, a barmaid.

LOVE FOR TWO.

By Mildred Gilman. *Harrison Smith*
\$2 7 1/2 x 5; 323 pp. New York

Mathilde Finch comes to New York with her husband and baby from a small town in Iowa. She is soon "making contacts" with a trashy lot of psychoanalysts, feminists, and writers of sorts, so that she can market her novel when it is ready. But the sad truth is that Mathilde has no talent, and in spite of her insufferable ego, she hasn't the courage to let her husband go when he discovers he is in love with Helen, who appreciates him, or to admit her own love-affair when she becomes involved in the murder of her lover. An ironical picture of the contemporary scene.

THE GETTING OF WISDOM.

By Henry Handel Richardson. *W. W. Norton & Company*
\$2.50 7 1/2 x 5; 275 pp. New York

This is a revised form of Miss Richardson's well-known novel of boarding-school life. Laura Rambotham, at the age of twelve, comes up to Melbourne from the provinces, and there experiences all the excitements and tragedies of adolescence. The life of the school—the tyrannical, petty teachers, the priggish students, the smell of the musty old building, the grinding rules and routine—are drawn with shrewd understanding. The book suffers by comparison with Miss Richardson's trilogy about Richard Mahony, but it is nevertheless a memorable job.

THIS MAN IS MY BROTHER.

By Myron Brinig. *Farrar & Rinehart*
\$2.50 7 7/8 x 5 1/4; 342 pp. New York

A second novel about the Singermann family, by the author of "Singermann" and "Wide Open Town". Mr. Brinig follows the fortunes of Harry, Joseph, Louis, Sol, Michael, Sylvia, Daisy, and Nina of the amazing tribe of Singermann from one end of the country to the other. The canvas is too large, and his efforts are too scattered for him to achieve, except in rare moments, any clarity and authority.

xxx

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

UNUSUAL BORZOI NOVELS

A Coming Classic!

THE CHARLES MORGAN'S **FOUNTAIN**

The scene of the novel is Enkendaal, the castle of the van Leydens, a Dutch family of ancient lineage. To it comes Lewis Alison, a British officer interned for the duration of the war. Here he will write his history of the contemplative life, pondering the while the meaning of existence, but here he finds Julie, stepdaughter of his host, the superb Pieter. She is the English wife of a Prussian nobleman—an officer at the front. First an interloper, then an interlude, Julie becomes finally and completely the whole meaning of Alison's life. And then suddenly the husband returns—a very wraith and shadow of a man. A strange and a strangely moving love story theirs—in a setting strange and far away. To be published June 1st. cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 432 pages. \$2.50



MAIDS AND MISTRESSES

by Beatrice Kean Seymour

Her finest novel. It is a penetrating study of life and love, both spiritual and sexual, in which little Sally Dunn sees much of marriage in the modern manner, but only understands its complexities when she herself falls in love. cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 545 pages. \$2.50

GOD'S GENTLEMAN

by Garry August

"A vital and dynamic book," says *The Chicago Tribune* of Rabbi August's story of an idealistic young rabbi's conflicts with his congregation. It is a striking portrayal of Jewish-American life as it exists today. cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 320 pages. \$2.50

BROTHERS

by L. A. G. Strong

"Vivid . . . then real . . . finally memorable," said *The New York Times* of this latest book by the author of *The Garden*. *Brothers* tells the story of Peter and Fergus Macrae, fishermen and fighters of the Western Highlands. More particularly it tells the story of Fergus whose tremendous strength was of no avail against the cleverness of his brother when Mary came into their lives. cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 276 pages. \$2.50

BOY

by James Hanley

Author of *Men in Darkness*

Says Jim Tully: "Hanley is the first writer to treat honestly life at sea, its monotony, its sex hunger, its brutality. Conrad shied away from the honesty of *Boy*. Masfield was also truly British and afraid. . . . *Boy* is not only pathetic and true; it reaches, in spots, emotional grandeur." cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 280 pages. \$2.50



By the author of *Her Knight Comes Riding*

JOHN V. A. WEAVER'S

JOY-GIRL

This is the story of the fate a gold-digger spun for herself and her artist-lover. It is a breathless and dramatic story told by one who knows the life of actors and artists in the mad whirl of the smart speakeasies of New York, the exotic gardens of Hollywood, and the gaming tables of Mexico. To be published June 1st. cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 320 pages. \$2.00

THAT WAS YESTERDAY

by Storm Jameson

The moving story of a girl who marries when she is too young to know whether she wants babies or a career. Far and away the best book Miss Jameson has written. cloth, $5\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 440 pages. \$2.50

WHEREVER



BOOKS ARE SOLD

ALFRED • A • KNOPE

730 FIFTH AVE • N • Y •

xxxi

... baptismal
fonts and blas-
phemy — banks
and churches
— New York in
the '90's...

GOD AND MY FATHER, by CLARENCE DAY. The portrait of a hot-tempered and masterful father by an unusually outspoken son. The author tells of his father's fearless relations with his God, his impatient endurance of his pastors and the conflict of his high-spirited views with the faith of his wife. "Altogether delectable in its wit, its humor and its gracefully phrased satire. It is a book to read in an hour but to preserve permanently."—*The Saturday Review of Literature*.

boards, 4 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 7 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 83 pages. \$1.00

... strange genius
— through the
eyes of a woman
who saw him—
and remembered
John the Baptist.

LORENZO IN TAOS, by MABEL DODGE LUHAN. The best portrait we are ever likely to get of D. H. Lawrence. Joseph Wood Krutch in *The Nation* calls it "a vivid and fascinating book indispensable to anyone interested in Lawrence." Says Harry Hansen in *The New York World-Telegram*: "Something of the dark fascination, the moodiness, the inscrutability of D. H. Lawrence has transferred itself to the pages . . . a strange and alluring portrait study." Included in the text are some ninety odd letters from Lawrence to Mrs. Luhan never before printed. Illustrated. cloth, 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 352 pages. \$3.50

... Mr. Van
Vechten heard
about George
Moore's embar-
rassed friend—
saw the Holy
Jum p e r s —
thought about
breakfasts—and
dipped his pen...

SACRED AND PROFANE MEMORIES, by CARL VAN VECHTEN. Charming essays including: *The Tin Trunk*, *The Folksongs of Iowa*, *Au Bal Musette*, *How Mr. Moore Rescued a Lady from Embarrassment*, *An Interrupted Conversation*, *The Nightingale and the Peahen*, *July-August 1914* (which has not hitherto been published), *The Holy Jumpers*, *La Tigresse*, *Feathers*, *A Note on Breakfasts*, and *Notes for an Autobiography*. The first edition consists of 2000 numbered copies. With 4 illustrations in aquatone. cloth, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 230 pages. \$3.00

... the divine great-
ness and the
human weakness
of the master—
self-revealed...

THE LETTERS OF RICHARD WAGNER TO ANTON PUSINELLI, translated and edited with critical notes by ELBERT LENROW. Eighty-two letters from Wagner to his life-long friend, Pusinelli, are here published for the first time in any language, complete, without omissions of any kind. Richard Aldrich in *The New York Times* writes: "A book which every admirer of Wagner will be grateful for. . . ." cloth, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 366 pages. \$5.00

... a world in debt—increasing chaos—and a way out...

THE TWELFTH HOUR OF CAPITALISM, by KUNO RENATUS.

A discussion of the world crisis by an experienced economist. It is readable and stimulating; it attempts to analyze the causes of the existing disturbance in the economic world and it seeks to find a way for dealing with them in a fundamental and comprehensive manner.

cloth, $5\frac{1}{8}$ x $7\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 256 pages. \$2.50

... the source of that newer spirit which flamed behind the barricades of Shanghai.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC: Two decades of Progress, by HAROLD ARCHER VAN DORN.

To understand the situation in the Far East it is necessary to know about the many conflicting forces in China today. This timely and thorough study of every phase of China's political, educational, religious, social and economic progress makes that understanding possible.

With 16 illustrations. cloth, $5\frac{3}{4}$ x $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 344 pages. \$3.50

... from the mongol hordes to the laboratory—the history of a people and the case-book of an experiment.

RUSSIA, by HANS VON ECKARDT, translated from the German by Catherine Alison Phillips.

"The most complete book on Russia to date."—*The New York Times*. Its author is Professor of Political Science at the University of Heidelberg and was for years professionally in touch with the economic situation in Russia. His book deals with history, politics, art, science, philosophy, literature and the communal life of today. With 127 illustrations and diagrams and 13 maps. cloth, $6\frac{1}{4}$ x $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 760 pages. \$7.50

... what price public glory—or the economics of office...

MONEY AND POLITICS ABROAD, by JAMES KERR POLLOCK.

An authoritative and pioneering study which describes the financing of politics in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, the Irish Free State, Germany and France. It is especially valuable at this time when the financing of election campaigns is being closely scrutinized. cloth, $5\frac{1}{2}$ x $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 308 pages. \$3.50

... Renaissance and modern—sand-dunes and city-squares—tulips and cheese—Frans Hals and Rembrandt.

HOLLAND, by KARL SCHEFFLER.

An excellent introduction to the land, its people and its art. After a brief geological and topographical survey of the country and a consideration of the distinctive characteristics of the Dutch people, the author devotes his attention to the most interesting Dutch cities. Especially luminous are his discussions of modern architectural developments and Dutch art. With 64 illustrations. cloth, $5\frac{3}{4}$ x $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 344 pages. \$4.00

BORZOI • BOOKS



THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN
CAMDEN, N. J.

"FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR SOULS and incidentally FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR POCKETBOOKS"

"Let me recommend to folk here who have lost their usual optimism ... and I hear there are not a few ... to spend, as I have, three months in England for the good of their souls, and incidentally, with exchange so much in their favor, for the good of

their pocketbooks. The pound is still the pound in England, and the situation has been greatly strengthened by a complete absence of a rise in prices."
—Sir Ashley Sparks

from a Statement to the Press
aboard Cunarder MAURETANIA
arriving March 21, 1932.

Go to Europe this year

England is showing the way ... out of the bog of doubt ... to the confidence and courage which are normal with us all. Let your spirit revive in the persuasive atmosphere of optimism; go to Europe this year! CUNARD ... proud in tradition, high in prestige, pioneer in all that furthers the art of ocean travel ... reflects from the day of your sailing the new note of mental cheer, of smiling efficiency.

COSTS ON SHIP AND ON SHORE ARE AT THEIR LOWEST FOR MANY YEARS
Choose one of the great Cunarders to France and England

MAURETANIA

June 1
June 24
Aug. 3

AQUITANIA

June 9
June 30
July 16

BERENGARIA

June 16
July 7
July 23

See your Local Agent. No one can serve you better.

Ask about Cunard Deferred Payment Plan. In co-operation with Morris Plan.
The Cunard Steam Ship Company, Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

**20%
REDUCTION**
on all first class,
cabin and tourist
accommodations

CUNARD